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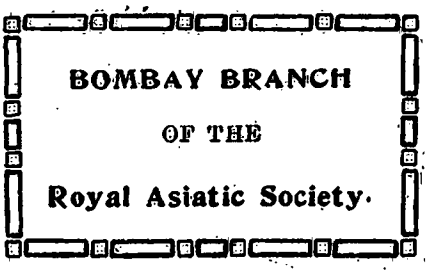

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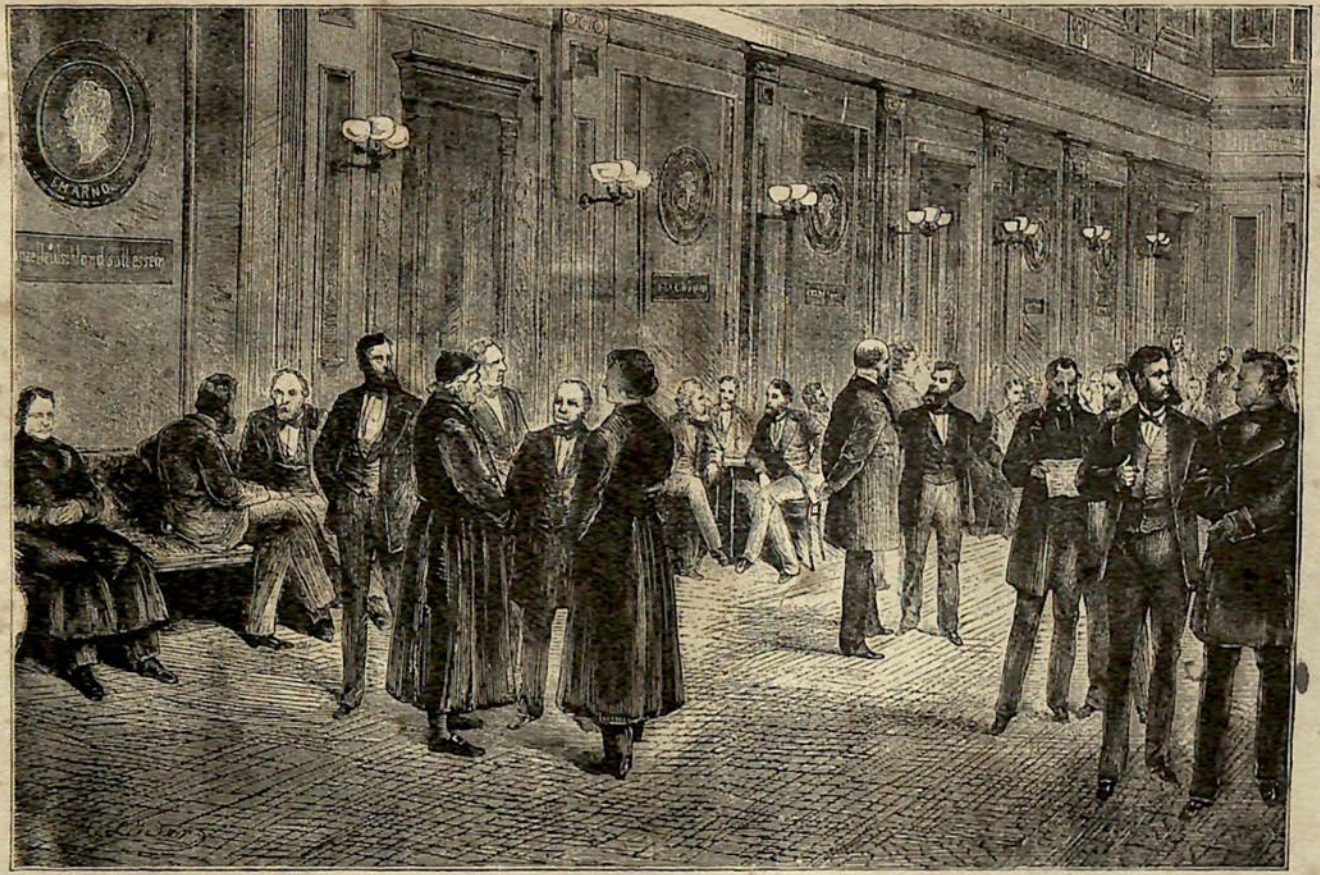
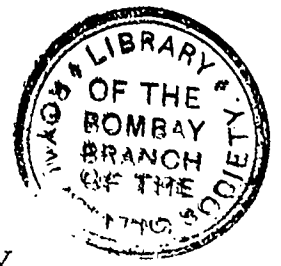


THE LOBBY OF THE REICHSTAG.

BERLIN

UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE,

ITS INSTITUTIONS, INHABITANTS, INDUSTRY, MONUMENTS, MUSEUMS, SOCIAL LIFE, MANNERS, AND AMUSEMENTS.



BY

HENRY VIZETELLY,

Author of

"THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, TOLD IN DETAIL FOR THE FIRST TIME," &c.

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Why are they proud? Because five milliard francs
The richer than from wars of former years?
Why are they proud? Again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of patience are they proud?"
Keats's "Isabella" paraphrased.

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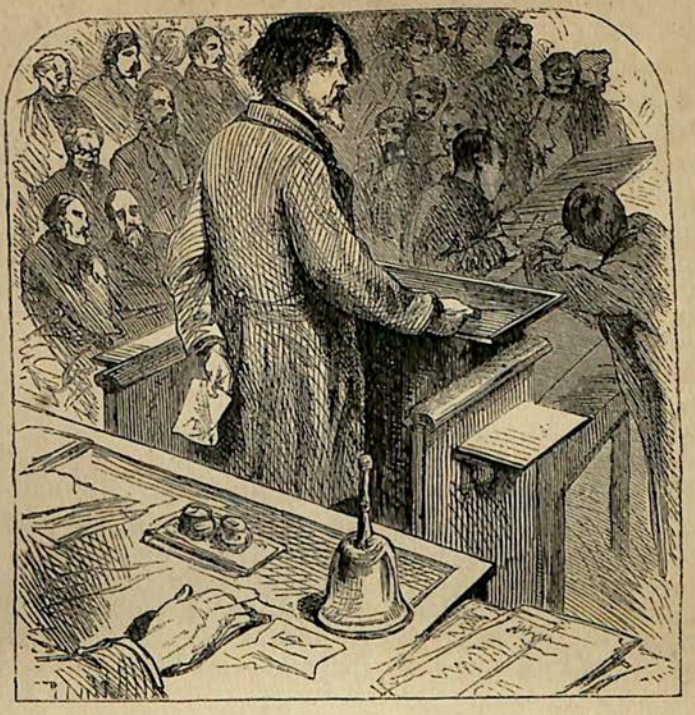


A DEMOCRATIC SPEAKER IN THE HAUS DER ABGEORDNETEN.

BERLIN UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE.

I.

THE PRUSSIAN LANDTAG.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM III. died without having bestowed upon Prussia the constitutional government for which his subjects had been expectantly waiting for many years. So decided had popular opinion become respecting the necessity and urgency of this step that his son and successor, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., found it necessary, in order to allay the prevalent discontent, to convoke in 1847 the first national representative gathering composed of the eight provincial assemblies, to which was given the name of the United Landtag. This timid attempt at a Parliament, for it had only a consultative voice, was divided into two councils; that of the Lords and that of the States, the

latter being composed of the representatives of the knights, middle classes and peasants. The storm at the commencement of 1848 swept away this conclave, but it had left behind it an electoral law, thanks to which the first Constituent Assembly of Prussia, elected by universal suffrage, was convoked and met on the 22nd of May. This Assembly, born of the Revolution, failed to complete the task delegated to it, for the King, backed by the bayonets of the army, dissolved it on the 5th December, granting at the same time, however, a constitution containing the greater portion of the clauses of the charter which the dissolved Assembly had left incomplete.

The new parliament, convoked in accordance with this constitution at the beginning of 1849, consisted of two elective chambers, the members of the upper one being appointed by certain representatives of provinces, districts, and circles. A year having been spent in discussing and revising the charter, it was definitely promulgated on the 31st January, 1850. This revised constitution bore the traces of reaction, much that had been conceded in the hour of panic being eliminated from it. It reduced the elective members of the Upper Chamber to 120, and added to them the Prussian princes who had attained their majority, the heads of families whose territories had been annexed, and all those upon whom the King chose to confer hereditary and life peerages, a dissolution only affecting the elective members. Still even this was not considered reactionary enough and the Upper Chamber was re-modelled by a royal ordinance, which, issued on the 12th October, 1854, has continued in force to the present day.

In May, 1855, a novel debate took place with reference to the style and title of the legislative assembly, which resulted in the old names of First and Second Chamber being exchanged for those of Herrenhaus and Haus der Abgeordneten, the Minister of the Interior arguing that the term "chamber," derived from the French, offered a special meaning which it was feared might cause many misunderstandings. The committee of the Second Chamber was however of a different opinion. The term chamber, it maintained, had already served in Germany, and its French origin need not fill the ministry with fear concerning exaggerated parliamentary pretensions, for parliamentary government was but a fiction in France, and only existed really in England from whence the ministry had taken the name of "Haus" which it desired to substitute for the old one of "Kammer." The committee furthermore objected that the House proposed to be called "of Lords" counted amongst its members many plebeians and that the term "Herren" would alienate public sympathy by causing the people to believe that the interests of the aristocracy were exclusively represented. The *plenum*, however, decided differently to the committee, and the

title of Herrenhaus was finally adopted. The lassitude and indifference which followed the stormy period of 1848 enabled the ministers of the old bureaucratic school to govern for eight years with willing and submissive Houses and to defer the presentation of the numerous organic laws needed to complete the constitution. It is only since the accession to power of the Prince Regent in 1858, that an opposition unquestionably preferable to the indifference of former times has shown itself.

The form of the Prussian government is nominally a constitutional monarchy, differing, however, materially from that of Great Britain, and in many respects from those of Belgium and Italy, notably in the fact that the Lower House enjoys far less power than in these countries, and that many of the incomplete clauses of the hastily drawn up constitution can be interpreted in several senses, practice not having as yet definitely decided in favour of one or the other. The sovereign has the supreme command of the army, the right of declaring war and making peace, of pardoning any offences and of appointing public functionaries. He is irresponsible, and enjoys an absolute veto, together with a civil list from the public domains raised in 1859 from £360,000 to £450,000—rather a contrast to the modest £27,000 with which the economical Friedrich the Great was content. On the other hand he is obliged to lay before the Landtag all bills, financial measures, treaties with foreign powers, except treaties of peace which he himself concludes, and such ordinances as may have been issued during the parliamentary vacations in cases of urgent necessity. He is surrounded by a theoretically responsible ministry, and all royal ordinances have to be countersigned by one of the members of the cabinet. But, *de facto*, ministerial responsibility, the corner-stone of parliamentary government, does not exist in Prussia. It is indeed laid down as a maxim in the constitution, but the law by which it was to have been regulated was not voted either in 1850 or in 1862, the proposals brought forward at these dates by the ministry appearing inadequate in the eyes of the Landtag. The application of the principle proclaimed in the constitution is therefore rendered impossible by the total absence of any laws regulating the method of impeaching a minister, fixing the competent tribunal and the method of procedure, or specifying the offences which would justify impeachment, and the penalties to be inflicted. Real ministerial responsibility may be said to be in the praise or blame which the parliamentary majority has it in its power to express, but the possibility of having recourse to other measures is perhaps the only efficacious guarantee to prevent a ministry from acting without consulting the Landtag, as the Prussian ministry did for four years.

It must never be lost sight of that though the Landtag and the Reichstag have a certain amount of power, this power is

totally distinct from that wielded by the British parliament. Prussia is really governed under the King, by an active, painstaking, carefully-selected, and admirably-organised bureaucracy, the ministers being merely superior public functionaries appointed by the sovereign, and the parliament a consultative body, useful in fixing the details of all legislative enactments. If a Bill brought forward either officially or through a body of private members is rejected by the Herrenhaus after passing through the Haus der Abgeordneten, it ought to fall to the ground till the next session, unless a royal warrant—an exercise of his prerogative towards which the King is somewhat averse—makes it law in the interim. But if the Government are really interested in the measure and it is not one likely to bring about any disturbance, it is quietly put into execution by the administration, as if nothing unfavourable to it had happened in the Legislature. The Bill does not become State law but by practice becomes a law of custom; the Upper House, content with having had its own way with the Lower House, wisely avoids any squabble on the subject with the Government, the latter gains its object, and as for the people they do not care two straws about the matter.

Even as the Mormon prophet, described by Artemus Ward, rejoiced in being "very much married," so the Prussian in his secret soul delights in being very much governed. As with military matters, so is every detail of civil administration organized to perfection. Nor does the resemblance end here. The same *esprit de corps* that knits together the wearers of the silver sword knot in such close fellowship, prevails as strongly in the "Regierungrath," and the rule of individual responsibility holds good in the civil as well as in the military hierarchy. Two indispensable qualifications are exacted from all aspirants to posts under government, firstly, scientific instruction imparted at a University, and secondly, practical knowledge acquired by experience, and tested by examination. The rule laid down by Baron Stein that no subordinate should appeal to his superior for advice and instructions necessarily obliges a man to concentrate his whole energies upon his duties, and this application is further stimulated by the fact that promotion goes as much by selection as by seniority, and that reprimand and recompense are meted out according to how services are performed and capacity is displayed.

The result is that the work is admirably done, but that countless rules and regulations, novel to any one used to the free and easy fashions of Great Britain, show the vast amount of power wielded by those who discharge official functions. This power, however, so far as certain matters are concerned, is controlled in some degree by the provincial parliaments. These, formerly eight in number, were increased to eleven by the conquests of 1866. Each province has its president, its assembly, and its budget,

and each moreover has its peculiar usages and institutions. The provinces are in turn subdivided into counties or departments known as "Regierungsbezirke," and it is in the internal administration of these that the bureaucracy exercises an almost arbitrary power. The internal affairs of the various minor territorial divisions have mostly been in the hands of the inhabitants, and here the influence of the landed interest has hitherto told most powerfully, the owner of a knightly estate having a vote equal to that of an entire commune. The County Reform Bill was in a great measure aimed against this preponderance.

Legislative power is confided to the two houses of which we have already spoken. The first, the Herrenhaus, comprises three classes of members, the princes of the royal family, whom the king may nominate as they attain their majority, which is fixed at eighteen years of age, the hereditary peers, and the peers created for life by the sovereign. Amongst the second class are Prince Karl Anton, the head of the princely house of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen and the father of the Prince Leopold whose candidature for the Spanish crown was the cause of the Franco-German war, and the heads of twenty other families ranking as sovereign previous to 1803, and taking their seats by virtue of the Federal Act of 1815, which gave them the right of representation in the Prussian Diet. The remainder of the hereditary peers consists of those princes, counts, and lords whom the royal ordinances summoned in 1847 to the United Landtag and who were the leading members of the eight provincial Landtäge. Fifty-six seats were allotted to them in the Herrenhaus, some of which are vacant.

The life peers created by the king form the most numerous faction of the Herrenhaus, being indeed unlimited as to number. First amongst them may be counted the holders of the four great honorary state offices, those of *Landhofmeister* or grand master of the court, *Oberburggraf* or grand burgrave, *Obermarschall* or grand marshal, and *Kanzler* or chancellor. A second division consists of those persons especially honoured with the royal confidence. To these belong the batch of peers created in the autumn of 1872 to ensure the passing of the famous "Kreisordnung" or County Reform Bill. On that occasion twenty-five life peers were added to the Herrenhaus, carefully selected from amongst landed proprietors, veteran generals, and ministerial officials; the manufacturing, mercantile, and financial interests being entirely unrepresented in the new creation, which was the fourth, and by far the largest since the formation of the House. The result of this superb parliamentary "job" has been in the words of the leading official organ to "make the Herrenhaus innocuous for once and all." It secured a considerable increase of power to the bureaucracy without strengthening the Liberal party.

A third section of life peers comprises those created by the King upon the presentation of certain corporate bodies. Thus the large towns present forty-one, and the universities nine delegates for nomination, though curiously enough some nine or ten towns of importance, and the celebrated University of Marburg, where Luther studied, are not represented in the Herrenhaus. The other corporate bodies enjoying the right of presentation are the cathedral chapters of Brandenburg, Merseburg and Naumberg, certain provincial associations of counts holding noble properties, and of families distinguished by the extent of their domains, and the so-called "Associations of old and consolidated properties." A few words of explanation concerning the latter are necessary. When Friedrich Wilhelm IV. formed the Herrenhaus it was decided that all the "noble properties" which had belonged to the same family for a period of at least fifty years should form a distinct class of "ancient landed estates," and that those of which the hereditary transmission in the male line was in accordance with special rules should form another class, namely, that of "consolidated landed estates," both class of owners forming corporations invested with the right of presentation.

The Herrenhaus consists of upwards of 300 members, fully one-third of whom have been appointed by the landed aristocracy. Great differences of opinion prevail concerning this class, which corresponds in some respects to our baronetage or squirearchy. "The Junker, wrapt up in himself and his order, impregnated with all sorts of old-fashioned notions about hereditary privileges, and the superiority of those entitled to bear coat armour over those who are not, recognizes but two classes of human beings, the Vons who alone enjoy the monopoly of living, and the non-Vons who only have their *raison d'être* in ministering to the requirements and serving as foils to the ineffable qualities of the Vons. Amongst the latter, however, he admits no distinctions of caste, and the smallest Pomeranian squire, lord of a few sandy acres, occupies in the realm of Junkerthum a social status equal to that of the mightiest *Reichsgraf*. He is born 'court-worthy,' and by excluding the non-Vons from participation in this privilege, the Prussian court but confirms him in his belief that he belongs to a superior class of humanity." The sympathy between the Ultramontanes and a large section of the Herrenhaus is due to the fact that the greater portion of the Prussian Catholics inhabit the eastern provinces, Pomerania, Posen, Silesia and East Prussia, which are also the provinces sending most representatives to the Upper House. The western provinces, where feudal titles have been more generally extinguished, contain fewer Catholics and return fewer members, and the conquered territories fare still worse, Hanover with its population of two millions furnishing no more than eight peers.

Previous indeed to the reforms effected in the autumn of 1872, the Herrenhaus was completely swayed by the Junker party. High Tories to a man they formed a phalanx, the sullen resistance of which the more accommodating members of the House strove in vain to overcome. For a long time they were the staunchest supporters of the government, the King being as Tory as themselves, but, failing to appreciate Bismarck's bolder policy, they were rendered harmless in the manner already noted. The representations of the larger towns, forty-one in number, never mustered in full force owing to the intricacies of the law, whilst the princes of the blood, and the representatives of princely houses have never taken any very active part in the proceedings. Of the members appointed direct by the crown many proved as reactionary as the landed aristocracy itself. Others are too old and infirm, or too indifferent to come to the capital and take their seats, owing to which circumstance, and to the fact that some of the hereditary peers are minors, the attendance of members never exceeds 200, and is ordinarily below one-fourth of that number.

Such are the elements of the complex body which, with the Prussian helmet, forms the most remarkable invention of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. In modelling the Herrenhaus as in conceiving the *pickelhaube* the monarch was inspired more by certain historical reminiscences than by practical considerations, and the consequence is that German officers complain of losing their hair, and Prussian ministers of impediments thrown in the way of passing measures anti-feudal in their character. The infusion of fresh blood in the shape of large batches of life peers is not a remedy but a mere palliative, which can only result in constitutional absurdities, if each ministerial defeat is to be followed by a new creation. The Herrenhaus would in this case be approximate to the Thiergarten, where, by digging fresh beds for a superfluity of foul and stagnant water, the evil which it was sought to remove only became extended.

The sittings of the Herrenhaus are held in a so-called palace belonging to that body, situate at the corner of the Leipzigerstrasse and the Leipziger-platz and adjoining the Reichstag Gebäude. The session lasts from October, with a short break at Christmas, until February or March, or about the period when the Reichstag assembles. It may be convoked, however, for extraordinary purposes at any time, but such meetings are scarcely in favour, and would only be justified by highly important occurrences, like the death of the Emperor, or the outbreak of war. There are no fixed days for the House assembling during the session, and sometimes it meets only once in the course of the week, the hour varying from eleven in the morning to two in the afternoon. The hall in which the sessions take place is a somewhat small one. In the body of it are twelve rows of

benches arranged in a horse-shoe form, there being in addition seats round the wall and at the angles left by the curve of the horse-shoe. The seat of the president faces the benches of the members, and has behind it a canopy of red damask. On each side of the "Rednerbühne," or speaker's tribune, are six seats, while immediately beneath it is a raised table, at which the official shorthand writers have to stand, for the members of the Herrenhaus would never tolerate individuals who are not court-worthy sitting in their illustrious presence. The newspaper reporters occupy half the gallery immediately to the left of the president's chair, the right-hand gallery being set apart for the public, while a third gallery facing the president is divided into three boxes, the centre of which is for the Emperor, and the others for the Corps Diplomatique, and the members of the Haus der Abgeordneten respectively.

The sitting at which I assisted should have commenced at one o'clock, but the members were very slow in assembling, and it was quite half past one or a quarter to two when the proceedings began. Whilst the House was mustering the members chatted familiarly with one another, but directly the president's bell rang as the signal for the commencement of the debate, they immediately broke off their conversation, made each other profound bows and walked off to their places without another word, nor did any of them open their lips again unless to make a speech. There were only twenty-five members in the body of the hall when the sitting opened, and five more arrived afterwards, bringing the total up to thirty. I was informed that this might be regarded as an average attendance, there being seldom more than forty members present. Out of the thirty there were six in uniform, but at times half of those present are in regimental array. I could not help being struck by the large proportion of grey and white beards and white moustaches, and by the generally venerable appearance of the members, hardly one of whom could have been under fifty, and this senile aspect of the house extended to the door-keepers and attendants, who were without exception all old men. The members combine with their antiquated presence an eminently aristocratic air which harmonizes happily enough with the dignified dulness of the habitual proceedings in the Upper House of the Prussian Landtag.

The members paid a most becoming but rather languid attention to everything that transpired from the moment the president opened his mouth to read the notices and minutes until the very conclusion of the sitting. If they relaxed this attention at any time, it was to doze and not to talk. On the occasion of my visit I observed four of them go gradually fast asleep, in which condition they remained until the debate had terminated. There were at least half-a-dozen more who seemed inclined to doze off, but the remaining twenty sat silent and motionless, and with

stately and aristocratic tranquillity gazed placidly at the speaker for the time being. Occasionally one heard "Hör, hör," but this was the only sign of life they condescended to manifest. The debate, however, was sufficiently feeble to account for this. It opened well, but some of the subsequent speeches were remarkably weak. The members began their orations with "Meine Herren," according to the practice in the Lower House, and also observed the custom of not rising to speak till their names were called out by the president. Whenever one of them rose for this purpose it was with the greatest deliberation and gravity that he did so. All the speeches, too, were delivered in an ordinary tone of voice, no attempt whatever being made to emphasize the more important passages. The Herrenhaus possesses no voting lobbies, and during my visit all the voting was decided by ayes and noes, or by a show of hands, there being no necessity to ballot on account of the smallness of the number present.

The Haus der Abgeordneten numbers 432 members, 325 being for the old kingdom of Prussia, while the remainder added in 1867 represent the annexed provinces. They are all elected by universal suffrage in accordance with the law of 1849 which still remains in force, for like so many other promised measures the new electoral law announced as forthcoming by the constitution has never been voted. By the terms of the existing and somewhat complicated legislation there are two categories of electors, the first including every male Prussian subject who has reached his twenty-fifth year, and has resided for six months in the electoral circumscription without receiving poor relief during that period. These *Urwähler* or electors of the first degree are subdivided, according to the respective amount of direct taxes paid by them, into three classes, each of which appoints an equal number of electors of the second degree. Thus in an electoral circumscription paying 90,000 thaler in direct taxes the hundred or two hundred wealthy electors paying among themselves the first third of the amount, the thousand or fifteen hundred paying the second third, and the ten or twenty

thousand paying the remainder nominate an equal number of delegate electors of the second degree, who can be chosen indifferently from amongst all classes. Their proportion, however, must not exceed one for every 250 inhabitants in the electoral circumscription. These delegate electors in their turn elect the deputy, who must have attained thirty years of age and be in full enjoyment of civic rights. All public functionaries are eligible as deputies without it being necessary for them to resign their official posts. The constitution has left undecided the point whether they themselves or the State should remunerate the persons temporarily replacing them in their official duties during the parliamentary session, still the practice is for these substitutes to be paid by the State. The deputies formerly received three thaler per diem as subsistence-money, but the enormous rise in the rates of living and lodging in Berlin since the war led to the introduction in the early part of 1873 of a bill for augmenting this to five thaler. It was carried by 210 votes to 116, the Junker party, then strongly represented in the House, warmly opposing it, anxious to keep away impecunious candidates from the assembly honoured by their presence. One of them, addressing the supporters of the bill, remarked that if they had neither the means nor the leisure to devote themselves to public affairs the best they could do was to stay at home.

The term of existence of the Lower House is limited to three years, and re-elections must take place within three months of a dissolution. Members of either House cannot be called to account either for their votes or for opinions expressed by them in the House, nor can they be arrested for any act entailing legal penalties, unless seized within four-and-twenty hours of its perpetration, without the consent of the body to which they belong. Criminal proceedings and civil arrest may alike be suspended against a member during the session of the House to which he belongs. Both Houses may be convoked in extraordinary session as often as circumstances may require, and must be convoked, opened, adjourned, and prorogued simultaneously. Both regulate their own order and discipline, and elect their presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, and committees. They have the right to interpellate the government, but it is very sparingly exercised, of adopting resolutions, provided always that the legal majority is present, of presenting addresses to the King, of discussing the petitions and complaints that may be presented to them, and appointing committees of investigation, and finally, though only in theory, of impeaching the ministry. The legislative power is not the more or less exclusive appanage of one or the other of the two Houses, but belongs in an equal degree to the three powers—King, Lords, and Commons.

A majority in the Lower House against a Government Bill

does not in the least degree necessitate a change of ministry, nor is there anything approaching an opposition in the English sense of the word, that is an opposition of to-day which may become a Government to-morrow. The numerous sections into which the House is divided, and the very simple fact that the Prussian people themselves as a body do not believe in Parliamentary representation, enables the Government to utterly disregard this assembly save as a convenient place in which to make known its intentions and projects, whilst the Upper House seems to take a grim pleasure in thwarting it. The Government quietly reintroduces any bill when it thinks fit, and manages to have its own way in the long run.

The greater part of the work of both Houses of the Landtag is got through by committees, which, however, lose their importance on the days of the full sittings. At these the ministers are usually present, and if they wish a bill to be passed they go down to the House in a body, and take their seats on benches set apart for them in the House itself. When the debate is over and the vote is about to be taken, the Prime Minister usually rises for a last word to the effect that the collective ministry have agreed to the measure, that the King approves of it, and that all there now remains for the House to do is to vote it. This style of persuasion rarely fails to convince, especially as it is accompanied by a little bit of outward display aimed at impressing the timid. Every minister entitled to wear a military uniform dons it on these occasions. Shortly before the vote is taken Count von Kamecke rises and retires into a side room, whence he emerges just before the critical moment with epaulettes on his shoulders and his breast glittering with medals and orders, and as a last menace a door opens and in strides Prince Bismarck in cuirassier uniform, with huge jack-boots, and an enormous sword, which he clatters along the floor. The House is crushed and often acts as though these military statesmen had behind them a regiment of the line ready to enforce obedience at the point of the bayonet.

The equality of power existing between the two Houses ceases when financial matters are concerned, the Herrenhaus being forbidden to occupy itself with them until they have been voted by the Lower House, for whose consideration they are more especially reserved. The Upper House only enjoys the right of accepting or refusing the annual budget in its entirety without being able to modify any single clause. It assists, however, in controlling the public debt, sending three members, like the Lower House, to the Public Debt Commission, a permanent institution in which the President of the Court of Accounts has also a seat. The right and power of cutting off the supplies by the Lower House is the very foundation-stone of parliamentary government, since by no other means can

public opinion, as represented by the members, be more justly, thoroughly, and pertinently expressed. In Prussia this right does not exist in a complete degree. The fault is due firstly to the vague theoretical legislators of 1848, who loved to couch their measures in hazy ambiguous language, and, secondly, to the members of the Haus der Abgeordneten themselves, who displayed inexplicable indifference during twelve years when they might easily have asserted their rights, and a sudden capricious obstinacy at the very moment when great national interest might have justified a kind of compromise with the executive power. Although the constitution reserves to the Lower House the right of dealing the first with the financial affairs, invests it with the privilege of discussing the annual budget in detail, and requires its approval of all loans and the sale of any portion of the public domains, its power of control over the Government remains singularly inefficient.

The budget having the character of a law, the consent of the three powers, King, Lords, and Commons, is necessary for its adoption, and only one of these three has to oppose its veto to arrest the march of public affairs. This difficulty actually occurred between 1862 and 1866, but a clause of the constitution authorizing the Government, in the event of the budget not being voted in time, to continue levying the taxes in the proportion indicated by the last budget, gave them a terrible advantage. On the other hand, whilst powerless to prevent the Government from levying taxes, the Lower House has the right of forbidding it to spend the money raised, and it was upon this strange contradiction that the whole conflict from 1862 to 1866 turned. The ministry invoked the practice of twelve years, during which period affairs had been carried on for six months of the year without a legal budget, maintained that as the law was silent on the point the absolute power of the King came into force and argued moreover that no branch of the legislature would pretend to arrest the march of public affairs and to bring the various administrations to a standstill by suspending the payment of the functionaries. But these questions were all settled one way, and Count Bismarck summed up the situation of the contending parties when he observed, "If a compromise is not effected a conflict will arise, and as the life of the State cannot stand still, the conflict will resolve itself into a question of strength. The one on whose side strength lies will therefore act in the sense he desires."

The 432 members composing the Lower House are divided into a number of parties, each having a definite though at times somewhat incomprehensible title. The difficulty of distinguishing even these parties from each other is greatly increased by the fact that many of them are again subdivided into smaller sections inspired by widely differing views on certain points, and

that not only these smaller sections but the whole body of the party to which they belong are in the habit of allying themselves at times with those who might be set down as their political opponents. The largest party in the House is that of the National Liberals, at the head of whom is Edward Lasker, the most brilliant debater in Germany. Liberal, however, is a word having a somewhat different significance with regard to matters parliamentary in Germany, to that which is attached to it in England. A large number of the leading Liberals are bureaucrats. They want the ministers to be made responsible to the nation as represented by the House, but the accomplishment of this would place all administrative power in the hands of the Government, strengthening officialism and curtailing feudal and corporate privileges. Another section have a pet bugbear in the shape of religious institutions of any creed whatsoever, attacking them with the same energy Messrs. Newdegate and Spooner were wont to show in assailing the Maynooth grant. Allied to them in narrow-mindedness are those to whom the complete unification of Germany, by any possible means, appears to be the acme of Liberalism. Utterly ignoring such sternly practical facts as differences of habits and customs, divergencies of religious belief, local prejudices, and above all traditions of race which render the thorough identification of feeling throughout Germany a thing not to be looked for for many years to come, they hold that nothing can be good that does not agree with the hard and fast line they are pleased to lay down. The National Liberals at present number about 160. The party really dates its existence from the war of 1866. Up to that period the Junkers were the government party, the Liberals steadily opposing Bismarck's policy. The new situation introduced by the victory of Königgrätz made a general re-arrangement necessary, and the Liberals, newly organised, came prominently forward amongst the supporters of their former foe. They aim at gradual reform and enjoy the confidence of the more enlightened classes.

Allied to the Liberals in some matters are the Progressists, or "Fortschrittpartei," about 70 in number. Berlin is entirely represented in the Landtag by members belonging to this party, amongst them being Herren Virchow, Loewe, Duncker, and Eberty. The leading section of the Fortschritt party, like the great mass of the Liberals, favours the Chancellor's policy, but the remainder have on many points views differing in the widest manner from those of the Government, any measure emanating from which they seem bound to assail. The army which has accomplished such great results for Prussia is the object of their especial animosity. Utterly unmoved by the logic of facts, they clamour incessantly upon those purely theoretical and speculative grounds, so dear to the Teutonic mind, for its abolition, and this without the faintest hope of success. Some of

them are in addition Democrats and Socialists with hankering for such things as the re-distribution of property and the capitalisation of labour.

The Conservatives, once so powerful and so prominent as the supporters of the government, are now but a shadow of a party. Till 1866 they were at the beck and call of Bismarck, but after that date, as soon as the Government began to favour measures compatible with progress, the Conservatives turned round and subsequently allied themselves with the Ultramontanes. Since that date they have been dwindling away. In the last Landtag there were about 120 of them, a third of whom, seeing the errors of their ways, had "ratted" from the main body of their party, and under the title of Free Conservatives sided with the ministry. Some forty of these Free Conservatives were returned at the last election, whilst the Conservatives proper have dwindled down to about 30.

The Ultramontane or "Centrum" party are 90 in number and can always reckon upon the support of the 15 or 16 Poles returned by Posen and East Prussia. There are also sundry Particularists, such as the Danes from Schleswig-Holstein, and a certain number of "Wilden" or Savages who imitate Hal of the Wynd in fighting for their own hand. This is a feature which crops up in all parties and renders leadership, like that seen in the House of Commons, impossible. Parliamentary representation in Prussia is too new and party traditions are not strong enough to lead a man to adopt a measure merely because the bulk of those with whom he has allied himself have done so.

The sessions of the Haus der Abgeordneten correspond with those of the Herrenhaus, and are held like them in the Leipzigerstrasse but in a building facing the Dönhofs-platz. The exterior is very shabby looking and differs but little from that of an ordinary large house. The hall in which the sittings are held lies however a long way back from the street and is approached by a series of passages lighted up by gas. Its form is oblong and galleries run round three sides of it, that on the left being set apart for members of the Herrenhaus, the Corps Diplomatique, and the Emperor, that on the right for the public, while the one at the back of the President's chair is reserved for the reporters. On the side of the house fronting the president there is simply a bare flat wall. The seats are arranged in form of a horse-shoe with tables in front of them, on which draughts of the subject of debate are placed before the members meet. Every one seems to have his particular seat, although the name is not written on it as is the case in the Reichstag. The President and his Referendarius occupy a raised desk facing the rest of the House and flanked on either side by the desks of the four secretaries. Immediately in front of the president is the tribune from which the more important speeches are

sometimes delivered and between this and the first row of members' seats is a semi-circular table at which the official short-hand writers are allowed to sit, instead of standing as they are obliged to do in the Herrenhaus. A row of raised seats in the rear of those of the members are reserved for the ministry, who gain access to them by a special entry directly facing the president and opening from a kind of council chamber.

The House is not very punctual in assembling. Ten o'clock in the morning is the nominal time but if you go in at half-past ten you will hear the perpetual "Guten Morgen" and see the members still shaking hands and chatting. The proceedings are opened by the President von Bennigsen ringing a bell and reading a quantity of notices and minutes. Not the slightest attention is however paid to this signal for order, the deputies continuing to talk, walk about, and read the newspapers as if the House was not sitting. After the President has finished, a Schriftführer stands up and reads more notices and minutes, but the voices of both President and Secretary are perfectly inaudible owing to the noise going on on all sides. The Schriftführer sits down and the President calls out, "Herr Schultz" or "Herr Müller," and suddenly you hear a deep voice in the middle of the hall roll out, "Meine Herren," and know that the proceedings have commenced in earnest. It is the custom for the President to call on each member by name before he speaks, so that those who have to defend and oppose a motion are evidently decided on beforehand, a member never rising till his name is called out by the President. Such a plan may certainly contribute to order and coolness in debate, and might be adopted with advantage in the Versailles Assembly, but it deprives the discussion of the spontaneity which is characteristic of our English House of Commons and renders it somewhat uninteresting to the listener. The members, too, contrary to our custom, refer to each other in their speeches by their surnames, and not by the names of the places they represent. It is "Herr Stengel

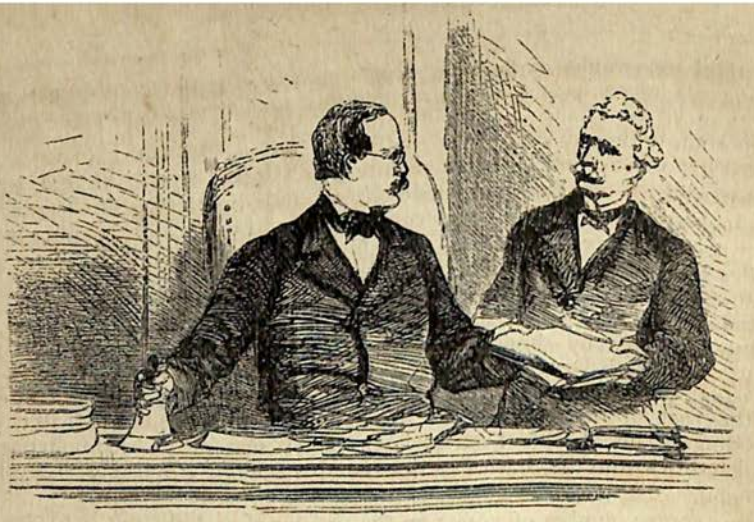
said" and "Dr. Lasker has observed"—and not "The honourable member for Cottonoplis has asserted so and so."

I was very much struck by the utter want of sympathy and even of attention accorded to the majority of the speakers. In the midst of a member's most fervid oratorical efforts it was not uncommon for somebody in the same row of seats to push past him with true German want of politeness, and thus compel him to close the flood-gates of his eloquence for a second or two till he could strike the proper attitude again. During the whole of the debate members would walk across the floor, stop to converse with their friends in pretty loud tones, read the papers, and hand them about—all with the greatest nonchalance. One member in particular I noticed standing in the centre of the hall with his hands in his pockets, critically regarding a speaker during the greater part of his speech. Some members after walking casually about for a time would stroll up to a looking-glass against the wall and arrange their hair with one of those little pocket-combs which seem indispensable to a German fop—all of this taking place during the continuance of a speech. Such care as this latter incident betokened was, however, hardly justified by the personal appearance of the bulk of the members who are evidently by no means on a par, so far as social station is concerned, with members of the British House of Commons. In general appearance and manners the assembly presented altogether a free and easy aspect, strongly contrasting in this respect with the Herrenhaus, in addition to which the speakers had to speak at the highest pitch of their voices in order to make themselves heard amidst the prevailing noise. All through the debate it seemed invariably to be party pitted against party. Thus, the first man to speak was a *Frei Konservativ* and he was answered by a National Liberal, whilst the next to rise was a *Konservativ*, and the reply to him came from the Fortschritt benches. Votes are taken either by ayes and noes, or by passing through the doorways marked "Ja" and "Nein" to the right and left of the President's desk, and leading into separate lobbies. Occasionally there are two sittings a day, that in the evening lasting from four to eight, although evening sessions are novelties as yet in Prussian legislation. Originally no provision was made for them in the Haus der Abgeordneten, and whilst a few lamps were placed on the tables and desks for the members the reporters in the galleries were constrained to hold lighted candles in their left hands while they wrote with their right, unless they chose to fix them in their inkstands.

Berlin, which returns nine members to the Landtag, sends six to the Reichstag. In both instances candidates belonging to the *Fortschritt* or Progressist party have been returned, though for the one class of elections the method of selection by two classes of voters already noted and in the other the system of vote by ballot is employed. A close investigation of the

electoral topography of the city reveals some noticeable features, especially as regards minorities. Berlin is divided into six electoral districts, which, as far as social importance and wealth are concerned, decrease in importance in proportion to their distance from the central and western portion of the city. The First and Second Districts—comprising Central Berlin, Altköln, Friedrich-werder, West Dorotheenstadt, North and South Friedrichstadt, the Schöneberg and Tempelhof quarters and part of Luisenstadt, in other words, the whole south-west of the city—are chiefly inhabited by merchants and the higher class of officials. The Third and Fifth Districts, which include the south-eastern portion of the city together with part of the Königstadt, the Spandauer quarter and Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt on the northern side, are mainly occupied by shopkeepers, traders, and second class officials. The Fourth and Sixth Districts are made up of the rest of the Luisenstadt beyond the canal, the Stralauer quarter and the part of the Königstadt adjoining it, or the east of Berlin, with the Spandauer quarter without, Moabit, and Wedding. The Fourth District is the chief seat of the manufacture of textile fabrics, and the Sixth District contains a large proportion of workers in metal.

The average number of voters on the register of each district is 19,000, the total being according to the census of 1871, 115,616. At the 1871 election five parties sent up candidates. These were the Progressists, who obtained 25,590 votes, having a majority in every district; the Democrats, represented in all the districts by the late Dr. Johann Jacoby, who obtained 6,393; the Conservatives, who obtained 4,090; the Democratic Socialists, who obtained 1,982; and the Ultramontanes, who brought up the rear with 590. No less than 76,209 electors, or 66 per cent. of those on the register, abstained from voting, and 762 votes were declared invalid. The largest number of these invalid votes were polled in the First District, which took but a comparatively limited share in the political movement. The Second District displayed the same apathy, though here the Progressists, with whom were allied the Moderate Liberals, polled more votes than in any other district, this being also the case with the Conservatives, whilst the party of Jacoby found fewer supporters than in any of the remaining electoral divisions. The Third District, in which the most animation prevailed, and in which the strongest political organization was shown, proved the chief stronghold of Jacoby's supporters, the Conservatives on the other hand finding less support than elsewhere. The Fourth District distinguished itself by the number of votes polled for the Democratic Socialist candidate, the Progressists proving weak. This falling off was also shown in the Fifth District, in which they polled fewer votes than in any other. The Sixth District, which contains a larger proportion of Roman Catholics than any other part of Berlin, was that in which the Ultramontane party found most support. Although like the Fourth District the Sixth is principally inhabited by workpeople, the Democratic Socialists found little or no support there. The support obtained by them is ascribed to the preponderance of those engaged in textile manufactures in the former district. The weaver, working for the most part at home, has, from the nature of his occupation more time for thought, and ponders deeply on political matters, whilst his shuttle is flying from side to side. The iron worker on the other hand, with shorter hours, has work that taxes the entire energies of body and mind at once, and in his spare moments seeks relaxation and amusement in preference to the study of politics. In other localities in Prussia the connection between textile industry and Democratic Socialism has also been noticed, the large spinning and weaving centres on the Rhenish frontier being cases in point.



PRESIDENT VON FORCKENBECK. GENERAL RATH HAPPEL.

II.

THE REICHSTAG.

THE mission of the Reichstag, and the Bundesrath or Federal Council, is to frame the laws of the German Empire. For the task in question the Reichstag has shown a decided aptitude. The commercial and criminal codes voted not long ago by this assembly are master-pieces of legislation. The large proportion of judges and lawyers, public functionaries of all kinds, and professors, though perhaps a hindrance when political topics are under consideration, is of great assistance when the framing of laws is concerned. The wealth of historic learning of the professor, the practical experience and love of method and order of the public servant, and the spirit of critical investigation of the lawyer are all summoned into play. Another duty of the Reichstag is to vote the budget of the Empire. The funds necessary for this budget come from the customs' duties, the taxes upon beer and brandy levied exceptionally by Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg, the tax upon tobacco, the stamp duties, the profits derived from the working of the postal and telegraph services, except in Bavaria, and the sums contributed proportionally by each State to make up for any deficit. But the real disposition of the funds thus collected lies rather with the Court of Accounts than with the Reichstag.

The Bundesrath or Federal Council may be termed the Upper House of the Reichstag, the members of it are selected by the governments of the States represented in it, and its deliberations are conducted in private.

The present meeting-place of the Reichstag is merely a temporary one. Prior to its erection, the Diet of the German Empire was received as a guest in the Prussian Herrenhaus, a circumstance which, if it did not wound its sensitive feelings, so cramped its working powers that pessimists began to doubt if it would ever effect any good. No one was more annoyed at this state of things than Prince Bismarck. The Reichstag had been his own creation and he took a paternal interest in its welfare, so he formed a committee which was to frame a plan for providing as quickly as possible a temporary building for its sittings. After a prolonged deliberation the committee came to the conclusion that such a building might be erected within a couple of years, or even with extra exertions within a year and a half, on the site of the famous Royal Porcelain Manufactory in the Leipzigerstrasse, at a cost of three-quarters of a million of thaler. At this proposition Prince Bismarck lost all patience and expressed his intention of applying to outsiders to see whether his wish could not be more quickly and more cheaply gratified. Then a miracle occurred, the trammels of red tape were for once shaken off, and in three days a new plan was ready which promised the building asked for within three months, at a cost of 170,000 thaler. With surprising rapidity the works were commenced under the supervision of Baurath Hitzig. Within a fortnight the Porcelain Manufactory and its large stock of fragile goods were turned out of doors, and an army of labourers assailed the condemned building. Carting and digging, masons' and joiners' work went on day and night, thanks to the help of gas and the electric light, and the Berlinese, accustomed to the inconvenience of having streets blocked up for months at a time when the municipality ordered repairs to the pavement, were astonished and even horrified to find how quickly the building progressed. In spite of the masons' and joiners' strikes the edifice was ready by the time required.

Even whilst the deputies were on their way to Berlin, women were cleaning the windows that were to give light to the building, painters were laying the final coat of paint on the walls, locksmiths were providing for the security of the property of the national representatives, and upholsterers were adjusting the seats destined for their accommodation. The doors and windows stuck fast, and the odour of paint, size, varnish, new leather and wood shavings filled the hall, when the delegates from all parts of the German Empire first assembled in it, but Prince Bismarck saw his wish fulfilled, and the Reichstag met under its own roof. It must be admitted that the new building suffers so far as external appearance is concerned from comparison with its neighbour the Ministry of War. Perhaps this is only right, for a daughter should not assume too grand an air in presence of her mother, and it is due to the herculean labours carried on

within the last-named edifice that members of the Reichstag coming from the four corners of Germany, hold their meetings in the Prussian capital.

The entrance is through the old doorway of the Porcelain Manufactory, but the former hall has been converted into a wide vestibule, giving access to another from which a number of corridors diverge. From this vestibule, guarded by the official

Thürhüter with a formidable gilt-knobbed staff, access is gained to the lobby of the House, a spacious hall lighted from above, and ornamented with medallions of such representative men as Stein, Fichte, Arndt, Dahlmann, Uhland, and Schiller, each with an appropriate motto beneath. The honour thus paid to some of these departed worthies would imply a recognition on the part of the authorities of opinions formerly held by them in great distaste. The colouring of the walls is warm, but at the same time sober. Comfortable green leather benches running around the wall, and a few tables for writing constitute the furniture. Here are penned the letters in which the eloquent but silent deputy explains to his constituents what momentous things he would have said if he had but spoken. When one of those speakers known as *Hausleerer* or house-emptier is on his legs, the lobby at once fills and becomes more interesting than the House itself, for the representatives of the German Empire flock hither and form into animated groups, in which, as a rule, several parties find representatives. Indeed it has been suggested that shorthand reports should be furnished from the lobby, for here the members speak their real and sincere opinions, briefly, plainly, and vigorously, on the spur of the moment, whilst in the House beyond some read out carefully prepared manuscripts, and others deliver ponderous and wearisome discourses got up by heart.

To the right of the lobby are the refreshment rooms, and to the left the reporters' rooms, while beyond is the hall devoted to the meeting of the Reichstag. This measures 93 feet in length, 72 in breadth, and 41 in height. A vast skylight in the roof

lights it by day, and gas burners on the outside of this, replacing the sun, illuminate it at night, whilst ventilation is secured by a suction engine. The decorations are simple but tasteful, chocolate being the prevailing tint. The centre of the further end of the hall is occupied by the large square desk of the President, flanked on either side by those of the Secretaries, while overhead hang the national colours. Immediately in front of the President is the orator's tribune, the occupant of which when addressing his colleagues is perforce compelled to turn his back towards the presiding genius of the House. To the right and left, on the same level as the tribune, and fenced off from the rest of the House by a heavy balustrade, runs a double row of forty-four seats destined for the members of the Bundesrath or Federal Council. Facing the tribune, and on a level with the floor of the building, are the desks of the official shorthand writers, and the table of the House, beyond which are the seats of the deputies of the Reichstag, arranged in semi-circles, each rising slightly above the one in front of it. Spreading out in face of the tribune they resemble a gigantic brown fan, the framework of which is represented by narrow passages dividing them into seven wedge shaped sections. These seats, 400 in number, are cushioned with leather, and in front of each is a shut-up desk. This latter convenience was not adopted without a certain amount of opposition from the Spartans of the North German confederation, one of whom with withering sarcasm suggested that each member should be furnished in addition with a hammock and an apparatus for making coffee. It was another of this tribe, who are continually harping upon the stern simplicity of their forefathers as compared with the lax manners and morals of the present day, that protested energetically against a proposal for selling postage stamps at certain shops, as well as at the post offices, declaring that all such pandering to material comfort and convenience was perfectly intolerable.

The two corners of the hall are fitted with tables, around which groups of deputies gather from time to time in council. Extensive galleries run along three sides of the House, and in some degree interfere with its acoustic properties. The custom of providing such spacious accommodation for the public dates from 1848, when the German people flocked to the galleries of representative assemblies as to the theatre, and could never obtain room enough. This taste continues to prevail, and people not only sit out the dreariest debates, but often take their luncheons with them in a bundle. The chief gallery, namely that devoted to the general public, is situated behind the President's chair, while left and right are boxes reserved for the court, the members of the Corps Diplomatique, and the reporters, the latter being moreover provided with three rooms in which most of them write out their notes for the newspaper

messengers in waiting. Here hooked noses and shining black curls proclaim the predominance of the Israelitish race, to which most of the Berlin reporters belong. On a level with the galleries are a dozen committee rooms, access to which is gained by three staircases. The rooms of the President, the Imperial Chancellor, and the President of the Bundesrath are on the ground floor, while the corridor into which they open connects the building with the extensive gardens and the reading-room of the Prussian Herrenhaus, which the members of the Reichstag are privileged to avail themselves of.

The political *rôle* of the smaller chambers of Saxony, Bavaria, Hesse, &c., is now absorbed by the Reichstag, composed of deputies from the whole of Germany in the proportion of a deputy for every hundred thousand inhabitants. To have the right of voting at the elections for members of the Reichstag it is necessary to be twenty-five years of age and to enjoy a good reputation, and the same qualifications, coupled with three years residence in Germany, are required from candidates for membership. The voting is by ballot, and the number of electors registered is 8,260,000. Of these some two-thirds vote at each election, the elections taking place every three years.

REPORTERS WRITING OUT THEIR NOTES.

In that of 1874, out of a total of 5,259,155 votes, there were 375,117 votes given for the Conservative party, 2,876,229 for the National Liberal, Progressist, Popular, and Social Democratic parties, 1,616,440 for the Catholic party, and 442,810 for Particularists, Poles, and the so-called Protest party. The question of the representation of universities has been mooted in Germany, but has found but little favour in the eyes of politicians of any school. It is to be noted that there is generally an equalization between town and country representation, the Liberals having most strength in the former and the Conservatives and Ultramontanes putting forth their power in the rural districts.

The total number of members of the Reichstag is 397, fifteen of whom are representatives from Alsace-Lorraine, originally returned at the 1874 election. The 382 remaining comprize 20 Old and New Conservatives, 151 National Liberals, 15 Liberal Imperialists, 29 German Imperialists, 47 Progressists, 2 Popularists, 9 Social Democrats, 94 Clericals and Guelphs, and 15 Poles and Danes. Socially these deputies have been classed as follows: 100 landholders, 21 judges, 37 barristers, 3 lawyers, 24 merchants, 8 managers of financial establishments, 20 Catholic priests, 2 bishops, 1 field-marshal, 3 generals, 2 colonels, 1 captain of cavalry, 1 captain in the navy, 4 princes, 7 ministers, 12 chamberlains, 22 high functionaries, 7 landräthe, 2 regency assessors, 2 burgomasters, 19 professors, 12 municipal councillors, 15 literary men, 3 booksellers, 3 doctors of medicine, 1 architect, 1 civil engineer, 5 brewers and hotel-keepers, 1 painter, 1 turner, 1 joiner, 1 cigar maker, and 55 whose professions are unknown.

The elections of 1877 somewhat modified the position of parties in the Reichstag, the Conservatives and Socialists having wrested a certain number of seats from the National Liberal and Progressist parties.

Admission to the sitting of the Reichstag is easily obtained. All that is necessary is to apply the same or preceding day for a ticket at the office in the entrance hall. Furnished with this and with a plan of the House having the names of the members within against the seats they usually occupy and their political opinions indicated by a patch of colour, the visitor takes his place in one of the galleries. The President, Herr Forckenbeck, an ex-burgomaster and former notary, inclined to Old Catholicism, is in his chair waiting for the members, who drop in one by one and can be identified as they take their seats on which their names are written, by means of the published plan, tinted in seven different colours which proclaim the existence of the same number of parties.

Prominent by their numbers are the National Liberals, distinguished by the colour that is typical of Hope and occupying not only the bulk of the left-hand benches but overflowing on to those of the centre. Conspicuous amongst them are first, Dr. Bamberger, who, compromised by the events of 1848, escaped into Switzerland and afterwards made a fortune as a banker in Paris; his co-religionist Edward Lasker, the chief spokesman of the party both in the Reichstag and the Landtag; Baron Schenk von Stauffenberg, Braun of Gera with his matador face, hearty-looking Dr. Becker, Miquel, who also champions the Old Catholics, seated with Simson the former President of the Reichstag and von Bennigsen in the front row, and many others. Almost all

GRIMBRECHT. VALENTIN. MIGUEL. BRAUN.
PRINCE WILHELM OF BADEN. SIMSON. VON BENNIGSEN. LASKER. VOLK.

professions find their representatives in the ranks of the National Liberal party, public functionaries are numerically first, and then come jurists, lawyers, barristers, and notaries, with some merchants and bankers, and a few landholders. The love of liberty expressed by this party is for the most part rather platonic. Their double title is also somewhat embarrassing, for though in an empire united to the crown of Prussia, it is easy to be national by approving of all annexations past, present, and to come, it is somewhat difficult to be liberal excepting theoretically. Some of its members sacrifice their liberal opinions to stern necessity. They know very well that they would only waste their time in urging Prince Bismarck to constitutional reforms, unless they were such as he had already decided upon. The winter session of 1875, however, revealed symptoms of opposition on their part to the financial policy of the Government, the proposed taxes on exchange transactions and on beer being refused, whilst by combining with the Progressists and Social Democrats, they succeeded in obtaining the excision of many clauses in the Penal Code Amendment Bill.

The section that usually follow Herr von Bennigsen have displayed the most perfect abrogation in their submission to the caprices of the Chancellor, but that of which Herr Lasker is the especial champion is not always so supple. Their leader, "the little Semite," as he has been nicknamed by the feudalists of the Herrenhaus, the young lawyer who became suddenly famous by a speech delivered at a press banquet some ten years ago, is perhaps, one of the most remarkable men in the assembly. He possesses the gift of eloquence to a rare degree, a warmth

of feeling that communicates itself to his audience, and a pathos that never fails to move them. His voice is slightly guttural, but this defect he overcomes by the most careful articulation of every syllable, so that despite the acoustic defects of the hall, no speaker is more easily followed. Unfortunately, although he rivets the attention of his hearers, his speeches sin by their length, and instead of attacking a question point-blank at the outset, he occupies much of his time in opening the trenches for a regular siege. From the circumstance of being always attentively listened to, Lasker is led to speak oftener than is advisable for one who, as the intellectual chief of his party, ought rather to reserve himself for great occasions, in order that whatever he says may have greater weight with his hearers.

Lasker follows his opponents when they are speaking with an apparently indifferent air, his head thrown carelessly back and his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, though he cannot repress the thrill that runs through his frame at some more biting personality than usual directed at himself. All at once his face lights up, a smile flits across his features, and with flashing eyes he turns to the President for permission to reply. This granted, the old look of calmness returns, till rising he attacks in turn the weak point of his adversary. Seizing upon this he turns him inside out with his keen dialectics, showers upon him his biting sarcasm, leaves him no loophole of escape with his close logic, and does not rest till the triumph is transferred to himself. He is in another respect however, a born debater. There is not a question of law, commerce, armaments, railways, shipping, &c., that he is not capable of discussing. In the course of a recent debate on pisciculture, he cited the names of rivers hardly known to geographers with a facility and precision that would have charmed Mr. Frank Buckland. His display of technical knowledge becomes at times almost aggravating to his colleagues, but his method of acquiring it is very simple, for as soon as a discussion on any topic looms in the parliamentary horizon, he grinds away at the subject as though for an examination and speaks of it when the time comes as if he had studied nothing else all his life. Thus it was that he displayed such a fund of information about railways, when attacking the granting of contracts to Herr Wagener. This is easily understood when his daily life is considered. Rising every morning at five, he takes a cup of tea and then sits down at his work-table, from which he does not stir for five or six hours. Then he starts off for the Reichstag, follows the debates attentively, dines at three o'clock, takes a short walk and returns home to work again. In the summer, a holiday of a couple of months usually spent in Switzerland, helps to recuperate his forces.

Lasker was born in 1829, at Jaroczin, a small town in the Grand Duchy of Posen, his father being a small Jewish trader.

In 1847 he commenced studying law at the University of Breslau, paying a flying visit to Vienna in 1848 and taking part in the fighting there. He afterwards spent three years in England, where it is said he learnt to appreciate the advantages of constitutional government. On his return to Prussia he entered the service of the Berlin municipality, being appointed honorary assessor to the Berlin Town Council in 1858, and subsequently to a salaried post. He became known too as a political writer in the newspapers; indeed he has dabbled in literature since eight years of age, when he translated a poem of Schiller's into Hebrew. Originally he formed one of the party of Progress, and in 1865 he entered parliament as the representative of the fourth Electoral District of Berlin, and delivered a maiden speech, which was a failure. On the split of the party of Progress in 1866, he joined the National Liberals, though he continued to sympathise with the sentiments uttered by his former friends, even when they did not harmonise with the political principles of his new associates. He had always shown a taste for partisan warfare, and would go boldly on in his own way, thinking to carry his party with him, but only to discover his mistake. This want of tact has shown itself on several occasions, and whilst all admit that he is the most prominent man not only in the ranks of the National Liberals, but in the whole Reichstag, he fails to command confidence as the leader of his party.

Herr Lasker's personal appearance is neither prepossessing nor imposing. He is very thin, short, and ungracefully built, and his face and head, surmounted by a dense forest of black frizzly hair are of the Jewish type met with daily in the streets of Berlin, a type reminding one rather of Fagin than of Sidonia. His forehead, however, is broad and his eyes keen and intelligent. The absence of personal charms proved in his case no safeguard against the attacks of the tender passion. With the conscientiousness that seems to distinguish him in all things, he carefully noted down the various impressions he underwent in the course of his generally unsuccessful career as a lover. There was perhaps nothing very extraordinary in this, but he had the almost childish simplicity to publish this long catalogue of fruitless sighings under the title of "Confessions of a Manly Soul." Even German sentimentality found this somewhat out of place, and he quickly suppressed the first and only edition. He occupies a couple of small rooms on the third floor of a house in the Köthner-strasse, and though he has been offered several lucrative positions, such as the post of syndic in large commercial undertakings, contents himself with a small funded income which he possesses, and does not even practice his profession as a lawyer. This austerity has led to his more enthusiastic admirers comparing him to Cato, but one of his opponents has

sarcastically remarked that there is very little merit in doing without the things of which one has never felt the want.

Herr Lasker's co-religionists take an active share in parliamentary matters and muster strongly in the ranks of the National Liberal party. Amongst certain sections of German society there still exists a prejudice against Jews, a remaining relic of the Middle Ages, while certain writers at Berlin, not content with envying their wealth, luxury, and the ownership of the Linden quarter, which is almost entirely vested in them, reproach them with being deficient in that impenetrable depth which constitutes the fundamental basis of the German character, with writing superficial books, and materialistic music. The political reproaches are perhaps more to the point. "The Jew," observes a German Conservative writer, "understands nothing of the German character; the shape of his skull does not resemble ours, and through our old intolerance he has never shared either our public or private life. Our old traditions are unknown to him; he understands nothing of the complication of our mind, of our wish for novelty counterbalanced by our respect for antiquity. Lassalle, the head of those who seek to destroy the Germany of history, was a Jew, and many of the Hebrew race are republicans, while others are very influential National Liberals. To build up their 'new State,' they seek to demolish right and left without feeling any of that melancholy which steals over one on seeing a home that has long given one shelter, falling piece by piece to the ground. And amongst their most ardent allies are the descendants of the exiled Huguenots."

Another of the National Liberal leaders, the Baron Schenk von Stauffenberg, a member of an old Bavarian Catholic family, deserves a word or so. Trained for the law, in 1866 he entered the Bavarian parliament, where his German sentiments, combined with acute notions of political economy, and a keen appreciation of financial matters, attracted much attention towards him. Returned by the city of Munich to the Reichstag on the formation of the German Empire, he became one of the secretaries of the House, and the president of the committee for the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to the Empire. Though a noble by birth, his exertions are mainly on behalf of the people, and he seeks to provide for their immediate physical well-being as well as to maintain their political rights and to suppress all prerogatives infringing on them.

Herr Johannes Miquel, who is a chief amongst the Old Catholics as well as the National Liberals, was also trained for a legal career. During the stormy period of 1848-9, he avoided politics, and occupied himself exclusively with law, but he subsequently joined the National Union and strove to advance its tenets in Hanover. In 1864 he represented Göttingen in the Hanoverian parliament, but the events of 1866 opened a wider

field for his abilities, and joining the National Liberal party he was returned to the North German Diet, and subsequently to the Reichstag by the town of Osnabrück. Of middle height, with a slim figure, a somewhat projecting head, a bushy beard, thick dark eyebrows, and large mild eyes, his style of oratory is both vigorous and persuasive. Though of late somewhat sparing of set speeches from the tribune, he is one of the most active and skilful chiefs of his party, and whenever a negotiation has to be arranged with the Government, is sure to be called upon to take a prominent share in it.

Braun of Gera is another prominent member of the National Liberal party. A native of Hadamar in Nassau, he studied, like almost every other leader of note in the Reichstag, for the law, and became, on the annexation of his native province, a solicitor to the Upper Court of Appeal at Berlin. His fine and well-cultivated mind is equally at home in jurisprudence and in all the various branches of general knowledge, whilst the expression of his countenance indicates that he possesses the necessary qualification to take part in both the business and the pleasures of life. Besides discharging his duties as a solicitor, and as a member of the Reichstag, he has earned distinction as a copious writer on political and social topics.

Heinrich von Hennig, still joking with some of his colleagues as his short broad shouldered figure passes along the row of desks towards his seat, has altered somewhat in appearance from the Hotspur of the Liberal opposition in the Prussian Landtag. His red beard is almost white, and his figure has lost its elasticity, though his eyes are still as bright as when he was wont to assail Bismarck and irritate von Vincke beyond endurance. His election as a Berlin town counsellor seems to have imparted an aldermanic gravity both to his bearing and to his speeches, which, though opportune and sensible, lack their former pungency.

Another prominent figure in this phalanx is a man of tall stature with an Italian head, a noble and lofty brow, a sharply cut nose, and a firm mouth overshadowed by a long black moustache. His piercing black eyes from time to time shoot forth glances betokening an active mind which contrasts strongly with the careless and almost indolent manner with which he appears to be following the proceedings. Suddenly his neighbour hands him a sheet of paper, upon which a few words have been hastily scribbled in pencil, and his whole face at once lights up as if he had only that moment learned what was under discussion. And this is unfortunately the case, for Heinrich von Treitschke, the keen political reasoner, and high-minded patriot, the inspired orator and gifted partisan, he who is almost unrivalled in his command of language, is deprived of the gift of hearing. To him, like Beethoven, all sounds are blended into a mere incom-

prehensible surging. Sometimes he is seen striving to catch the words as they fall from the orator's lips, and then sinking back overcome by the exertion, though he generally trusts to the information supplied in writing by his friends. He comes of a Saxon family, and in opposition to his national traditions favoured from the first the reconstruction of Germany through Prussian agency. For this programme he has fought unweariedly with both tongue and pen, for he was a student of history and a writer long before he became a politician or abandoned his professor's chair at the University of Heidelberg for one at the Alma Mater of Berlin. When he speaks his sonorous voice fills the largest halls, and his pathos warms and moves his hearers, but in sequence of his affliction certain irregularities in his language are inevitable, for his tones no longer find a sympathetic echo in his own ear, and a peculiar gloomy and dull pronunciation is the result.

To Bennigsen, the President of the Landtag, standing upright as a column, quiet and serene with his hands crossed behind his back, the party owes both its existence and its name, but like his next neighbour in the Reichstag, Dr. Simson, the former President of the last-mentioned assembly, he prefers to rest as much as possible on his well-earned laurels.

Neighbours, and to some extent allies, of the National Liberals are the Progressists, to whom has been assigned a Republican red as their colour in the published plan of the Reichstag. Jurists and professors predominate in this group, in which few landholders are to be found. Many of those forming it are political veterans, who sat in 1848 and 1849 in the assemblies of the different States, or in the National Diet at Frankfurt. Some were amongst the more violent members of these gatherings, and suffered imprisonment or exile till the amnesty granted in 1861. Age and subsequent events have calmed them down, the unification of Germany gratified their patriotism, and the fall of the minor princes their democratic instincts. Bismarck showed them that with a well-conducted diplomatic intrigue, a well-baited trap for Austria to fall into, and a good army to crush her, a very different result could be obtained than by gymnastic festivals, displays of German national colours, and patriotic choruses; and shocking as the means may have appeared to amiable theorists, the end must in some degree have consoled them.

Imprisonment for political offences still prevails in Germany to an extent that would make partisans of Parliamentary privilege of the Kenealy type shudder. Several socialist members of the Reichstag, amongst them the famous turner, Herr Bebel, have suffered its infliction, and Herr Windthorst satirically remarked in course of a debate, that before long no German would be thought qualified for admission into society who had not been in jail at least once. The Progressists strenuously oppose all illiberal

measures, and are strong upon social questions. An important section of them are Radicals, and at elections the candidates of this party seek the workmen's vote, especially if no Democratic Socialist is in the field. This alliance with the working classes creates mutual obligations, and keeps up the distinction between the Progressists and the National Liberals, a distinction always more pronounced at election time than at any other. The Progressists, who were formerly partisans of a citizen army, now admit the necessity of the military organization, though they do all they can to limit it. Prominent amongst this party are Herr Duncker the publisher, a member for Berlin, and captain of the National Guard of that city in 1848, tall Herr Schulze-Delitsch, the originator of the co-operative system that bears his name, with his flowing white beard and thoughtful face, the

VON HOVERBECK. VON SAUCKEN. TRAEGER. RICHTER. ZEIGLER. DUNCKER. WIGGERS.

portly figure of the democratic Count von Hoverbeck, Dr. Eberty, Eugen Richter, one of the idols of the Berlin democracy, von Kirchmann, and Loewe-Kalbe. The last-named has his heart in his work, and is yet untainted with scepticism, though the lines worn on his grave and melancholy face bear witness to his grief at the destruction of many of his youthful ideals. He was born at Magdeburg, and after graduating at Halle set up as a physician. Elected to the Frankfurt parliament in 1848, he followed the democratic seceders from that body to Stuttgart, and became President of the so-called German parliament there. This assembly was dispersed at the point of the bayonet, and Loewe-Kalbe was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but had

meanwhile taken refuge in exile, from which he returned on the proclamation of an amnesty in 1861. He is certainly not a heaven-born statesman, nor does he produce much effect as a parliamentary speaker, but as a tribune of the people addressing the assembled multitude, he is pre-eminently in his place. Then his pompous, highflown, yet pathetic style calls forth popular enthusiasm, and his words, really spoken from the heart, go home to that of the listener. It has been said that he might deliver the most incendiary speech before the most rigorous police officials without the latter feeling themselves in any way called upon to interfere, so great is the charm of his words, the direct influence of his amiable character, and the ingratiating mildness of his arguments; but that if they read the same speech in print they would clasp their hands in horror at the things they had unconsciously listened to and begin to despair of their own judgment. His thick-set figure, sharply-cut features, aquiline nose, and grizzled hair and beard fail, however, to harmonize with the gushing style of his oratory. Long the intellectual leader of the party of progress, his failing health has in some degree compelled him to abdicate this position.

The Progressists and National Liberals make common cause in assailing the occupants of the front central benches, the Centre or Ultramontane party, who having been partly ousted from their original position by the increasing numbers of their opponents, have overflowed to the right on to the former domain

GUERBER. BISHOP RAESS. REICHENSPERGER (OLPE). REICHENSPERGER (CREFELD). PRINCE RADZIWILL. WINDTHORST.

of the Junkers. The section of the House they occupy differs strongly in aspect from those adjacent. Priest's robes and coats cut by the most fashionable tailors of Berlin appear here, and perhaps the predominance of the former has led the artist of the plan already referred to, to colour the seats of these gentle-

men black. Men of title, owners of knightly estates, magistrates, high functionaries, and even court dignitaries make up the bulk of this party, drawing its chief strength from Bavaria, the Rhenish provinces, and Silesia, and against which are arranged not only the National Liberals and Progressists, but also Prince Bismarck. But it counts amongst its ranks champions well able to sustain its cause. Amongst them are Prince Radziwill, Herr Westmeyer, the Abbé Majunke, editor of the *Germania*, Dr. Goerg, a thick-set clumsy-looking Bavarian, known as "the ugliest man in all Bavaria," the two Reichenspergers, and above all, seated in the front row, Herr Windthorst, the man of all others whom the Chancellor detests the most cordially, and who fully reciprocates the sentiment.

This ex-Hanoverian minister and favourite of his deposed sovereign is a worthy rival of his opponent Lasker, not only in oratory but as regards unprepossessing appearance. Very short in stature, he lessens his actual height when seated by a habit of doubling himself up into a kind of ball with his right leg crossed over his left knee, and his bald head drawn down between his shoulders like that of a tortoise emerging from its shell. At other times he is to be seen passing rapidly from bench to bench with his eyes glittering behind the heavy spectacles he wears. His rhetorical powers are unexceptionable. His phrases are graceful and well turned, too elegantly, perhaps, for sustained perfection becomes monotonous. He always puts the right word in the right place, and his flow of language is uninterrupted and inexhaustible. Although his speeches on religious topics bear the impress of a sincere devotion, they are always tinged with malice, which caused Count Renard to speak of him as a wolfish rogue under the cowl. He attacks the enemies of the Church tooth and nail, but he is also the cleverest and most redoubtable debater of his party, excelling in rapid repartee, and being well versed in all parliamentary tactics. It is always he who comes forward to reply to Prince Bismarck, and when the cause he champions appears to have been overthrown by the thunders of the Chancellor, he will rise, and prove with a coolness of manner bordering on impudence that there is life in the old dog yet. In society he enjoys the reputation of a most brilliant conversationalist, overflowing with wit and gaiety, and is a great favourite in the leading salons of Berlin.

Of the brothers Reichensperger the younger, Peter, who commenced his parliamentary career in the Prussian National Assembly in 1848, presents the most remarkable figure. A fertile writer, an indefatigable speaker, acute and somewhat lawyer-like in his manner, the result of his legal career, he has always enjoyed the esteem of his opponents. In conjunction with his brother he has for twenty years had the reputation of being the most plastic amongst the North German speakers, not so much

as regards his language as in the gestures with which he accompanies it. So fully convinced is he of the necessity of oratorical action that any one of his speeches, even the shortest, would afford materials to fill an artist's album, since he cannot pass from one comma to another without varying his pose at least half-a-dozen times. Now he extends his arms, now clasps them with a certain solemnity, then waves one or the other, and whilst the whole House is enjoying this pantomimic representation those close behind him can see his feet co-operating in corresponding style. Nevertheless, despite this outward display of vehemence, his speeches are more moderate in tone than those of Windthorst. Being prepared beforehand, too, they are concise, lucid, and cogent. His brother, who, though as warm a partisan, is not so able a debater, owes most of his fame to his archæological writings.

Sitting amongst this party, though hardly of it, is Ewald of Göttingen, presenting, so far as personal appearance is concerned, a most perfect type of the German professor, and the stately figure of the young Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst is to be seen on its flanks. The party to which these gentlemen belong is accused of seeking to subvert the Empire, to impose upon Germany the doctrines of the Syllabus, to restore the Jesuits and the Inquisition, and to proscribe scientific liberty. This is exaggerated, but the members of the Centre are the most redoubtable enemies of the Empire, under the form given it by Prince Bismarck, taking upon themselves as they do the office of perpetual critics. Indeed the party of the Centre is the only one that offers a serious and permanent opposition, for the various fractions of the Right manage to agree with those on the Left upon many points.

The Liberal Imperial party, which has not a score of members, consists principally of personages of high rank, such as the Duke von Ratibor, and Prince William of Baden, who accept German unity in its present form, but whose dignity prevents them from taking their places amongst the National Liberals, though their votes usually lead them into the same lobby as the followers of Lasker and von Bennigsen, and hence their qualification as Liberal. Their cleverest men are untitled, for Dr. Völk, a stoutly-built Bavarian, of humble origin and a lawyer by profession, who had long distinguished himself in South Germany by endeavouring to bring about a union of the different States, is one of the chief leaders of this party, though he formerly remarked in the Munich Diet that the name of Bismarck was one which no honest man could pronounce without befouling his lips. His colleague Fischer, whose personal appearance is rather that of a soldier or sportsman than a debater, won his spurs in the Bavarian parliament, to which he was returned when burgomaster of Augsburg. Herr Mohl, too, sits twisting his thin white imperial amongst this group.

The German Imperialists are likewise distinguished by a preponderance of titled personages in their ranks. The greater number are Prussians, and are therefore attached to the Empire founded by the arms of a Hohenzollern, but at the bottom of their hearts they cherish particularist sentiments, and watch with anxiety the adventurous Chancellor imposing upon Prussia, by the help of the Reichstag, laws which would never have been passed in the Herrenhaus. Their leaders are Herr von Kardorf, the Duke of Ujest, and Count Bethusy Huc. The latter, besides his hereditary estates in Upper Silesia, has property in Poland.

VON KARDORFF. VON DEUZIN. VON BRANCHITSCH. VON PUTTKAMMER.
VON BETHUSY HUC. DIETZE. VON ARNIM-BOYTZENBURG. VON BOCKUM DOLFFS.

A member of the North German Diet since 1867, he played an active part during the war with France, not as a soldier, though he has served in the army, but as a Johanniter or member of the Geneva Convention. His chief exploit in the Reichstag has been his support of the ministry in the increase of the military list. He himself suggested this measure to the Minister of War, and defended the violation of the constitution on the ground of expediency in a speech of remarkable eloquence.

The Conservative party, a score in number—indicated by a patch of true-blue upon the plan—is but the faint shadow of its former self. As of yore, however, its members are sent up by the older provinces of Prussia, the largest section consisting of the territorial nobility of Pomerania—the feudal party to which Prince Bismarck formerly belonged. They now see their former chief surrounded by the men against whom he and they fought in 1848 and 1864, and ruling by the aid of majorities in which figure individuals who have been condemned to exile and death. They are told that the Emperor approves of this singular metamorphosis, and they submit as they always have done to his wishes, but they still defend the old institutions of the country

of which they have ever ranked amongst the bravest soldiers. Chief amongst them figure Count von Moltke, to whom the former place of Prince Bismarck has been as it were assigned, Herr von Deuzen the Nestor of the House, though still as upright as a young man, who dates his years with the century, has been in every parliament since 1848, and has only missed one session, together with Count von Eulenberg, and Count von Blankenberg.

Of the same age as Bismarck, and his friend in the early years of his career, Blankenberg long shared the rising statesman's political opinions. In Bismarck he saw the man called upon to redeem his former promise of bringing the Junker politics into honour, honestly and to the best advantage of the Prussian monarchy. He sometimes found it difficult to realize the minister's aims, but he soon recovered his old confidence and followed him with unconditional submission. An independent Pomeranian landholder, he studied law in Berlin, and after passing some years as a referendary, succeeded to his paternal estates in 1844. It was not till after the revolutionary period that he entered the political arena. Since 1852 he has sat without interruption in the Haus der Abgeordneten and his culture, aptitude, and oratorical abilities rendered him a leader amongst the Conservatives. In spite of his personal amiability in social intercourse even with his political opponents, he has always taken an ardent delight in parliamentary warfare. His tall and powerful figure, his intellectual countenance and expressive eyes, his sonorous voice, the fire, boldness, and frankness which render his speeches so effective, the humour and raillery with which he assails his opponents or which enables him to launch a Parthian shaft as he retreats, render him one of the most remarkable figures in the assembly. Of late he has favoured the German Imperialists.

Behind the Junkers the deputies from Alsace-Lorraine have their seats, Bishop Raess, the Abbé Simonis, and Winter, the *curé* of Mulhausen, being those who affect French sympathies. In the rear of the benches devoted to the Ultramontanes are the places of the Polish members, who are usually conspicuous by their absence. Until 1866 they were Prussian subjects by the right of conquest, and Königgrätz, which excluded the Germans of Austria from all participation in the affairs of their Fatherland, gave these Sclavonians a share in them. They, however, with the Danish deputy, Krüger, sent up from Schleswig, have contented themselves with protesting that they have nothing in common with the assembly in which they find themselves, a declaration which the assembly in question has usually received with roars of laughter.

The small body of Socialistic Democrats occupies the back benches of the extreme left of the House, in the rear of the Progressists. Amongst them the puny figure of the turner Bebel

is conspicuous, that is to say when he is not rusticating in one of the imperial prisons. This apostle of revolution can speak well and boldly, taking the mingled anger and merriment of the House with calm composure, till finally silenced by some remark of the President. On such occasions he usually effects a dignified retreat, suffering the attendant to help him on with his overcoat with the air of a great noble. By his side sits Krüger, the melancholy Dane from Schleswig-Holstein, and immediately in front of him Sonnemann, the Republican representative of Frankfort. Liebknecht, the editor of the Leipzig *Volkstaat*, Valteich, the shoemaker, with Most, Reimer, the journeyman cigarmaker, Hasenclever and Hasselmann, make their appearance in this distant corner when not lodged and boarded elsewhere at the Government expense. As to the Wilden and Particularists, they are to be found scattered on the flanks of the parties which they have most sympathy with.

EWALD. SCHULZE DELITSCH. SONNEMANN. LÖWE. HASENCLEVER. REIMER.

In the Reichstag there is, of course, nothing to correspond with our ministerial benches, the ministers when they do appear in the House taking their places on the seats reserved for the Bundesrath, to which most of them belong. Dr. Falk, the Minister of Education and Public Worship, an earnest, aggressive, and capable champion, somewhat professional in air and manner, but a good orator and a man thoroughly capable of working up the minutest details of a case, and hence an invaluable assistant to the broader and more sweeping style of Prince Bismarck, sits, however, as a private member. So does Dr. Friedenthal, the Minister of Agriculture, who, like his colleague, Dr. Achenbach, the Minister of Commerce, is a Jew, and also a mere *chef de bureau*. Von Kamecke, the War Minister, is as silent as von Moltke, and all the speaking required in his department is done by General Voights-Rhetz, who is fully capable of undertaking it. Camphausen, the

Minister of Finance, is an experienced politician and a clever financier, but is forward and pompous in debate, aims unsuccessfully at the sarcastic, and is regarded as an uncomfortable person both by friends and foes. The man most often called to the front to respond to questions addressed to the Government is plump, little, smooth-faced, faultlessly attired Herr Delbrück, whom Bismarck unearthed from the lower strata of Prussian bureaucracy and transformed into his man-of-all-work, with the title of President of the Imperial Chancellery. He is a man of facts and details, and demolishes seriatim the high-flown assertions of over-enthusiastic members of the opposition with provoking urbanity, in the dry and formal tones of the genuine bureaucrat, emphasized by occasional taps on the gold snuff-box he carries in his hand.

The representatives of these different parties having mustered more or less strongly, a bell sounds, the hum of conversation fades away, and the President, Herr von Forckenbeck, the burgomaster of Breslau and a Liberal, though a nominal Catholic, announces that the sitting is open. He then proceeds to read a long list of leaves of absence for a day or so, granted by him according to the powers with which he is invested by the rules of the Reichstag, and next consults the House itself as to the according of longer leaves. The House, as a rule, does not receive these applications very favourably. Honourable members who request to be excused from attendance on the ground of public duties may obtain what they seek, but the plea of urgent private affairs is not so favourably received. Perhaps in no other assembly are so many requests of this kind presented, and the result is often serious. Unlike the British Parliament, where forty members may legislate for the whole of the United Kingdom and its dependencies, and where the affairs of the Indian Empire are sometimes settled by even a smaller number, the presence of one half plus one of the members of the Reichstag is necessary to render a vote valid. Often when matters of the utmost importance have been under discussion it has been found at the critical moment that it was useless to proceed to a division. The fact is that there are not enough politicians in Germany to furnish members to the various assemblies of the States constituting the Empire, and to the Reichstag as well. The leading men in the Prussian Landtag almost all have seats in the Reichstag, and it is the same with the representatives sent up for the smaller States. And as some of these assemblies met at the same time, the correctness of the first part of Sir Boyle Roche's famous dictum became self-evident to those composing them. The Reichstag, sensible of this inconvenience, requested the Government to take steps to remedy it as far as possible by fixing a definite date for its sitting, so that the parliaments of the minor States

might avoid clashing with whatever arrangement was determined on.

Another reason for the many empty benches in the Reichstag is to be found in the fact that the members are not indemnified for their services, and that Berlin is a most expensive place of residence, especially for strangers. Politicians, such as have a chance of getting elected, are, as a rule, not wealthy enough to treat the expenses of their sojourn in the capital as an indifferent matter. Even the purses of the titled owners of knightly estates by no means correspond with their pedigrees and pretensions, whilst the government functionaries are the reverse of overpaid, and the politicians, pure and simple, are mostly as poor as church mice. Bebel, the Socialist deputy, earned his living during the session by working at his trade as a turner in the shop of a Berlin *confrère*, and some eighteen deputies, principally Bavarian, elected to the first Reichstag, never took their seats at all. As soon as hereditary riches begin to confer a social position, and the middle classes, by an increase of wealth, find leisure to devote themselves to politics, there will be more men capable of entering upon a political career without reference to the pecuniary advantages to be obtained, instead of principally government officials on the one side and chance politicians on the other.

To the members of the Reichstag detained in other assemblies, and to those whom the want of funds serves to keep away from Berlin, must be added the Poles, whose absence has been explained, the functionaries of every description who are continually pleading official duties to obtain leave of absence, the few merchants, manufacturers, and bankers who have sought election to heighten their social importance, and who in many instances have been working so hard in local assemblies as to desire repose, and, finally, the members, who pleading indisposition, get a dispensation from attendance by the aid of a medical certificate. No doubt the Reichstag would do its best to get through its work without troubling itself to estimate whether the legal majority of members was present, but as every proposition brought forward has its opponents, "counts out" are continual, and so day after day is wasted.

The requests for leave granted or refused, as the case may be, the business of the day begins. Unless some matter of interest and importance is under consideration things pass off very quietly. The orators speak from their places, the tribune being mostly reserved for grand occasions when a member wishes to make himself heard by the whole of the House. The speeches at an ordinary debate seldom exceed half an hour, and in them highly moving eloquence is considered out of place. The German language is indeed unsuited for the higher style of oratorical display owing firstly to its terribly involved construction, due to

rigid laws of syntax, which necessitate an overpowering strain on the part of the speaker in order to soar to high flights, and fatigues the listener, who exhausts himself in following the main thought through such a wealth of words and such curious involutions. "At the same time this copiousness, coupled with its flexibility and exactness, renders the language excellent for mere deliberative discussion. German parliamentary annals are void of oratorical episodes, though here and there a phrase has attained for itself immortality, like Bismarck's "blood and iron."

Applause too is reserved for field-days, and honourable members usually resume their seats without a solitary "hear, hear" to cheer them after their labours. Indeed, satisfied with the mere fact of being present, the remaining members seem to occupy themselves entirely with their own affairs, coming and going, passing from one desk to another, standing, talking, reading, writing, and even sleeping with the utmost indifference to any rhetorical display that may be going on, and not unfrequently drowning it by the hum of voices when the speaker "draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." Amongst those, however, who are certain to listen if present may be reckoned Count von Moltke. In his undress uniform, with his sword by his side, he takes his place on the right and concentrates his whole attention on the debate, only changing his attitude from time to time the better to catch the words of the speaker. Nothing seems to disturb the complete attention with which he listens to the dullest orations, which make up in length for what they want in depth. If German oratory does not lend itself to "flimsy, gauzy, gossamery phrases" it certainly bears away the palm for sustained prolixity. Several of Moltke's colleagues will step up to have a word or two with him, their manner indicating the respect which he inspires, but he does not seek to prolong the conversation, and turns to his duty with the persistent application which is one of his chief characteristics. He will sit motionless listening to endless talk till there is a pause, a dispute, or a division, and then he rises, stretches himself and settles down again to await the renewal of the debate.

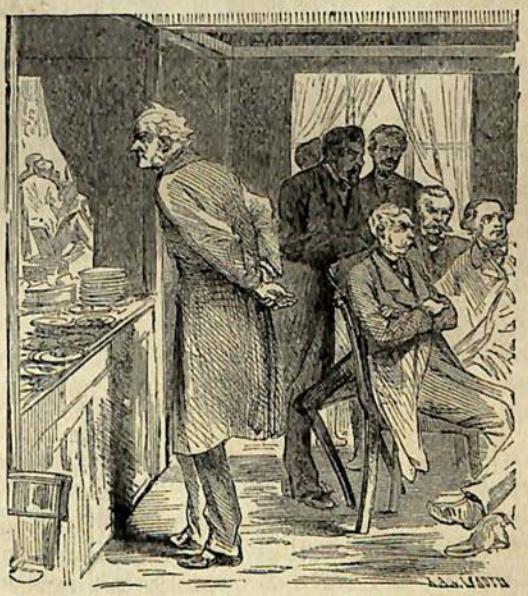
Prince Bismarck frequently favours the Reichstag with his presence. He enters through a small door opening on to the raised balcony occupied by the members of the Bundesrath, and the ushers draw themselves up respectfully at attention as he passes. When he takes his place a number of portfolios are brought to him one after the other and opening them with a small key, he reads and signs the papers they contain with as much indifference as if in his study at home, giving the public an opportunity of admiring the elegant shape and whiteness of his hand. Bent over his papers, his bald, massive

irregular forehead, bushy brows, and thick moustache show even more prominently than usual. If he is assailed by any speaker he leaves off writing or trimming his finger nails, and with his body bent forward and his hands resting upon his knees, his face betraying the progress of the irritation he feels as his antagonist warms to his subject amidst the cheers of his party. In these circumstances he occasionally gently strokes his moustache, then twists it violently as if impelled to action of some kind. The Chancellor rises instantly on the conclusion of an attack of this character, and plunges at once into his speech without asking the President's permission. He is no orator, from the conventional point of view, though he can speak to the purpose. But he lacks the theatrical elocution, the rush of words, and the appropriate gesticulation which popular leaders aspire to abroad. He shifts from one leg to the other, pulls his moustache and to seek inspiration looks at his finger nails, or studies the two ends of a pencil he has picked up from amongst his papers and twists between his fingers, hesitating and humming and hahing till he remembers the word he wants, but never hurrying. His voice though full, is remarkably soft and most pleasantly toned, but as he warms up with his subject he says things that would make the hair of the Speaker of the English House of Commons rise on end with horror, despite his wig. From his delivery on these occasions, he has been compared to a volcano vomiting forth blocks of stone and his attitude is then as expressively threatening as his words.

Spite of all this, Prince Bismarck is not usually anxious to throw down the apple of discord in the Reichstag. He speaks rather in the pleasant consciousness of past triumphs, and from a height to which all are obliged to look up, even against their will. He is generally able to obtain an easy victory over his adversaries, if not by the clearness of his arguments, by his seeming candour, by the natural language which he invariably employs, and by the ready humour with which he manages to disarm an opponent.

When Prince Bismarck or any one of equal importance is up, or when the subject is of general interest, the Reichstag presents quite an animated aspect, the benches are crowded with attentive listeners and the remarks of the speaker call forth from one part of the House hisses and murmurs, mingled with gestures of contempt, and from another loud cheers and expressions of approval. The divisions are conducted as in the English House of Commons by the passing of members into the lobbies, the tellers being the secretaries of the House. This innovation, which is of recent date, and replaces the balloting urn, is known as the *Hammelsprung* or sheep's jump, the exit of the members being supposed to resemble that of a flock of sheep.

The Reichstag generally assembles shortly after ten in the morning and rises a little after three, the members for the most part taking a snack in the middle of the day in the refreshment room and dining at four or five.



THE BUFFET AT THE REICHSTAG.

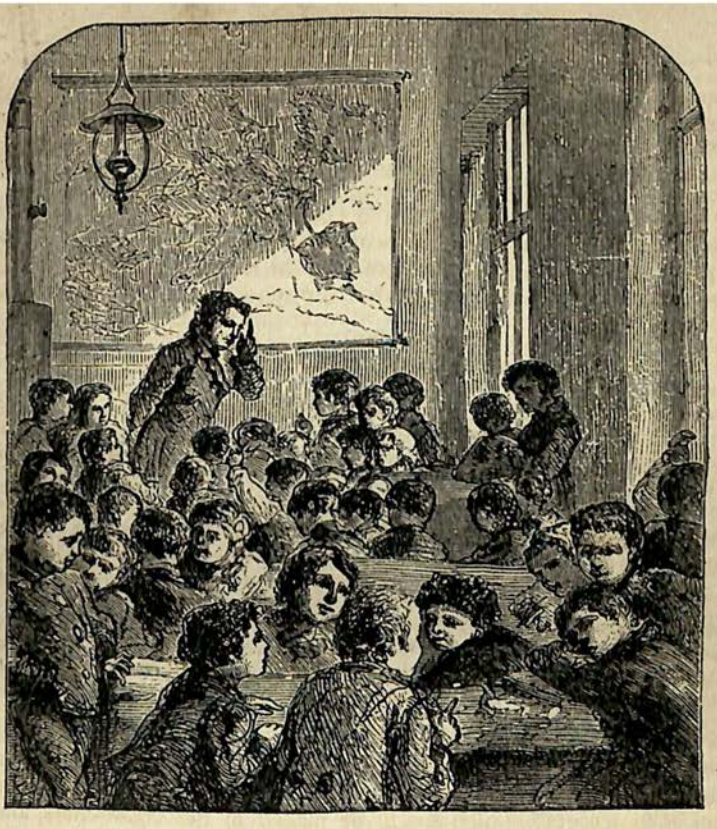
The present meeting-place of the Reichstag is only a temporary one, and it is in contemplation to give to the Parliament of the Empire a habitation worthy of the united Germany it represents. The government having invited competition, upwards of a hundred German and foreign architects sent in designs, and the first prize of a thousand Friedrichs d'or was awarded to Professor Ludwig Bohnstedt of Gotha. The invitation to competition intimated that only those who adhered strictly to the conditions laid down in the government specifications could have any claim to the prizes offered and these conditions were unusually minute and elaborate. The centre of the new building will be occupied by the hall of the Reichstag with its immediate dependencies, such as reporters' rooms, consultation rooms for members of the house, together with the galleries for spectators, and their corresponding staircases and ante-rooms. This great hall lighted from above and surmounted by a dome-shaped roof, will be decorated internally with a series of statues placed under the escutcheons of the provinces and chief towns, and bearing emblems typical of their natural productions. Coloured marble and gilding will also be lavished upon this legislative sanctuary.

Adjoining the great hall is the second group of rooms comprising the hall of the Bundesrath, and the offices of the Imperial Chancellor, which occupy the centre of the eastern façade. The third group comprises six large committee rooms and two large division halls, with a separate staircase and

entrance hall, and runs along the northern front of the building. The fourth, consisting of refreshment and reading rooms, &c., occupies the northern half of the west façade; the President's private apartments and reception rooms, which include a spacious saloon covering upwards of four hundred square yards, forming the fifth group, and occupying the southern half. These two groups are separated by the chief vestibule, with its cloak rooms, lavatories, porter's lodge, &c., from which staircases and passages branch off to all parts of the building, those leading to the hall of the Reichstag passing between two open courts, each partly surrounded by a spacious colonnade upon which the inner windows of the refreshment room, and reception saloon look out. The dwelling rooms of the various officials and employés are all confined to the south side, and are separated by a court from the main building.

The specification set forth that the competitors were not only to fulfil a lengthy series of requirements in the matter of the space and accommodation required for each department but also "to embody the idea of a parliamentary building for the whole of Germany in a monumental form," and hence the designs were to provide for a lavish decoration of both exterior and interior by sculpture and painting. A large open portico affecting the form of a triumphal arch forms the main entrance in Professor Bohnstedt's design. It is intended that this should be decorated inside with mural paintings, while on the face of it are to be placed two colossal groups, one typical of the years 1812 and 1815, and the other of 1870-1, with eight large allegorical figures above. Surmounting the keystone of the arch is the escutcheon of the German Empire in bronze and mosaic, the portico itself being crowned by a statue of Germania bearing the olive branch, in a car drawn by four horses, led by the representative of the North with the eagle, and the representative of the South with the lion. The entire front of the edifice is to be relieved with cornices and pillars of coloured marble, bas-reliefs and mosaic escutcheons, and a similar style of decoration is to be carried out on the side façades. Statues of representative men are to be placed in the colonnades, and the vestibules, refreshment rooms, &c., will be decorated with frescoes representing historical events.

The site upon which all this monumental splendour is to be displayed, is still, however, a matter of uncertainty. Prince Bismarck has always expressed a hankering for its erection in the Thiergarten, in close proximity to the famous monument of Victory with which it is so indissolubly connected. This however would have entailed the demolition of Kroll's famous establishment, and against such a proposal the people of Berlin rose up one and all to protest. The palace of the Reichstag of United Germany was as nothing in their eyes compared to Kroll's theatre and gardens, and the Chancellor has withdrawn his project. Other suggested sites are the Raczinsky palace and a vacant plot of ground between the Leipziger and Königgrätz-strassen, but in all probability the new building will occupy the site of the present temporary meeting-place of the representatives of the German Empire.



A BERLIN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

III.

BERLIN ELEMENTARY AND MIDDLE SCHOOLS.

THE Germans have the reputation of being the best and most practically educated people in the world, a result to be ascribed first to the law of compulsory education, which prevails in all the states of the new Empire, and next to the absence of anything like pretentiousness or hollowness in the system of instruction followed. It is very different with Germany's great rival France, where with an outer varnish of instruction and a taking semblance of culture there exists a seemingly innate dislike of that which alone can give force of character, and which forms the essence of the German system, namely, method and accuracy. "Little by little," remarks M. de Mazade, "the capacity for intellectual work under many influences seems to have become weakened, and there has gradually grown up in France a young generation impatient and easily wearied, having only vague and superficial knowledge, and which has lost with habits of discipline

all taste for severe study." It is different too with ourselves, among whom, as a rule, education falls very far short of the German standard. A score of competent authorities testify to the national shortcoming in this respect. "In our primary schools," observes one writer,[1] "there is with very rare exceptions neither development nor culture in any true sense of the term. A system of education is pursued in them which leaves out the very essentials of true education." Another[2] remarks that only those elementary acquirements which are of a mechanical character, or which depend upon definite mental exercise rather than reflection are on the average well taught; all such as depend upon thought, sentiment, reflection, or research taking a very low and exceptional place in our present school system." A third[3] insists that "the wretched destitution of intellectual nourishment in which as a rule the middle classes of England grow up, has now attained the proportions of a social blot; and that amongst us there is no institution which calls more urgently for the hand of the reformer than our middle schools. The boarding-schools of private adventure, spread over the surface of the country are the speculation of men or women without culture, without elevation of character, often even without manners, and who have undertaken to teach without having learnt anything." How different it is in Germany, where neither man nor woman can obtain a licence to teach without passing an examination which tests both general and professional knowledge—the former acquired in the case of men through three years' study at a university, the latter in pedagogical seminaries and through a year's probation in a school.

According to recent statistics the German Empire counts upwards of 60,000 primary schools, 558 gymnasien or public colleges of various categories, and 485 practical and upper municipal schools (*Realschulen* and *Höhere Bürgerschulen*), the whole imparting instruction to more than 6,000,000 pupils. In addition to these there are 10 polytechnic schools with 360 professors and 4,500 pupils, and 18 universities provided with a total staff of 1,620 professors, and attended by nearly 18,000 students. It is to be noted that in school organization and in the diffusion of instruction, many of the minor German states take precedence of Prussia. In Saxony the proportion of totally illiterate recruits never exceeds 1·8 per cent., and amongst the very lowest classes in Baden, namely the convicted criminals, the illiterate form only 2·09 per cent., whereas the Prussian statistical returns show that out of every hundred of King Wilhelm's recruits three know neither how to read nor write, and that of 25,000,000 of Prussians

[1] Mr. Joseph Payne, Professor of Education to the London College of Preceptors.

[2] Dr. Morell, Government Inspector of Schools.

[3] The Rev. Mark Pattison at the Liverpool Social Science Congress.

a little more than 10 per cent. are either illiterate or only able to read and write imperfectly. The districts in which the percentage of ignorance is smallest are Wiesbaden, Berlin, Sigmaringen, and Merseberg, whilst it is largest amongst the Sclaves and Catholics of Posen, Dantzig, Bromberg, and Marienwerder. In the former group the proportion of illiterates varies from ·03 to 1·10 per cent. among men, and from 2·11 to 4·52 per cent. among women. In the latter districts the percentage amongst males ranged from 30·31 to 34·62 and amongst females from 37·66 to 41·04. "It has been said," writes Karl Vogt, "that it was the schoolmaster who won the victory of Sadowa, and the professor that of Sedan. But when one sifts matters one finds that the educational establishments of Prussia are far from equalling those of Saxony and Würtemberg, Baden and Hesse. Prussia is, of all Germany, the state containing the largest percentage of illiterate inhabitants, and the stock of knowledge which a young Prussian carries through life is nothing compared to that of a young Saxon." Moreover even Austria shows a larger percentage of children attending school than her vanquisher. Out of every 100 children who ought to be at school in Prussia 97 attend, in Austria 98. The reproach that "in South Germany the finest house in the village is the inn, in the North the school" would seem to be effaced by the results achieved. As regards the universities, that of Leipzig is greatly superior to that of Berlin; Munich, too, in this respect more than equals the new imperial capital, whilst Göttingen, which, as a seat of learning, formerly ranked on a par with the Bavarian metropolis, has been attacked with a galloping consumption ever since it passed under the rule of the one-headed eagle. But even these statistics show the great advantage enjoyed by Prussia over France, where the proportion of totally illiterate conscripts is upwards of 20 per cent.

In all the states of the Empire excepting Prussia, education is compulsory for those children who have attained their sixth birthday. In the kingdom of the Hohenzollerns, however, five years is the sum total of infantile idleness that is permitted, though the result, as just explained, hardly justifies this difference. Its fifth year completed, a child must either be sent to school or taught at home by a tutor or its parents; the latter, however, if they undertake the pedagogue's duties, being bound to produce a certificate of capacity. This compulsory education continues until the pupil has reached his or her fourteenth year. It is worthy of note that no Prussian subject under twelve years of age is allowed to work in a factory, and that those entering at that age must devote three hours' a day to school work till they attain fourteen. When parents neglect to send their offspring to school or to have them privately taught at home, the authorities intervene, and no matter how high a position the defaulter may hold, he is fined once, twice and thrice, the penalty increasing on each occasion, and

should he still continue recalcitrant he will assuredly be sent to prison. If he plead poverty as an excuse for non-payment of the fine he will in rural districts be forced to make it up by labour on the roads. The school inspector has the power to examine any child receiving private instruction and if he finds it more than ordinarily backward for its age he can at once order it to be sent to a public school. Should a child be remiss in its attendance at school, excepting from illness, the parent is admonished, and, if the irregularity continues, fined, and in default of payment imprisoned. The great difference between the English and the German system is, that with us, the children pay when they come to school, in Germany when they stay away. The teacher has, however, power to excuse the child's attendance for a time on reasonable grounds, such as a sick mother requiring the services of an elder girl, and these leaves of absence are seldom refused. It will be seen from the foregoing that a young Prussian is scarcely out of short frocks before the authorities seize hold of him and forcibly initiate him into the mysteries of "the three R's," reserving the right of retaking possession of him six years after he has got free from their clutches, clapping a spiked helmet upon his head and enrolling him as a defender of the Fatherland.

In Berlin, during the year 1874, there were 3,372 heads of families condemned to either fine or imprisonment for having neglected to send their children to elementary schools. It would appear therefore that the regulations enforcing compulsory school attendance are rigorously carried out. Complaints are continually made, however, of the non-attendance of both pupils and teachers on the plea of ill-health. It is alleged that dispensations for the absence of the former are granted on all manner of idle pretexts, especially when the pupils have reached the third class in the elementary schools, to which they are often advanced, not on account of proficiency, but to make room for new comers in the lower classes. The attendance at confirmation lectures too, when the pupils have reached the age of thirteen, is a standing plea put in in favour of their absence.

Although these educational regulations are as a rule strictly enforced, a certain number of children are not brought within their operation, since the latest returns show that out of every thousand children who ought to receive instruction only 974 do so. Still the result is a spread of education amongst all classes positively startling to a stranger. An Englishman visiting Berlin finds that all with whom he is brought into contact, however humble their position, can read, write, and calculate in a serviceable manner, but soon perceives that this learning is far from having the softening influence which classic authorities ascribe to it; on the contrary the abrupt incivility which distinguishes the Prussian lower orders may perhaps be set down to the

circumstance that they consider themselves on a mental equality with their fellow-citizens, simply from the fact of school instruction being compulsory for all. This instruction is gratuitous only to the children of those whom the local authorities consider unable to pay the school rates, the cost of the schools being levied upon the inhabitants generally of the district in which they are situate, and not being made up by direct charges for each child taught. It is true that in most districts there are school fees paid by the children, but they are so low as to be almost nominal. For instance in a rural town the children will be expected to pay a couple of marks a half year, or about a penny per week towards the cost of school necessities, books, &c. In Prussia the taxes for the support of schools vary in every district, but as a rule each family is rated according to its estimated pecuniary position. Many schools derive a portion of their support from endowments arising from charitable bequests or secularized church property, and throughout Prussia an aggregate annual revenue of upwards of 400,000 thaler is derived from these sources.[1]

The educational establishments of Berlin are under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, with the exception of the industrial schools, the schools for workmen, apprentices, and children engaged in factories, and the Gewerbe or Polytechnic Institute, all of which are affiliated to the Ministry of Commerce. The primary schools are administered by local boards usually consisting in the rural districts of the pastor, the mayor of the village, and four householders, and in the towns of six members of the municipality, three citizens, generally chosen on account of their acquaintance with the subject, and a school director. The Realschulen and Gymnasien are under the supervision of the president of the province assisted by a board, the members of which are chiefly named by the state. Superintendents appointed to each circle, and local inspectors to each parish, have to see that the children attend school and are required to furnish periodical reports to the Government. This universal intellectual drill undoubtedly gives the dull boy a better chance, for the most awkward recruit will make a tolerable soldier if drilled regularly and amongst others for a sufficiently long time, although individuality of character is to a certain extent likely to be sacrificed by the system.

The original promoter of popular education in Prussia was

[1] The ordinary expenditure for public instruction in Prussia during the financial year 1874-5 was 43,790,000 marks, an excess of more than 9,000,000 marks on the preceding year, to which must be added 8,350,000 of extraordinary expenditure. This gives an average of two marks, or within a fraction of 2*s.*, per head of the population. The budget of public instruction in France, when the sums allotted to fine arts and public worship are subtracted is only 37,000,000 francs, or a franc per head.

Friedrich Wilhelm I., the father of the Great Friedrich, and from the instructions which he drew up for the education of the illustrious hero we may gain some notion of his ideas on the subject. In the first place no false religions, Atheistical, Arian, Socinian, or whatever name the poisonous things might have, were to be even named in his hearing, but a proper abhorrence of papistry, its baselessness and nonsensicality, was to be instilled into his son. He was to learn no Latin, but French and German so as to write and speak them with brevity and propriety; arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, as he was to be a soldier, ancient history slightly, but the history of the last 150 years thoroughly, with geography and whatever is remarkable in each country, and above all economy to the very bottom. When the object of these instructions came to the throne himself, desirous of rigidly disciplining his people, he brought the schools under state control, and the "General School Rules," which he issued in 1763, show that, sceptic as he was, he was well able to estimate the importance of theology as a means of controlling a people. Religious instruction was placed in the first rank, the superintendence and inspection of schools being assigned to the consistories and the pastors. Children were not to leave school before they had been instructed in the essential principles of Christianity, and were able to read and write, and to undergo an examination based on the books approved by the consistories. The pastor was charged with enforcing the obligatory clauses of the law and his certificate was necessary to enable a parent to withdraw his child from school. "The schools will never do better," said their great renovator Wolff, whom the King summoned to Halle in 1783, and whose coming marks an era in Prussian school history, "so long as the schoolmasters are theologians by profession. A theological course in a university with its smattering of classics is about as good a preparation for a classical master as a course of feudal law would be." At the close of the Seven Years' War, Friedrich had certainly secured eight Saxon schoolmasters to serve as models to the Prussians, but save as a state instrument he apparently held the teacher's office in no very high repute, for when on one occasion it was decided to get rid of the bad schoolmasters, chiefly unsuccessful tailors, he selected as substitutes the best educated amongst the old soldiers, on the ground perhaps that none were better fitted to impart notions of obedience and discipline, but at the same time with a view of avoiding the cost of pensioning them off; just as with the same object he made turnpike-keepers, fruit-watchers, and the like of the more illiterate.

In 1794, under the reign of Friedrich Wilhelm II., a law was promulgated forbidding the establishment of schools without the previous knowledge and consent of the state, and thirteen years later, after the defeat of Jena and the entry of Napoleon's

victorious legions into Berlin, the philosopher Fichte lifted up his voice in favour of education, and impressed upon his countrymen the necessity of regenerating Germany by the diffusion of popular instruction. His voice was often drowned by the rattle of the French drums passing in the street, and the hall in which he spoke was filled with spies taking down every word he uttered; but all undaunted he continued his patriotic exhortations, the effect of which upon the rising generation was immense. He pointed out the necessity of elevating the national spirit —a result impossible to attain without reorganizing public instruction—and traced the programme of the system he had imagined, which consisted in making education more than ever a purely state function, and in insisting upon its compulsory character. His opinions were shared by the leading Prussian statesmen, and when, a year later, the famous Stein cabinet came into power, the Ober Schulcollegium, or High School Board, instituted in 1787 by von Zedlitz, was abolished, and a ministry of education created, the famous Wilhelm von Humboldt being placed at its head. It was he who laid down the vital axiom, "The thing is not to let the schools and universities go on in a drowsy and impotent routine; the thing is to raise the culture of the nation ever higher and higher by their means;" and short as was his tenure of office, he may be considered the inaugurator of the modern order of Prussian schools. Placed with him were two functionaries bearing the title of *technische Räthe*, or technical councillors, who have since grown into eight, and constitute to-day, with the Minister and the Under-Secretary of State for the department, the central educational authority.

Under the reign of the present Emperor's brother, during the revolutionary fever of 1848, a strong effort was made to separate secular and religious instruction, the project, however, finding more favour in the eyes of the legislative body than those of the people, owing probably to the fact of the church owning so much school property, and of the pay of the teachers being in so many cases dependent upon the clergy. Like Mrs. Partington essaying to mop up the encroaching Atlantic, the King, inspired by his wife, Elizabeth of Bavaria, sought to restrain the spread of radical ideas by remodelling the elementary schools on the narrowest bases. Lessons in history were reduced to a few scraps from Prussian annals, the teaching of physics was all but abolished, writing was made subordinate to the inculcation of the catechism, which formed the great feature of the system inaugurated by the King's advisers, and the pupils as a rule might have complained with Falstaff of having "lost their voices with halloaing and singing of anthems." The rules under which these changes were introduced, and which the state of the law enabled the Government to force upon all public elementary schools, independently of Parliamentary approval, are known

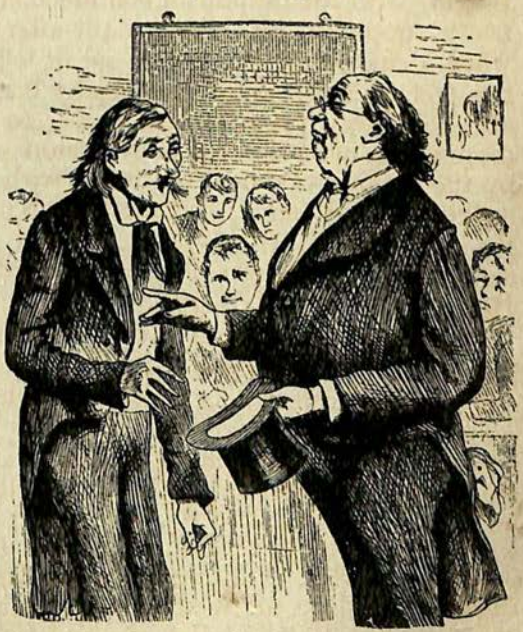
as the Regulations of Privy-Councillor Stiehl. They prescribed the learning of innumerable hymns, and the teaching of the mysteries of religion in abstruse set phrases of almost interminable length, the children in some instances being made to devote nearly four times the number of hours to religious matters that they did to reading and writing. The more thoroughly to attain the object in view, the seminaries in which the elementary teachers were trained were submitted to the same *régime*, and those attending them were permitted to learn but little of natural science, geography, history, poetry, and logic, their time being principally taken up in repeating by rote an overpowering number of those hymns, texts, and biblical extracts, to hammer which into the children's heads was to be the chief occupation of their lives.

These regulations aroused the indignation of the upper and middle classes, but in vain; and when the reigning sovereign ascended the throne they were continued in force. In the opinion of Herr von Mühler, for many years Minister of Church and Educational Affairs, and exercising an almost despotic control over all schools, the most essential part of primary education was religion, or, to speak more correctly, theology. This state of affairs, so utterly opposed to the spirit of the age in Germany, caused much dissatisfaction, and it was felt that the standard of national instruction in Prussia was being lowered in comparison with that of the surrounding states, owing to the inferior class of men able to obtain situations as teachers, and the little they taught. Still the despotism continued, and the pious King steadfastly supported his minister till after the Austrian campaign, when a change for the better set in. The government realized the fact that the mere learning by heart of so much catechism and so many hymns had no power to make the lower classes more pious, more modest, or even more contented, and, impressed by the manifestations of sentiment with which the ever-recurring strikes were attended, and more especially by the power which the elementary schools had enabled the Ultramontanes to acquire over the lower classes, Bismarck stepped in and forced Herr von Mühler to resign.

One of the first acts of the new Minister, Dr. Falk, was to do away with the obnoxious regulations and to re-introduce the old and well-tried rules under which Prussian schools had acquired the celebrity they used formerly to enjoy. The number of weekly religious lessons in primary schools was reduced from seven to four, geography, history, and natural science had their former six hours per week restored to them, and provision was made for a widely extended course of instruction for the teachers training in the seminaries. Following upon the introduction of these new rules and mainly motived by the Ultramontane agitation prevailing in the Catholic districts, and especially directed against

the seminaries, came the Schools' Inspection Bill, to which the Romish prelates replied by an injudicious display of insubordination. Upon the government official with whom the inspection of schools now rests applying to one of the archbishops or bishops for a report of the condition, resources, administration, &c., of the schools or seminaries of his diocese, the clerical dignitary invariably declined to comply with this request. Whereupon the official would visit the school and make the same demand of the preceptor or rector, who, after a formal protest, would announce that he yielded to brute force, and produce the necessary papers. Thus was vindicated, though in a somewhat farcical manner, both the majesty of the law and the independence of the church.

It is not at all surprising, in so free-thinking a city as Berlin, that constant endeavours should be made to bring about the separation of the church and the schools, but the "Association for Free Schools," meaning schools from which religious teaching shall be excluded, which has been established there, seems to make but little progress, the municipality having declared the absence of religious instruction to be contrary to the fundamental laws regulating schools throughout the kingdom. The *gesellige Lehrerverein*, or Social Union of the schoolmasters of the capital has expressed the opinion that, although religious instruction cannot be completely excluded from the schools, undenominational teaching is both possible and desirable. It would limit this instruction however to the history of religion, and would forbid all catechismal teaching, substituting for the Bible a text-book containing the most important biblical records, and a selection of poetic and didactic extracts from both the Old and New Testaments. The union has further expressed itself in favour of reducing the hours now devoted in elementary schools to religious instruction, which it would have imparted by the teachers themselves, and not by the clergy.



A school board composed of two paid delegates, six members of the magistracy,

twelve members of the municipal council, three delegates selected by the ratepayers, three school-superintendents, and a Jewish rabbi, presides over scholastic affairs in Berlin. All the public schools are subject to periodic inspection on the part of the authorities. No direct remuneration or expenditure is demanded from the parents of the pupils attending them, their cost being supported by taxes levied upon the population at large.

Reports show that in 1871 there were in Berlin 218 public and private schools, exclusive of the University, attended by 93,198 scholars: namely, 49,446 boys and 43,752 girls, divided into 1,982 classes, and administered by 61 masters, 566 assistant masters, and 361 female teachers. The entire expense incurred by the city for keeping up the 218 schools in question was 88,776*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* Among them were 122 public schools, comprising 10 Gymnasien, or colleges, 14 Realschulen, or practical schools, 10 for boys and 4 for girls, 68 middle and elementary schools, and 30 schools under the special superintendence of associations, churches, &c. The total number of pupils attending these 122 schools was 36,465 boys and 26,096 girls, or 62,561 in all, of whom 5,604 are above 14 years of age. The 10 Gymnasien give instruction to 5,553 boys, the 14 Realschulen to 5,575 boys, and 2,496 girls, the 68 middle and elementary schools to 23,340 boys, and 21,280 girls, and the 30 special schools to 1,997 boys, and 2,320 girls. The number of classes in these 122 schools was 1,245, being 752 for boys, 484 for girls, and 9 for both sexes conjointly. The remaining 96 schools were private ones, accommodating 12,981 boys, distributed into 270 classes, and 17,656 girls, distributed into 467 classes, or a total of 30,637 pupils, of whom 1,967 were over 14 years of age. These schools were subdivided into 2 Jewish schools with 659 boys and 381 girls, 8 superior boys' schools with 2,119 pupils, 20 middle and elementary boys' schools with 6,967 pupils, 32 superior girls' schools with 6,231 pupils, 25 middle and elementary girls' schools with 7,938 pupils, and 9 schools for both sexes, with 3,236 boys and 3,106 girls.

Later statistics are less complete. Those for 1874 show that there were 72,203 boys and girls receiving instruction in the various educational establishments belonging to the municipality, out of which number 28,214 boys and 28,097 girls were attending the middle and elementary schools. According to the municipal Budget for 1875 the expense of the Berlin schools is estimated at 5,341,071 marks, and the revenue derived from them at 1,020,603 marks. The population at the beginning of 1875 was 968,443, the school rates would therefore represent 7·04 marks per head, or, as was computed, 215,431 families at 31·62 marks each per annum.

It will be seen from the foregoing statistics that the public schools are preferred by the Berlinese to private ones. The superior private schools for girls are the best patronised, supplying as they do an equivalent to the Gymnasien attended by their brothers. The private schools for boys have been for the most part organised after the pattern of the pro-Gymnasien and higher schools for the class of children who go to secondary schools. They all, however, keep the public schools in view, and take boys whose parents are adverse to sending them whilst still young to these institutions. When the lads are fit to enter the middle division of the Gymnasium or Realschule they pass into it. The preponderance of public schools is due in some measure to the fact that the examinations for entrance to the University, through which all

who aspire to become professional men must pass, are based upon the course of instruction given at the Gymnasien. The regulations with reference to the establishment of private schools in Prussia are very strict. It is first of all necessary to obtain a government licence, and to procure this it must be shown that the public schools in the neighbourhood do not furnish sufficient accommodation. All private schools are subject to official inspection, and the masters teaching in them have to undergo the same examinations as those of the public schools.

With the exception of a few private establishments none of the Berlin schools board their pupils, and hence the gangs of children of both sexes that one sees passing through the Berlin streets at certain hours, with their wallets or knapsacks containing books, slates, and the like. Lads whose parents reside away from the capital are placed to board and lodge either at the house of one of the professors belonging to the school they attend, or in some private family. The parents may select the household of which their son is thus to become a member, but, in accordance with the school regulations, it must be approved of by the authorities of the school attended, who hold the householder responsible for the boy's conduct out of school. As almost every one of the ten or twelve thousand pupils of the higher schools costs the city some twenty thaler per annum, and

as out of this number there are at least two thousand strangers, it follows that Berlin annually pays about 6,000*l.* for pupils belonging to the better classes of other localities. The Berlin public schools are moreover so crowded that it is often difficult for a citizen to obtain admission for his children into establishments for the support of which he is rated. It is indeed alleged that the scholars from a distance are selected in preference, because they are taken as boarders by the masters. This evil is only to be remedied by the school authorities considering the applications of the inhabitants of the city at the commencement of each term before all others, and merely filling up such vacancies as may be left with the children of strangers.

The system of day-schools prevailing all over Germany is one which has its advantages and disadvantages. The pupils whose parents reside in the towns in which schools are established remain subject to the beneficial influence of home, but strangers from a distance may run some danger of dissipation. The school discipline, however, is not wanting in severity, and it extends far beyond the walls of the school; in fact, during a boy's educational career the master, to a certain extent, takes the place of the father, only what happens within the paternal home escaping his supervision. All other acts of a pupil, even those having no connection with his education, are judged by the school tribunal, the graduated penalties inflicted consisting of private admonition, reprimands before the council of professors, confinement, threatened rustication, and, finally, expulsion. In the schools corporal punishment is forbidden, offenders being made to stand in the middle of the room or sent to the bottom of the class, the Gymnasien and Realschulen having in addition rooms in which boys can be shut up alone. The school discipline, it will be perceived, prepares for that of the army.

One of the most curious and interesting educational institutions of Germany is the Kindergarten, to which children are sent preparatory to entering the elementary schools. The creation of these Kindergärten is due to the son of a Thuringian pastor, named Fröbel, who was born at the close of the last century, and who, whilst studying in Switzerland, had made the acquaintance of Pestalozzi. It occurred to him that the foundation of establishments to which children might be sent with the view of awakening their dawning faculties would supply a great want, and at the close of the campaign of 1813, he founded at Keilhau, in Thuringia, an institution for children from two to seven years of age, to which he gave the title of Kindergarten, it being one of his maxims that a child needs the same careful training as a plant. Like most innovators, he was pronounced mad by his compatriots, but it was not long before public opinion turned in his favour, and the government, which originally opposed him, eventually gave him every encouragement.

When he died, in 1852, "Fröbelsche Kindergärten" had been established throughout Germany.

The first attempt at establishing a Kindergarten at Berlin was made at the Pestalozzi Institute, at Pankow, in 1850; a private one afterwards sprang up in the town, and for some time led a struggling existence. In 1859 an association of ladies was formed, and under its direction three Kindergärten were opened in the capital for the wealthier part of the community, in the hope that the movement would find favour with the working classes. These Kindergärten were only open in the morning, and the pupils paid 1½ thaler each to meet expenses. They were soon filled, and when in 1863 one especially intended for the people, and open both morning and afternoon, was established, the middle classes were so ready to take advantage of it that the children had to be sorted. The movement soon became independent of the society, which, in the summer of 1862, had already opened a training institution for teachers, who, on leaving, established family and private Kindergärten of their own. District associations also helped to erect a number of these buildings by allowing a monthly contribution of from 20 to 25 silbergroschen for each pupil. Another Berlin association, founded in 1863 by Fröbel's pupil, Bertha von Marenholz Bülow, with a view of training women for the duties of mother, nurse, and governess, educating and influencing children from their earliest years, adding gardens to the Kindergärten in imitation of the gymnasiums attached to the schools for other children, and thoroughly carrying out Fröbel's general system by making the teaching take the form of amusement and occupation, has not met with so much success. It succeeded, however, in opening a training-school for Kindergarten teachers, and also a playground near the Volks-Kindergarten in the Thiergarten-strasse.

The Berlin civic authorities have given some assistance to the Kindergarten movement, sites have been granted, taxes occasionally remitted, and funds sometimes contributed, but on the whole it has been left dependent upon its own vitality and its friends' exertions. There was a great deal of general opposition at first, but the work done soon began to silence its adversaries, and the physicians of the capital, interested in the physical development of the children, became its firm supporters.

Berlin to-day counts thirty-one Kindergärten, of which seven, the oldest established, are under the control of the Berlin Ladies' Association, three under that of the Association for Family and Popular Education, and six belonging to the District Union, the remaining fifteen being private enterprises. Although those of the Ladies' Association give smaller salaries, they are preferred by the teachers, because their situations are more certain and the instructions are better regulated, the Association always having taken care to keep them faithful to their original object. The

premises occupied by these establishments vary in extent, and their annual rent ranges from 10*l.* to 35*l.*, to defray which and the expenses of tuition, &c., a monthly charge is made for each child, varying from sixpence to half-a-crown. In April, 1872, the average number of children attending each Kindergarten was forty-five, an increase of more than 20 per cent. on the returns of the previous year. At the Fichte Kindergarten, in the Fürsten-strasse, which is the largest of these schools, the average daily attendance was upwards of one hundred.

The Berlin Kindergärten, and especially those attended by the children of the lower classes, are in every respect worth visiting. At nine o'clock the little ones arrrive, each with his or her crust of bread to ward off hunger till the noonday meal is ready. There is first an inspection of hands and faces, hair and clothes, for though the children may be ever so meanly clad, they must be clean, and not ragged. They are sorted in different rooms according to their age, boys and girls being kept apart when space permits. Each passes to his or her place before a table on which the games, &c., are spread out. The younger ones occupy themselves in building walls, houses, and the like with wooden bricks, and notions of lines, numbers, and equilibrium are already dawning in the little brains. Conversation is in no way forbidden, but each is so intent on his own work that there is little or no noise. The older pupils are forming squares, lozenges, and stars of various tints with strips of coloured paper. Practice renders them skilful, and it is with surprising swiftness that their little fingers pass in and out, arranging each strip in its right place. Some are drawing, tracing first of all, and then reproducing the object without the aid of the copy, whilst others are engaged in pricking out with a pin's point the outlines of houses, dogs, and flowers. An hour's work of this kind is followed by an hour's exercise. Then come singing and games in the garden, including building sand houses and castles, simple gymnastic exercises adapted to the strength of the children, and perhaps a good romp at blind man's buff.

The Kindergarten is full of attraction for the pupils, and its benefits are self-evident to the many poor families, the heads of which spend the day in work away from home, and have to leave their little ones unprotected. Boys and girls are treated after much the same fashion. They are not taught to read or write, but when they go to school their progress is far more rapid than that of the other children, thanks to the development of their thinking powers; whilst the masters bear tribute to the fact that the vivacity of their intelligence enables them to be picked out at once; or to use their own favourite expression, they commonly "step quicker up the classes." Teachers occasionally complain that Kindergarten children, when they are first received at school, are restless and fidgety, and that

they bring with them too much of the play spirit, which is difficult to exorcise.

M. Victor Tissot narrates a visit paid by him in July, 1874, to a Berlin Kindergarten, situate at No. 15, Sophien-strasse, in a district not inaptly characterised by him as the Belleville of Berlin. He proceeds in a droschke along the Linden, passes in front of the synagogue, jolts over the rickety wooden bridge spanning the Spree, and turns down a long, evil-smelling, badly-paved street, the cellar doors of which bear such inscriptions as *Betten zu vermiethen, Kaffe, Bier, und Billards français.* At length the kutscher reins up his horse in front of a large yellow house, the courtyard of which is occupied by a brewery, while to the right is a board on which is painted the word "Kindergarten." On knocking, remarks M. Tissot, a young lady opens the door and unceremoniously ushers us in. The lessons have begun; they last from nine in the morning till noon, and from one till four o'clock. The little girls and boys are seated indiscriminately in a half circle before low tables in attitudes that would charm a painter. They are clean and healthy-looking, but neither in their movements nor their glances have they the liveliness and archness so characteristic of French children. The under-mistress, who was giving the lesson, was a modest and refined-looking girl of eighteen or twenty. She stood in the middle of the room with a nosegay in her hand. "What is this that I am holding?" she asked. "A nosegay," answered the children in chorus. Then choosing one of the flowers and holding it in front of her little pupils, she said, "Do you know this flower?" "It is a daisy—a pink—a tulip," answered thirty eager voices at once. "No, it is nothing of the kind. Come, Johann, what is it?" "A mallow flower." "That's right; it is a mallow. Look at it well, so as to know it again. Now, altogether, what is the name of this flower?" "A mallow," rejoined the children with one voice.

Each flower of the bouquet passed in turn before the pupils, and then the mistress began to sing. The children followed her, waving their little bare arms and imitating with comic gravity the movement of a bird's wings as they repeated, "The bird flies, flies through the air, singing." According to Fröbel's plan singing is not only a gymnastic exercise in which the children, after imitating the bird flying, chirping, and peeping into its nest at its young, imitate in turn the soldier fighting, the horse galloping, the cobbler stitching, the weaver handling his shuttle, and the dairymaid churning, but is also an exercise of memory, and sometimes a means of forming the mind, many of the songs containing little moral maxims and religious thoughts, which penetrate the child's soul, and are destined to bear future fruit. Singing over, the class was divided into two groups, the elder ones on one side, the younger on the other. To the first were given sticks scarcely larger round than a lucifer-match, to

the others strips of paper of different colours, which they began to twist and arrange so as to form geometrical designs. "How would you make a flag of your stick?" asked the under-mistress. "By fastening on a piece of silk with the eagle on it." "Then wave the flag." At once fifteen little hands rose and waved their sticks triumphantly. "What does one write with?" next asked the teacher. "With a pen, like this," rejoined boys and girls, holding their sticks as one would a penholder. "And to whom does one write?" "To papa and mamma." "And when does one write to them?" "On their birthday." "And when mamma is away what does one write to her?" "To come back soon and to bring something with her."

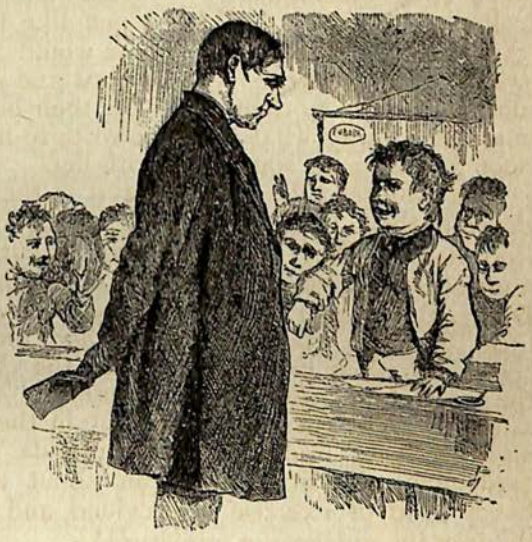
The children take great interest in these conversations, which develop their intelligence without requiring too much trouble from them. They moreover help to correct the defective pronunciation acquired from parents belonging to the lower classes. Dinner-time came round, and the mistress handed to each the little basket or bag he or she had brought in the morning containing their provisions. Then the children darted out into the garden to eat their butterbrôd, cherries, and slices of sausage. The afternoon is spent in the open air. The boys build mills or bridges, raise pyramids of stones, or work at gardening; the little girls run about and amuse themselves. Every kind of exercise is provided, and a Kindergarten is for children the universe in miniature.[1]

Certain of the Berlin Kindergärten have their drawbacks. In some of them, for instance, there are not enough rooms to allow of the children being divided into classes—a thing more essential here than in advanced schools, a very slight difference in age being attended with a marked difference in intellectual development. Means are wanting, moreover, to keep up some of these establishments, for the children's pence cover but a small portion of the expenditure. The success of a Kindergarten depends too in no slight degree upon the exertions of the teacher, whose work is more difficult than might be generally supposed. She needs more strength than a teacher in an ordinary girls' school, for the pauses which bring relaxation to the children bring none to her. She must be fond of children, and of a frank, pleasant, and religious disposition, and to complete her qualifications should have a lively and poetic imagination, a love of the beautiful, a good voice, and a cultivated understanding. Many, however, turn to this calling as a means of livelihood without these qualifications. The Kindergärten of Berlin suffer under an additional drawback, and do not enjoy a fair chance of showing what they can do, for the attendance of the children is not only very irregular, but they are withdrawn too soon, or not sent early enough. They ought to enter the Kindergarten at

[1] *Voyage au Pays des Milliards*, par M. Victor Tissot.

the age of three and stay until they are six, but the reports show that only 3·9 per cent. remain thirty-six consecutive months.

Sixty-eight of the public and twenty-five of the private schools of Berlin are Volksschulen or elementary schools of the class in which, as previously mentioned, religious instruction at one time predominated over all other teaching. To-day, however, they have regained the character they should never have lost. On visiting one of these establishments we ascertained that it gave instruction to a thousand boys and the same number of girls between the ages of six and fourteen, the sexes being kept separate. It was presided over by two principals, one for the boys and the other for the girls, under whom was a staff of twenty-five professors and four female teachers for needle-work, &c. Every class was, according to the German plan, taught in a separate room and by a grown-up person, instead of by monitors and pupil teachers, as with us. The room in which the youngest boys, some seventy-five in number, ranging from six to eight years of age, were being taught, contained the customary low desks and forms, a tall white stove, and a black alphabet board, whilst round the walls were iron pegs from which jackets, hats, baskets, and bags were suspended. The master was seated upon a raised platform fronting the pupils at one end of the room, which was well lighted by three large windows.



The scholars worked from seven to ten in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon daily, Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are half-holidays, excepted. The first hour was devoted to religious instruction, the second to arithmetic, and the third to reading. On reassembling at two, the first task was an hour's writing, followed by another reading lesson, lasting till four. On Tuesdays and Fridays the arithmetic was replaced by singing, which is usually particularly good, the children evidently understanding the sentiments contained in the songs, selected from the rich store of patriotic ditties Germany rejoices in. Great care is exercised that no child's religious belief shall

be in any way tampered with by anything contained in the secular lessons, though all join in the hymn and prayer with which school terminates. The religious lessons are imparted by the representatives of their own creed. Children misbehaving themselves are punished by being sent to the bottom of the class, or by being kept in during play-time. On the ground floor there were four rooms, all of much the same character, and generally containing an ingenious apparatus for teaching arithmetic. The scholars on the first floor were more advanced than those down stairs, their course of studies comprising, in addition to the subjects already noted, natural history, grammar, and, for the girls, needlework. The first and second floors contained each four class-rooms, and the third three and a large examination room, capable of accommodating 240 students, whilst two large playgrounds, one for the boys and one for the girls, and a spacious gymnasium, complete the establishment.

The degree of instruction imparted ascended in a corresponding ratio to the floors, and the children on the upper stories were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, drawing, singing, and natural history. The system of giving the morning hours to the harder branches of study, as then the mind is fresher, is usually followed. Under the Falk regulations each of these Volksschulen is divided, when practicable, into three classes, according to the age of the pupils, the advantage of teaching a mass of scholars at the same level, instead of at several different levels, being incalculable for the teacher. The hours of religious instruction have been shortened, and the practice of learning whole chapters of the Bible and lengthy catechisms by heart may now be reckoned things of the past, whilst the number of hymns to be acquired in a similar manner has been greatly reduced. Learning by heart has indeed been generally discouraged as causing too severe a strain upon a child's mind. In fact the aim of these schools at present is not so much the imparting of mere knowledge as the development of capacity, and the child is taught to do certain things well, and to understand why they are done. There is no prescribed method of teaching reading in these schools, but the plan of beginning with the names instead of the sounds of the different letters, and spelling words with these names, has been abandoned for the last thirty years in all save the most backward parts of the country. As for writing, elementary notions of that art are frequently imparted by the teacher direct from the blackboard, every course and line in German caligraphy and the motions required to produce them being explained to the pupil. In other instances graduated lithographic copies are employed, and the Imperial Chancellery has not been above occupying itself with settling the bases of a new uniform method of writing the German language, which is to be introduced into all German schools.

In accordance with the Falk regulations, geography is now taught in the more advanced classes of the primary schools, which are provided with excellent maps, greatly superior in character to any usually met with in English schools of far higher pretensions. The geography of his native place is the first thing a German child has to learn. Sensibly enough, instead of beginning with the map of the world, or even of Europe, he begins with "the map of home." Then he passes on to that of the province or kingdom in which his home is situated, and afterwards to the map of Germany, Europe, and finally of the World. The teacher, moreover, frequently links geography to history, and teaches the two together. The scene when the lesson is given on the blackboard, as is commonly the case, is often an exceedingly animated one. The teacher stands beside the board with a piece of chalk in his hand. After casting his eye over the class to see that all are ready, he will make, perhaps, with a rapidity of hand which the eye can scarcely follow, a series of those short diverging lines employed by map engravers to represent a chain of mountains. No sooner has he turned an angle or shot off a spur, than the scholars begin to cry out: "Carpathian Mountains, Hungary," "Black Forest Mountains, Würtemberg," "Giant's Mountains (Riesen .Gebirge), Silesia," "Metallic Mountains (Erz Gebirge), Pine Mountains (Fichtel Gebirge), Central Mountains (Mittel Gebirge), Bohemia," etc. In less than half a minute the ridge of that grand central elevation which separates the waters that flow north-west into the German Ocean from those that flow north into the Baltic, and south-east into the Black Sea, is presented to view, executed boldly, but as accurately as in an engraving. A dozen crinkly strokes, made in the twinkling of an eye, represent the head-waters of the great rivers which flow in different directions from that mountainous range; while the children, almost as eager and excited as though they had actually seen the torrents dashing down the mountain sides, cry out: "Danube," "Elbe," "Vistula," "Oder," &c. The next moment a succession of rapid taps are made along the margins of the rivers, and the children, at once recognizing the position of the respective dots, shout out, "Lintz," "Vienna," "Prague," "Dresden," "Berlin," &c.

A few additional strokes round the circumference of the incipient continent extend the mountain ranges outward toward the plains, the children mentioning the names of the countries in which they respectively lie. A few more flourishes, and the rivers flow onward toward their several terminations, and by another succession of dots, new cities spring up along their banks. By this time the children have become as much excited as though they had been present at the making of a new world. They rise in their seats, fling out both hands, while their eyes

kindle, and their voices become almost vociferous, as they signal the names of the different places which, under the magic of the teacher's crayon, burst into view. Within ten minutes from the commencement of the lesson there was indicated upon the blackboard a beautiful map of Germany, with its mountains, principal rivers and cities, the coast of the German Ocean, of the Baltic and Black Seas, and all so accurately proportioned that comparatively slight errors would have been discovered had it been subjected to the test of a measuring scale.

Freehand drawing is taught in the primary schools as well as the simpler rules of arithmetic. In teaching the latter science, the master, whose aim invariably is to divest each branch of study of all abstruse technical phraseology, follows a highly practical method, it being forbidden to task very young pupils with fatiguing mental exercises. Children belonging to almost every class of society attend these elementary schools, and, generally speaking, they are all so cleanly and so respectably dressed that it is often difficult to guess the social position of their parents. In the rural districts the sons of persons of title, officers, and professional men are often found seated on the same forms as those of mechanics and labourers, all equally ready to make a dead point with their forefingers at the teacher, the German equivalent of the English fashion of stretching out the arm and "hailing," as Charles Dickens phrases it, the instructor.

Mr. Pattison, speaking of German elementary schools, says :— "I can convey no idea of the excitement of a lesson from a skilled master with a clever class. The master all animation, the children all eagerness. The questions rising one above the other, by the gentlest gradation from the simple to the more complicated, evolving the subject with a mathematical clearness equal to demonstration, question and answer passing so rapidly that it is as much as the spectator can do to keep up with it. The intellectual gratification is so great that I have seen the children intreat that the lesson might go on, instead of going out for their ten minutes' play."

The Prussian teacher has no book, and needs none. He teaches from a full mind. He does not cumber or darken the subject with any technical phraseology. He observes what proficiency the child has made, and then adapts his instructions, both in quality and amount, to the necessity of the case. He answers all questions, and solves all doubts. It is one of his objects, at every recitation, so to present ideas, that they shall start doubts and provoke questions. The fact that many of the answers which the children give with so much eagerness to the teacher's questions are often incomplete and sometimes wrong shows them to be due rather to the effort of the thinking powers independently exercised than to any habit of learning by rote.

Following the elementary schools come the so-called middle

schools, of which there are remarkably few in Prussia, though their establishment was energetically urged upon the Berlin authorities, in 1869, by School-Councillor Dr. Hofmann. He proposed that the course of instruction should last till the pupils had reached the age of fifteen, that such youths as passed satisfactory examinations should receive certificates giving them the privilege of serving one year only in the army, that they should receive religious instruction from teachers of their own communion at the expense of the city, and that only one foreign language should be taught, it being considered at that juncture that French should have the preference over English. The proposition at first met with all the opposition that a contemplated innovation is bound to call forth in the Prussian capital, but was eventually agreed to by the civic authorities. The grade of education imparted in these establishments, which are especially intended for the children of petty tradesmen and the lower middle class, is intermediate between the fixed elementary course and the scientific and classical course of the higher schools. The Mittel or Bürgerschule may in fact be regarded as the equivalent of the French École Élémentaire Supérieure, or the Swiss Höhere Volksschule. It has recently been determined that head teachers shall pass a higher examination than has been hitherto the case, before obtaining a certificate entitling them to teach in these schools. The following account by a lady of a visit to a middle school for girls, numbering about 200 scholars, drawn from almost every class in the community, gives a fair idea of the general scope and character of these institutions :—

"The large, many-storied building looked more like an hotel than anything else, with its wide, uncarpeted staircases and passages, its arched entrance, and its many doors. For German notions of school architecture differ from English ones, just as the German system of teaching differs from the English system. An English National School usually consists of one large room, big enough to contain the whole body of the scholars, and in which several classes, sometimes as many as six or seven, are taught at once, and, besides this, there are generally, if possible, one or two small class-rooms. A German National School, whether primary or secondary, invariably consists of a certain number of spacious class-rooms, in which each class is taught separately.

"Religious instruction took the lead on the *Lehr-plan* of the school, and comprised lessons upon Scripture, catechisms, and Church history, while the educational course included lessons in French and English, German language and literature, arithmetic, geography, history, and a little elementary instruction in natural history and physical science. Our time being limited, we only had the opportunity of attending a lesson in English given to one of the junior classes.

"We were shown into a large, airy class-room, and introduced to a bright-faced, energetic-looking young lady, who spoke English quite as correctly and nearly as fluently as we did, and before whom were ranged forty or fifty little German maidens between nine and eleven years of age. They were seated in rows, at desks arranged in an oblong block, with plenty of space left for passing round and up the middle, and taking up perhaps two-thirds of the room. In one corner stood the tall, white stove, and near the teacher there was a table, a chair or two, and a large black board. It is curious how alike all the girls looked, and how much of a size. The fact is, they are all very nearly of the same age, for the rule in German schools seems to be to classify according to age, and we were told that, though of course the director uses his discretion, and there is no rigid rule to keep back a forward pupil, or push on a backward one, yet it is only rarely that these exceptions have to be made; as a rule the classification by age provides all that is required.

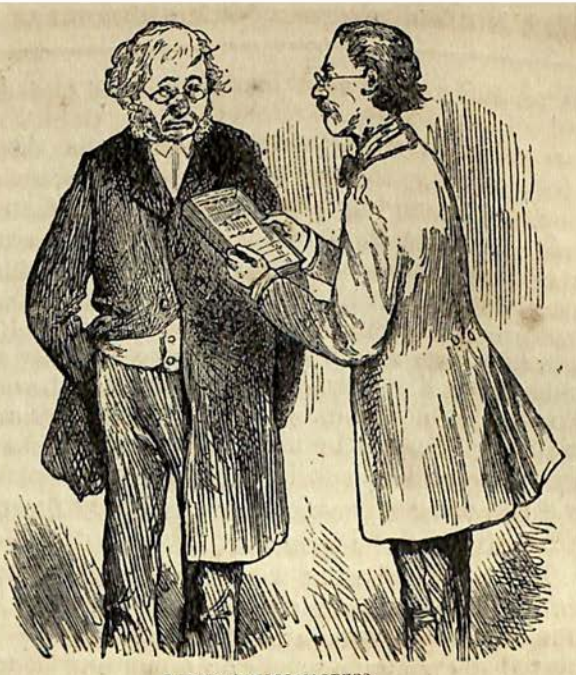
"The teacher expresses herself sorry we should have come to the third class, the pupils of which are quite beginners. Nothing more is attempted than to give them a small vocabulary of English words, and accustom them a little to the pronunciation, so as to prepare them for the next class when they are passed on into it. The little beginners, however, do not begin at all badly. They can read the easy lessons at the commencement of the reading book, and what they can read they can render into German. 'Square' was a difficult word for them, but, in observance of the old adage that 'Nothing is too often said which is not sufficiently learned,' no little girl who called it *squar* (as they all had a strong inclination to do) was allowed to proceed without being brought by constant repetition to a sense of the power of that final *e*—and so with the rest. 'Thorough' may be said to be the motto of German teaching, and it is so patiently carried out in grounding beginners, each step being made monotonously sure before the next is permitted, that the evident progress of pupils who had only been allowed to advance at a snail's pace, seemed almost inexplicable.

"School-time seldom occupies more than five hours a-day, and of these the afternoon hours are devoted to needlework and knitting, singing (at sight), drawing, and drilling. For this last a capital gymnasium is provided, fitted up with poles, ropes, and ladders, proper for such mild gymnastic exercises as are suited to little girls. We were much amused in witnessing the manœuvres of a squadron of young maidens between nine and eleven years of age. They all looked so bright and merry that it was pretty evident that the lesson in drilling was a popular one. With the exception of a little attempt at French or English conversation, as an accompaniment to the sewing and knitting, and something in the way of preparation for the next

day, all real study, all actual head-work is reserved for the morning."

Another writer describes how much he was struck by the answers given at an examination in arithmetic of a class of girls from twelve to thirteen years of age:—"The question was 'Take the sum of 750 marks, what is the amount of interest at $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. per annum in three and four years?' A little girl stood up and mentally counted the figures, as if the question was on a blackboard before her eyes. I have witnessed school examinations all over my own country, and I make bold to say that the performance of this little girl beat everything I have ever seen. She resolved the question accurately, I was told by a friend, who is an Admirable Crichton in his way, and whose knowledge on these subjects is quite Cambridge in its character. I confess I did not and could not follow the figures as they flowed from this German Zara Colborn. I hear that it was nothing uncommon. Another girl was asked what was the interest of 960 marks at $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in one, two, three, and four years, and gave each amount accurately and without a stumble."

To ensure that the lessons shall be remembered, copious notes have to be afterwards made by the pupils and duly preserved. An inspection of one of their knapsacks would probably show its contents to consist of manuscript books, containing the notes aforesaid on the lessons received by them in arithmetic, history, geography, and natural history, with a copy-book, a slate, a case to hold pens and pencils, a New Testament, a catechism, a book of Bible history, a church hymn-book, and a thick, closely-printed reading-book, forming a sort of portable encyclopedia and containing specimens of German poetry, a history of Germany, and compilations of general history, geography, and natural history.



BERLIN SCHOOLMASTERS.

IV.

BERLIN HIGHER SCHOOLS.—SCHOOLMASTERS—TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

THE higher schools of Berlin are divided into two classes, the Gymnasien and the Realschulen, the chief difference between them being that in the former the ancient, and in the latter the modern languages, take precedence. Each naturally has its partizans, those of the Realschule—in which special attention is also paid to chemistry, physics, mechanics, geometrical drawing, and all subjects that may be rendered directly and practically useful—maintaining that one of the chief causes of the success of the Germans in commercial matters has been the development of the system they favour. On the other hand, the Realschule does not lead to the University, and consequently all those intending to follow one of the learned professions have to enter the Gymnasium, which does. Here, too, come all whose parents have vague ideas of giving their children the highest education the country affords, notably the sons of rich merchants and bankers who are sent to the Gymnasium, whether intended for trade or not, just as in England they would be sent to a public school and then to college. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who visited the Berlin schools in 1865, on comparing the two systems arrived at the conclusion that the boys in the Gymnasien beat those in the corresponding forms in the Realschulen in subjects studied

by both alike, and assigns as a reason that the classical training they undergo gives additional strength to the pupils' minds.

Berlin is provided with fourteen Realschulen, ten for boys and four for girls, the former, according to the latest available statistics, being attended by 5,575 pupils and the latter by 2,496. The percentage of pupils above fourteen is lower than at the Gymnasien for reasons to be pointed out. The earliest school of this class was established at Halle in 1738, and although it did not meet with much favour at the outset it was speedily followed by others in different parts. It was, however, a long time before the right line was hit upon and success achieved, the first good specimen only dating from 1822. It sprung from a school founded at Berlin in 1747 by a preacher named Johann Hecker, and formed by grouping together several small parish schools. Although it throve from the very first, having 808 pupils in 1748, and 1,267 twenty years later, it was not until 1822 that it began to work in first-rate order. Its governing body were the curators of the Berlin Trinity Church, still, with the exception of some trifling house-property it had no endowment whatever, and was supported by voluntary contributions and school fees. It was in 1832 that the Government began to interest itself in the Realschulen—which, owing to the growth of industry and the spread of liberal ideas, were gradually increasing in importance—and framed for them a definite *Lehr-plan* like that for the Gymnasien. They are divided into higher and lower schools, the upper middle-class schools, called Höhere Bürgerschulen, being sometimes classed with them, although these give an inferior education. The lower Realschulen have only three or four classes, while the higher have six, numbered from sexta to prima, in which are included those of the preceding. Some of these classes are again subdivided into two sections. An examination has to be passed before entering each class or section from the one below it, and a successful passing of the higher examinations gives the same privileges with respect to the army as in the Gymnasien. The instruction is so graduated that these schools can receive boys of seven or eight provided they can read, write, and calculate, this preliminary instruction being acquired either at an ordinary elementary or private school or at the special preparatory school attached to many of the Realschulen. The pupils usually study from seven to twelve and from two to four, very little work being done out of class, and only one hour per diem being devoted to the teaching of each subject, so as to avoid fatiguing the attention. The course of instruction comprises the German, French, English, and Latin languages, with Italian if desired, history, geography, natural history, physics and chemistry, commercial arithmetic, elementary geometry, singing, and gymnastics. The attention bestowed upon modern languages is considerable, more time being devoted, however, to French than to English, while the

instruction in science is such as to prepare boys for the special industrial schools and the polytechnic institute. Indeed the scientific teaching is extremely clear and simple, and is aided by well-furnished collections. The Realschulen have all of them a chemical laboratory, a gallery of instruments for experiments in physics, and a library, together with drawing halls furnished with numerous models. Drawing indeed receives great attention, being taught in all classes on an excellent system. After a few attempts at copying from the flat, with a view of imparting freedom to the hand and teaching it to act with the eye, the pupil is set to draw from subjects in relief on a graduated scale, rising from examples of ornament to the most complex natural objects. . The boys attending the Realschulen are chiefly intended for trading or manufacturing pursuits or for the lower clerkships in Government offices, and many of them leave after passing through the third or fourth class, but a small number remaining for the second, and still fewer for the first. This fact shows that these establishments are not as a rule attended by those desirous of a high literary education. Moreover, whilst leading up to the technical schools, they fail to give any instruction on industrial matters.

The chief of the Berlin practical schools and the one giving the most extended instruction, is undoubtedly the Königstädtische Realschule. Here there are four elementary classes to which pupils who can read and write and know a little arithmetic are admitted, and in which religion, the German language and grammar, writing, and arithmetic are taught for two years. Then come the six "real" classes, and as two years are usually spent in the first, and as the second and third are each subdivided into two sections, the complete course of study lasts nine years. The study of languages occupies the greater part of the pupil's time, the hours devoted to Latin, French, German, and English decreasing according to the order in which these are here indicated, whilst arithmetic, drawing, history, geometry, and natural history secure the next places. Religion, geography, chemistry, and physics are likewise studied. Both Gymnasien and Realschulen are under the control of a director charged with the administration and general discipline of the establishment. In addition to this duty, he usually conducts a course of lessons, and is supported by a staff of masters ranking in the following order, professor, oberlehrer or over master, and collaborator.

The Gymnasium *Lehr-plan*, or course of studies, which, as in France and Italy, is fixed by ministerial authority, comprises the principles of religion, the German, French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, history, geography, elementary mathematics, physics, chemistry, a little logic and philosophy, singing, and mathematics. Drawing, though not included in the course, is also taught. The pupils receive seven hours' instruction per diem,

and have very little work to do at home. The method pursued exacts considerable time and trouble on the part of the professor, many of the lessons being given in the form of conversation, the scholars speaking Latin, Greek or whatever other language they may be learning. Dictionaries are but little used, the different authors being explained by the professors with all that luxuriance of commentary which renders German editions of the classics so valuable. In the Gymnasien the classics are the principal objects of study, future students of law, theology, and medicine being supposed to complete their Latin course at these schools before entering the University. Less time is given to Greek than in England, and the art of composing Latin verses is not taught at all. But great attention is paid to the construing and writing of Latin prose, and a Latin essay is always an important feature in the final examination. The religious instruction in the Gymnasium consists in teaching Luther's short catechism, hymns, and Bible narratives from good text-books.

As already set forth, Berlin in 1871 contained ten Gymnasien, attended by 5,553 pupils. Of the latter nearly one-half were over fourteen years of age, the remainder ranging between fourteen and nine, the lowest age at which a pupil can enter the sixth and last class. Many of the Gymnasien, however, have preparatory schools attached to them, at which pupils under nine are prepared. A year in each of the three lower classes and two in each of the three higher fixes the average duration of the course of study at nine years, it being assumed that a boy will enter at nine or ten and leave for the University at eighteen or nineteen. If a pupil be remarkably industrious, however, and only spends a year in passing through each of the higher classes he may complete his studies at a Gymnasium by his fifteenth or sixteenth year. One particular feature of the system is that the pupil's promotion from one class to another is always prefaced by a regular examination, whilst at the close of his studies he has to undergo a still severer test of the same character, termed the "abiturient." The passing of this entitles him to enter the University or the civil service, and qualifies him to join the army without undergoing the first examination needed to become an officer. In a similar manner passing from the second into the first class gives him the privilege of serving as a one year volunteer. Objections have of late been made to this system, notably with respect to the facilities enjoyed by the teachers for cramming their pupils, the former being acquainted with the examination papers for a week beforehand.

The most noted of the Berlin Gymnasien is the Friedrich-Wilhelms Gymnasium, next in importance to which are the Gymnasium zum Grauenkloster, occupying the site of a Franciscan convent abolished at the Reformation, and the Joachimsthal'sche Gymnasium, the great Alumnat of Berlin and

a royal foundation, having been endowed in 1607 by the Elector Joachim Friedrich. An anecdote is told of a pupil of this school, "a scholar of 'quarta,' who, like so many other German schoolboys, joined the army at the time of the great uprising against the French in 1813. He was wounded at Leipzig, made the campaign of France, was at Waterloo, received the decoration of the Iron Cross, and finally, with the decoration on his breast, took his place on his old school-bench as a scholar in quarta."[1]

The Friedrich-Wilhelms and Joachimsthal'sche Gymnasien are both under State patronage, as is the case with more than half the Prussian higher class secondary schools. The Greyfriars' Gymnasium, though supported in a great measure by State endowment, is governed by the Berlin municipality. The handsomest of the Gymnasien, the façade of which presents a central portico supported by Corinthian columns, is the one lately erected in the aristocratic Victoria-strasse. Two side entrances for the pupils give access to the upper and the lower or preparatory school respectively. To the right of the vestibule, gained on passing through the main entrance, are four class-rooms belonging to the lower school and the director's room, while to the left three class-rooms belonging to the upper school, with a medical class-room and laboratory are situated. Two granite staircases lead to the first floor, upon which are nine class-rooms for the upper school and one for the lower, together with several teachers, and committee rooms and a couple of writing-rooms. On the second floor are the singing-hall, the spacious drawing-room, and a couple of libraries, some reserved class-rooms, and in the centre the great *aula*, seventy-five feet in length, forty-one in width, and thirty in height. The class-rooms, with some exceptions, are from twenty-seven to thirty feet long, eighteen or twenty broad, and fourteen high. The number of these in all German schools is in striking contrast with the English system, which usually provides only one large room capable of containing the whole body of scholars. This is due to the pupil-teacher system, it being essential that boys or girls training for the scholastic profession should only be suffered to teach under the eye of the master or mistress. In Germany, as we have already noted, it is always a grown-up person who teaches.

Mr. Matthew Arnold mentions how at the Friedrich-Wilhelms Gymnasium he heard Professor Zumpt take the unterprima class in Cicero's speech, *Pro lex Roscio.* "The boys," he says, "had been through the oration during the early part of the half year, they were now going very rapidly through it again, translating into fluent German without taking the Latin words. The master let the boys be the performers, and spoke as little as possible himself, but every good or bad performance was

[1] *Higher Schools and Universities in Germany*, by Matthew Arnold, D.C.L.

noticed."[1] After listening to the boys one almost always comes away with the impression that either in school or by private study they have read far more than English or French boys of the same age; indeed it is the general rule, Mr. Arnold tells us, for a young man who goes up for the final examination to have read Homer through. One of the great superiorities of the German method of teaching classics consists in the broad notion of teaching ancient languages as literature, and in regulating an author's place and significance in his country's literature and in that of the world. Thus a student acquires a real interest in Greek and Latin, and their hold upon him tends to become permanent. "Instead of having to write Greek iambics," says Mr. Arnold, "the boys in prima at the Friedrich-Wilhelms Gymnasium, on one of the days when I was there, had to write a summary of Lessing's essay on the epigram. The summaries were handed to the professor, who then made a boy stand up and give in his own words the substance of Lessing's essay, beginning at the commencement, the professor commenting and asking questions as the boy proceeded. Presently another boy was set on, and in this way they went through the essay." In the lower division, or tertia, where the boys were studying Ovid, the practice was for the pupils to translate a certain portion at home and to bring their translation with them to school, where they had to turn it back again into unmetrical Latin. They were then called upon one by one to say a few lines of Ovid by heart; each boy having also to repeat in German prose the passage he had just recited in Latin verse.

The two principal higher schools for girls are the Victoria and Luisenschulen, the former of which was opened in the year 1867 with 259 pupils in seven classes. It now numbers nearly a thousand scholars in eighteen classes, and has in addition to the rector twenty-eight teachers, of whom nine are women. All of these are highly qualified, and the results attained are said to be exceedingly satisfactory. The school fee is 30 thaler per annum, and the obligatory curriculum comprises religion, German language and literature, arithmetic, French, geography, history, natural history, including physics, writing, drawing, singing, needlework, and gymnastics. English is not obligatory, still a large proportion of the pupils learn it.

The success of this institution led to the foundation of the Luisenschule on similar principles, and in 1870 the Berlin municipality, in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants of the Spandau quarter, authorized the purchase of a site for the erection of a third public finishing school for young ladies. It appearing manifest from the number of pupils who flocked to these establishments that the course of instruction given was preferred to that of the private finishing schools, it was determined

[1] *Higher Schools and Universities in Germany.*

that three more higher schools for girls should be opened in the districts of Oranienberg and Tempelhof and in the Luisenstadt.

The smaller boarding-schools at which many German girls finish their education, although lauded by their principals as being replete with every home comfort and conducted with strict regard to the moral and physical well-being of the pupils, are, generally speaking, the reverse of model institutions. The pupils at them rise at six in summer and somewhat later in winter, and after hurriedly washing themselves in the diminutive basins ranged on a slab against the wall, and giving all the time they possibly can to the little looking-glasses, each of which is generally engaged half a dozen deep, a bell rings to call them to breakfast, which has been laid by a couple of the pupils who take weekly turns at this and similar duties. The girls trooping in at the welcome summons take their seats at the long narrow table. A kind of meditation is read, after which one of the "weeks," as they are called, says the Lord's Prayer, everybody remaining seated, for there is no such thing as a kneeling posture in a German's prayers. The girls now fall to eating as fast as possible the two tiny new rolls allowed to each. Some eat them alone; others fill their cups with crumbs, or, tearing off large pieces, dip them into their coffee and literally chuck them into their mouths. Every one has to be quick so as to keep pace with the rest, and thereby secure a second cup of coffee for herself. Every one, in fact, eats so fast and talks so fast, all too at once, that the whole meal hardly occupies seven minutes in discussing. Each girl as she finishes takes her cup and saucer to a side table and leaves the room, to practise, paint, or prepare her lessons; and when all have done, a bowl of hot water is brought, and the "weeks" have to wash up before they can be off after the rest.

Music, classes, preparation, and dawdling fill up the time till eleven o'clock, when the pupils partake of yesterday's *brödchen* split in two and buttered—one roll for each. Thus big growing girls go from nine o'clock on the previous night till two o'clock the next day on nothing more substantial than three small rolls. At half-past twelve the pupils will go out for a walk, most likely accompanied part of the way by a couple of swaggering officers, who afford much pleasurable excitement to the young ladies, and furnish subject for caustic remark from the escorting governess. On returning home after a short gabbled grace from one of the "weeks" the girls all proceed to pour hot, thin, greasy soup down their throats at railway speed. This is followed by meat—generally *réchauffée*, in the form of *rissoles*, mince, *schnittchen*, or what not, in which the minimum of meat makes the maximum of show, and is accompanied by a liberal allowance of potatoes fried in *speck* (bacon grease). Sometimes preserved French beans are served in hot vinegar, or *sauer-*

kràut, or potato salad. Then follows what is dignified by the name of pudding—a bowl of very sweet stewed Marseilles fruit, apples, and plums, or cranberries in watery juice thickened with a few bread crumbs, or plain boiled rice with sugar and nutmeg. Dinner over, the presiding governess asks, with much appearance of friendly interest, "*Seid Ihr satt, Kinder?*" "*Ja*," the girls all answer; following it with "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*" (Blessed be this meal); and off they go.

Lessons are shortly resumed and continue until tea-time at eight o'clock. During winter the room usually gets positively stifling from the heat thrown out by the iron stove, and by four o'clock every face is perfectly scarlet, and half the girls have glasses of water by their sides as a cure for the headache.

At eight the tea bell rings, and the girls sit down to black or white bread, with butter or treacle, and a decoction of leaves dignified by the name of tea. Conversation goes on as usual, very little subdued by the presence of the heads of the establishment. Knives are used as spoons to scoop up treacle, and bread is dipped into tea as before. After "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*" the girls all curtsey in turn and then go off to bed.

Two mornings in each week are given up to the so-called study of literature, and one to the pastor's *Religionsstunde* for those pupils who have not yet been confirmed. Monday and Friday afternoons are, perhaps, given to French, while a couple of hours on the Tuesday will have to be devoted to darning and mending. Saturday's half holiday will bring the inevitable embroidery lesson with a mistress specially engaged to teach that accomplishment which is carried to such a pitch of excellence throughout Germany. "Music lessons are given every day, a spirited conversation being carried on most of the time between the professor and his pupil, interrupted by occasional bursts of "*Donnerwetter!*" "*Potzblitz!*" &c., at a more than ordinary excruciating chord.

This, remarks the writer—who, in the foregoing account, professes to furnishes us with the result of her own experience—is a fair specimen of a day in a German boarding-school. In summer the hours are slightly different, the food greener, and the walks longer, while classes are often held in the garden. Indeed the girls almost lived out of doors in the hot weather.[1]

For many years Berlin had felt the want of some institution for spreading a higher knowledge of art and science amongst the softer sex in justification of the boast of German women that they alone are absolutely well educated. In 1869 this want was partially supplied by the establishment of the Victoria Lyceum, founded with the view of giving young ladies who had left school further instruction in history, German, French, and

[1] "Some Account of a German Boarding-school," in *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1875.

English literature, chemistry, and botany, by means of courses of lectures similar to those given at the universities. Each of the foregoing subjects is treated of in from twelve to sixteen weekly lectures of an hour's duration, the fee for which is only three thaler. "But," remarks a Berlin writer, "if the object of a higher educational institute for women be the placing before them in a concise manner the positive results of science, it is difficult to see how this can be accomplished in from twelve to sixteen hours; and how can a young lady, who has had scarcely the preliminary training possessed by a boy in the third class, be supposed to master in a few hours the information it takes a university student an entire term to acquire?"

The importance attached to gymnastics in Germany is well known, and in fact they figure in all educational programmes. Jahn, who, by forming associations at once gymnastic and patriotic, did so much to popularize these exercises at the commencement of the century, and is counted one of the heroes of 1813, long inhabited Berlin, where a statue was raised to him a few years back. It is said that during the dark hour of Prussia, whenever he passed under the Brandenburg Gate accompanied by his pupils he would ask them what they were thinking of. If they failed to give the answer which he expected he would remark, "Another time think that you are the sons of the vanquished and that your duty as soon as you grow up will be to go to Paris to bring back the Chariot of Victory taken away from the Brandenburg Gate by that robber Napoleon." He commonly supplemented his observation by a box on the ear, the better to impress this duty upon his pupils' memory. Jahn's spirit still survives at Berlin, where in 1851 the Royal Gymnastic Institution for training gymnastic instructors for civil and military schools was founded. Here instruction is not only given in the theory and practice of gymnastics, but in anatomy, physiology, &c., the institution comprising seven covered halls and three external courts with a library, &c. In the Royal Seminary for teachers, pupils are also prepared for giving instruction in gymnastics.

The gymnasiums attached to the higher and middle schools are frequently small courts surrounded by high walls, and in some cases deficient in apparatus, though many schools make use during the summer of large open spaces without the city. Half a dozen of the best schools have covered gymnasiums of their own for winter practice; the remainder having to hire them as best they can. At sixty of the public and private elementary schools gymnastics are taught only during summer at the expense of the ratepayers. Most of these schools have open air gymnasiums attached to them, and others make use of those of their neighbours or of public gymnasiums. The higher private schools are mostly well supplied with gymnastic

appliances. Gymnastics are taught in seven girls' schools, but in only three of these do they form part of the regular course of instruction, being dependent in the others upon the choice of the pupil.

According to government regulations the time set apart for gymnastics should be at least three hours per week for the upper classes in the higher schools and two for the lower classes all the year round. But this is often shortened to an hour per week, especially in winter, and when the school and the gymnasium are at a distance from each other. In the elementary schools two hours a week instruction for boys and one hour for girls are prescribed during the summer, but through bad weather it is limited to four months in the year. At these schools gymnastic instruction is generally given by the ordinary class teachers, who have been trained in the public gymnastic classes. Not only are the regulations as to time largely evaded, but according to statistics 47 per cent. of the male and 96 per cent. of the female pupils receive no instruction at all, whilst only 19 per cent. receive it all the year round. As a rule the attendance at gymnastics in the higher schools is better than in the elementary schools, but at both of them numerous dispensations seem to be granted on any pretext.

The invigorating open air exercise that forms one of the bases of the Kindergarten system and the popularity these institutions enjoy has led to the suggestion that a garden should be commonly attached to the ordinary public schools with a view of improving "that puny, sickly, spectacle-wearing race," which, according to a Prussian legislator, the higher schools are producing. In the ventilation of their schools the Prussians appear but little more advanced than ourselves, and towards the close of the lesson the class-room generally becomes more or less unwholesome. There are flues intended for foul air to escape by, but as there are no corresponding passages for fresh air to take its place the state of the atmosphere is but little improved. Attention is, however, paid to light, and the position of a building on its site is frequently determined according to the best means of rendering this available, and when a class-room looks upon the street double windows are usually employed, but more with the view of excluding the noise than of keeping out the cold during winter.

In reference to the short-sightedness so prevalent throughout Germany, and more especially amongst the rising generation, it may be mentioned that it has been found that whilst in the lowest classes of schools the percentage of short-sightedness was only 1·5 per cent., it increased in regular gradations in the higher schools and universities up to 56 per cent. Nor is the physical depletion produced by close and constant brainwork in a vitiated atmosphere to be counteracted by a few hours

instruction in gymnastics, executed according to set rules and under the superintendence of a master, and therefore fettered by that sense of duty work which must be shaken off for recreation to be in any degree beneficial. Each school has a play-ground attached to it, it is true, but the boys are not allowed to run about much, and their play seems to be confined to walking exercise and an occasional bout at "Barrelauf," a game something like prisoner's base. But although this is a favourite pastime with the boys it does not seem to be favoured by the schoolmasters. The originators of the new idea of the school garden say that this and the schoolroom should complete each other, and that the former should contain as many kinds of trees and plants as possible, together with hot-houses, beehives, and the like, with a view of implanting a love of nature in the minds of the pupils, and of instructing them in some of its mysteries. It would likewise tend to cultivate their powers of observation and help to teach them the relation between cause and effect. The realization of the idea has, however, been hindered by various difficulties, and mainly because it is almost impossible in a large town to give the pupils the intercourse with plants and trees desired to be established, since often not so much as a square yard of vacant ground is to be obtained.

A few words may be here devoted to Prussian teachers, who, both at the elementary and the higher schools, whether engaged in tuition on their own account or the paid servants of the municipality, are invariably competent to discharge the functions confided to them. Amongst the educational reforms due to Wilhelm von Humboldt one of the most important was the teacher's test. Prior to 1810 no certificate of fitness was required from a candidate for the post of schoolmaster, but in that year an examination and a trial-lesson were prescribed, and it was made illegal for school patrons to nominate unqualified persons. A year of probation in the school was, in 1826, substituted for the trial-lesson, and the examination was considerably modified in 1831, and again under the reign of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who, when he remodelled the elementary schools, made a point of reducing the education of the masters themselves, as already shown, to a minimum utterly at variance with their traditions and intellectual habits. The government failed to convert all the teachers into ignorant automata, for many of those who had been denied the elements of superior culture in the seminaries or official training schools privately acquired them at their own expense. Still these pernicious measures helped to lower the standard of the schools, and to them is to be ascribed the inferiority of Prussia from an educational point of view, to Saxony, Würtemberg, and Baden.

Since the appointment of Dr. Falk, candidates for posts in the elementary schools are trained in the seminaries to a knowledge

of algebra, geometry, chemistry, and physics, besides being initiated into logic, psychology, and the power of tuition, whilst the study of the German classics, formerly strictly forbidden, is now enjoined, and an acquaintance with at least one foreign language made obligatory. Nor do these acquirements alone suffice to secure admission into the fraternity of schoolteachers. According to ministerial decree "no reproach must attach to the private and public life any more than to the knowledge and ability of a candidate for school employment," and the authorities take the aspirant's entire previous career, extra-professional as well as professional, into consideration.

The great grievance of the Prussian schoolmasters is the inadequacy of their salaries. So scanty are these that directly a teacher hears of a more lucrative employment, no matter of what character, he generally gives up his post, and thus one continually hears of villages and even towns where the schools are unprovided with teachers. In 1871 it was estimated that there were 595 masterships and 475 under-masterships vacant, in addition to which 1,792 schools had been temporarily provided with teachers unable to produce the certificates required by law, whilst in the single district of Oppeln it was estimated that there were no less than 700 upper and under-teachers required owing to the large number of schools containing frequently double and even treble the maximum number of pupils allowed by existing regulations.

Of the 48,000 schoolmasters which Prussia possessed in 1871, nearly 2,000 received salaries ranging between 7*l.* 10*s.* to 15*l.* per annum, 12,000 were paid less than 22*l.* a year, and the incomes of another 12,000 varied from 22*l.* to 30*l.* Thirteen alone received the maximum of 150*l.*, the average salary of the great bulk being 46*l.* in towns, and 29*l.* 17*s.* in the country. With a view of bettering their position the authorities decided upon distributing amongst them an additional 70,000*l.* a year out of the treasury—just glutted with French gold—equivalent to an increase of about 35*s.* a head per annum. Even in Berlin, where the cost of living is so expensive, the position of the schoolmasters is but upon a par with that of their provincial brethren. The 218 schools with which the capital was provided in 1871 were administered by 16 masters at 135*l.*, 16 at 127*l.* 10*s.*, 57 at 120*l.*, 13 at 105*l.*, 9 at 97*l.* 10*s.*, 83 at 90*l.*, 91 at 75*l.*, 123 at 67*l.* 10*s.*, and 219 at 60*l.*, in addition to whom there were 19 female teachers at 60*l.*, 43 at 52*l.* 10*s.*, 75 at 45*l.*, 215 sewing mistresses at 10*l.* 16*s.* and 15 assistant sewing mistresses at 9*l.*

The Berlin town council granted an additional sum at the close of 1872 to raise the salaries of teachers in the municipal schools, and an agitation was set on foot by the head masters in favour of their assistants. A similar movement sprung up amongst the private teachers, who claimed a participation in the privileges and exemption from taxation enjoyed by teachers in the municipal schools, but it led to no result; and in 1873 a strike actually took place amongst the male and female teachers at the Lange middle school. The majority of the school teachers in Berlin

only enter the service of the municipality after reaching the age of thirty, and spending a probationary period of from four to six years in private establishments, in addition to the official *Probejahr* spent at the Pädagogische Seminar with which Berlin has been provided since 1787, and to which, subsequent to 1812, all the Gymnasien have served as practising schools. Owing to the increased cost of living of late years and to their inadequate salaries the masters have mostly reconciled themselves to the idea of permanent celibacy, a resolution not to be wondered at, seeing that the sixteen masters receiving the magnificent maximum of 135*l.* in 1871 were all upwards of sixty years of age. After forty years' service a master can retire and demand his superannuation, which amounts to four-fifths of his salary, from the authorities. If in course of his career he is forced to give up his position from accident or inferiority, he has a right to a pension equal to four-tenths of his salary, plus 1½ thaler (4*s.* 6*d.*) for every year's service above ten. Although numerous meetings have been held at different times by the Berlin teachers with a view of taking some common action for the improvement of their position which, as regards income and material comfort, is inferior to that of many a skilled artizan, while their social standing is nil, the only tangible result of these gatherings has been the appointment of a committee to effect the union of all Prussian public school teachers into a society, having for its objects the improvement both of the schools and of the position of their masters.

A curious institution in connection with the Berlin schoolmasters is the "Court of Arbitration and Honour." Charges against the official or private conduct of teachers having frequently come before the courts of justice within the last few years, and having in some instances brought scandal upon the profession, several leading members proposed the establishment of the Court in question, in which differences between individuals might be settled in an amicable manner, and offences reproved or punished in a way that should not involve the whole body in the discredit attending the fault of one. The Court consist of five members chosen respectively from amongst the head-masters, the commercial leaders, the school inspectors, the private teachers, and finally from members of the scholastic profession not included in these four categories. The Court decides first of all, whether it will judge a case brought before it or not, and in the former instance the parties concerned are called upon to declare within four days whether they will abide by its decision. Refusal to do so or the disregard of an order made by the Court is communicated in writing to all the colleges of teachers in Berlin, otherwise absolute silence is observed with respect to the proceedings and the sentence. With such a tribunal in England much of the scandal attendant upon the

disputes between Dr. Hayman and the trustees of Rugby, and between the head-master of Eton, Dr. Goodford, and one of his subordinates, might have been spared the public.

One want which is greatly felt in the Berlin schools is a series of uniform standard class-books. The complaint often heard in England, that for every new school to which a boy is sent new books are needed although the subjects taught are the same, is not unknown in Berlin, where from the rise in rents it frequently happens that parents are obliged to move from one part of the city to another and to change their children's school. This is due to the fact that in every school there are teachers who, having produced some compilation of their own, use it as their class-book, a circumstance that may be very advantageous to the teachers, but is productive of some annoyance to the parents and scarcely beneficial to the pupil, who is apt to be bewildered by this multiplicity of manuals.

Not long ago the French journals commented in no measured terms upon the singular geographical handbook in use in certain schools of the Prussian capital. The work in question, which has reached its seventy-third edition, is entitled *Leitfaden für-den Unterricht der Geographie*, and was originally drawn up by Professor Daniel of the Halle University, and revised by Dr. Kirschoff of Berlin. The wording of the passages relating to France and touching upon the relations of that country and Germany are especially calculated to keep alive the old feud between the two nations. In describing the natural limits of Germany the writer unceremoniously appropriates the whole of French Flanders with Lille and Dunkirk, the department of the Vosges, that of the Meurthe-et-Moselle, and a part of the Ardennes. Moreover Dr. Kirschoff mentions that Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark are generally regarded as appendices to Germany (*als Anhang zu Deutschland*), whilst France was originally a little kingdom established on the ruins of Charlemagne's empire, and bounded by the Rhone and the Saône, Lyons and Marseilles having been German cities in the Middle Ages. In the village schools the history taught up to the time of the recent changes also tended to keep alive the feeling of hereditary enmity, consisting, as it did, chiefly of the doughty deeds of the Great Friedrich and the exploits of other leaders in the various campaigns against the French. Music, which exercises so powerful an influence over the German mind, has also contributed to this work, and the patriotic war songs of 1813 are not without their effect upon the minds of the children who are taught to warble them in chorus.

Considerable insight into the intellectual life of Berlin may be gained by glancing at the statistics of the municipal free public libraries, which in 1871 were twelve in number, having 48,724 volumes against 43,509 in the preceding year. Each book it is

calculated was lent on an average five times during the year, when the total number of readers was 11,015, of whom 18 per cent. were students, 39 per cent. persons engaged in technical and industrial pursuits, 18 per cent. ladies, and 8 per cent. workmen. The works in most request are those relating to general literature, travels, history, natural science, and biography, theological, devotional, and philosophical writings being but seldom asked for. The library richest in books is that in the Mohren-strasse, which contained in 1870 5,564 volumes, and the poorest that in the Wartenburg-strasse, which possessed only 2,427. The one most patronised is that in the Ruppiner-strasse, situate in a populous industrial suburb, each of its 3,115 volumes being annually asked for ten times on the average. It may be added that readers engaged in technical and industrial pursuits predominate at the library in the Puttkammer-strasse, students and ladies at that in the Lützow-strasse, and workmen and soldiers at that in the Pank-strasse, the latter also frequenting the library in the Luisen-strasse.

The Berlin Royal Library, according to a statement recently made in the Haus der Abgeordneten by Dr. Mommsen, seems to be in a very bad condition. He describes it as wholly inadequate to the wants of the public, smaller than the generality of public libraries abroad, and without catalogues accessible to readers. It is so much used, especially by students, that it is very difficult to get hold of a book recently published, and the *savants* of Berlin are compelled to have recourse to private libraries. One book out of six asked for is generally wanting, and the Professor stated that he sometimes had to make journeys to other towns to refer to works that ought to have a place in the library. This deficiency is mainly due to the fact that only 20,000 thaler are allowed annually for the purchase of books. Moreover the building in which the library is contained is wholly unsuitable, a circumstance which has led the Budget Commission to recommend the erection of a new building in the place of the existing one.

Amongst the numerous technical schools with which Berlin is provided, and which are under the control of the University of Commerce, a high place is to be assigned to the Building Academy (Bauakademie), where architects and civil engineers are trained. The course of study extends over two years, and the rules for the admission of candidates are somewhat stringent. Candidates for the diploma of Privat Baumeister or architect for private buildings must have been admitted as competent workmen in one of the trades of mason, stonecutter, or carpenter after a three years' practical apprenticeship, besides being able to show a certificate of satisfactory studies in a Gymnasium or Realschule. Those who aspire to the title of architect for government works must have passed a year in the practice of

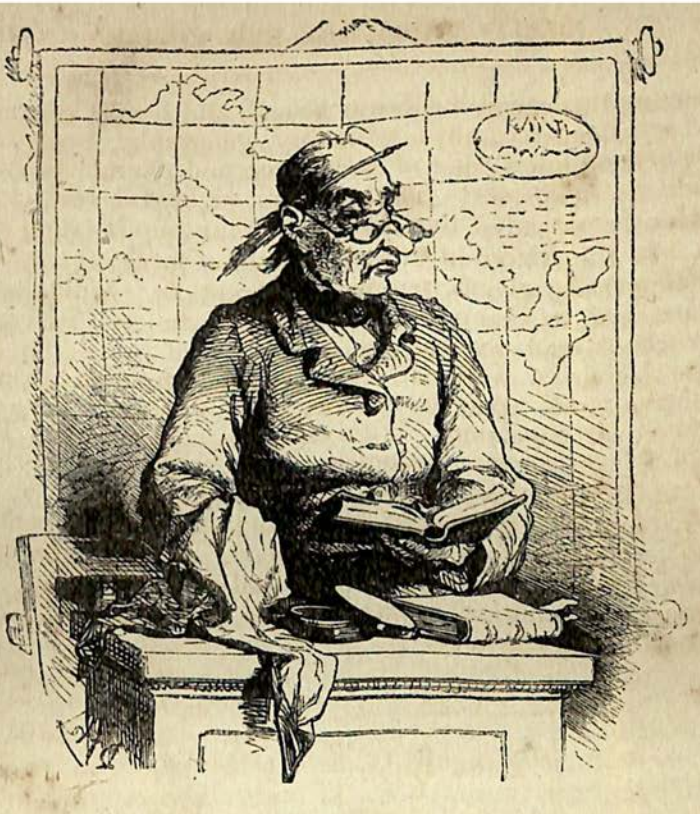
building and possess a knowledge of levelling and measuring. The engineers are mostly sent there by the Government and destined for the public service. Upon leaving the Academy the architectural pupils go up for examination. Whether a candidate for the diploma of State or private architect, the pupil has to prepare in strict seclusion the project of an architectural construction, for which he is allowed a week, after which he undergoes a two or three days' examination in the subjects contained in the curriculum. The winter term 1874-5 was attended by 872 students, of whom 797 had not matriculated. The engineers are not examined.

An important Berlin institution is the Academy of Mines, which is provided with commodious and very complete laboratories and possesses fine geological and mineralogical collections. It was founded in 1861 to impart to young men who intend entering the public service of mines or pursuing metallurgical industries the knowledge of the necessary applied and technical sciences. Such of the pupils as are desirous of entering the service of the State have to acquire three degrees by examination. The first, conferring the title of Pupil of Mines, is taken on leaving the Academy; the second, that of Auditor of Mines, after two years' practical work; and the third, of Assessor of Mines, after two more years spent in administrative works under a chief engineer.

The Königliches Gewerbe Akademie, sometimes styled the Polytechnic Institute, a handsome building situate in the Kloster-strasse, is another important institution, provided with a staff of twenty-two professors, and attended in 1874-5 by 675 pupils. It has a first division for general theoretical technical instruction, and a second comprising the three specialties—mechanics, chemistry, and metallurgy—together with naval construction, there being a separate course for each. The duration of the studies in each division is a year and a half, and none can enter the second without passing through the first. The students on leaving receive certificates of competence. The shipbuilding course was instituted when the one relating to architecture was transferred to its special academy. The institution, which was founded in 1820 by Friedrich Wilhelm III., may be looked upon as the fountain-head of the Gewerbeschulen or trade schools scattered throughout the kingdom, which serve to train commercial assistants, masters, and foremen for manufactories, and to prepare candidates for admission to the central establishment. The two years' course required to be followed is by no means an easy one.

Another class of schools are the Fortbildungschulen or improvement schools for young workmen, of which there are three in Berlin. These establishments aim at improving their pupils in writing, arithmetic, and the German language, and

instructing them more or less in French and English, mechanical drawing, chemistry, physics, history, geography, book-keeping, and a general knowledge of commerce and manufactures. The classes are held every Sunday from eight till one, and are numerously attended, the majority of the pupils being apprentices. In the winter of 1871-2, out of a total of 1,138 pupils attending these schools, 700 were apprentices. Similar schools are attached to the provincial Gewerbeschulen. Reference to these schools leads naturally to a mention of the Berlin Handwerker Verein, a workman's association formed to supply its members, some 3,000 in number, with various means of improving their education. With this object, lessons in French and English, algebra, geometry, freehand and mechanical drawing, book-keeping, and kindred subjects are given every week-day evening from eight to ten, and on Sundays from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. Lectures on art and science, chemistry, trade, and technical subjects, as well as on historical and political events, are also delivered, and, like the classes, are well attended.



V.

BERLIN UNIVERSITY.

THE Berlin University is quite a modern institution. No black-letter learning has been fostered within its halls. No early traditions linger around its precincts. It has nothing in common with—

> "Those ancient homesteads of error,
> Where the old falsehoods mouldered and smouldered;
> And yearly by many hundred hands,
> Were carried away by the zeal of youth
> And sewn like tares in the field of truth,
> To blossom and ripen in other lands."

Its existence dates no further back than 1809, when during Prussia's darkest hour, Fichte came forward and advocated in impassioned harangues the regeneration of the Fatherland by means of education. "The new University," wrote the patriotic Rahel, the future wife of Varnhagen von Ense, "has been conceived in the midst of defeat, wretchedness, and terror." The Government, though exhausted by war contributions and exactions, managed to found and to endow it, and the youth of

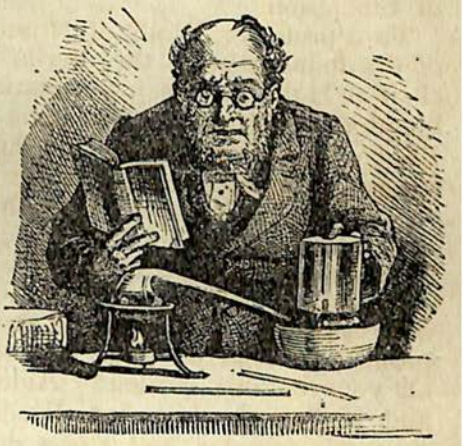
Germany soon flocked to it to listen to the daring voices which preached patriotism in a capital swarming with enemies. "The struggle of arms is over," Fichte had remarked, "we must begin that of principles, manners, and character." Napoleon, strangely blind, took no heed of the terrible weapons that Wilhelm von Humboldt and his friends were engaged in forging, but the vanquished were more clear-sighted, and from its foundation looked upon the Berlin University as one of the most powerful agencies towards securing the success of the War of Liberation.

To a professor, Wolff, of Homeric celebrity, belongs the idea of the foundation of the Berlin University. Driven from his chair at Halle on the incorporation of the city with Napoleon's kingdom of Westphalia he came to Berlin, where he found the King disposed to support his views, whereas the minister Stein strongly combated them, though purely on economic grounds. "You would leave us without shelter because you cannot build us palaces," said Wolff to him; "better give us a few huts." By degrees Stein fell in with the professor's views. "Will you not go to Potsdam," said he to Wolff, "if we build you an university there." "With all my heart," was the reply, "if you promise to send us your libraries, your museums, and above all your botanic garden." Aided by Wilhelm von Humboldt and Müller, the historian, Wolff eventually overcame Stein's economic scruples, and it was decided that a university should be established at Berlin. There was no need to build a palace wherein to instal the new institution, for there was a vacant one already at hand admirably adapted to the required purpose. This was the former residence of Friedrich the Great's younger brother, Prince Heinrich—the spacious and by no means unhandsome-looking edifice which stands back in its garden at the eastern extremity of Unter den Linden, and facing the Berlin Opera House. It had been erected in 1754 from the designs of Knobelsdorff, and had remained unoccupied ever since the death of its former possessor. The new institution rapidly acquired celebrity, and its professorial chairs have since been filled by men of world-wide fame such as Schelling, Wolff, Ritter, Ranke, Bopp, Encke, and Raumer.

A Prussian university is presided over by a rector, or if, as is sometimes the case, the nominal head happens to be the reigning sovereign, a pro-rector, elected annually by the titulary professors from amongst themselves. He is aided by a senate elected at the same time and consisting of a representative from each of the faculties, with the out-going rector, who is an *ex officio* member. The rector and senate act as a governing body, and administer justice in intra-university matters should the case be too grave for the university judge. Each faculty has also its council composed of all its full professors, and presided over

by its dean, whose duty it is to watch over the attendance of students and visit defaulters with reprimands and penalties. The Government is represented by a curator appointed by the King, and charged with the general supervision of the tenets taught. Finally, there is a quæstor intrusted with the financial administration of the establishment.

At the Berlin University, as at the German universities in general, there are four faculties, theology—law, medicine, and philosophy. Under the head of philosophy many things are taught, the laws of nature, æsthetics, the science of teaching, philology, archæology, political economy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, and all branches of mathematics. There are three classes of professors. Firstly, the full professors holding the degree of doctor in the faculty to which they belong, and whose income is derived from their lecture fees and from a fixed salary from the State, amounting in some cases to as much as 350*l.*, and in return for which they have to deliver at least two free lectures a week. Secondly, the professors extraordinary or assistant professors who receive no remuneration from the Government, but are dependent upon their lecture fees. Thirdly, the privat-docenten, a class peculiar to Germany, who are, so to say, professors on probation, this post being conferred on distinguished students producing certain certificates and performing certain exercises before delegates appointed by the faculty. They receive no salary, but take fees—which must not be lower than those charged by the professors—for the lectures they give and which count as a professor's lectures for those who attend them. They are free to lecture on any of the subjects proper to the faculty to which they belong, but usually so arrange with the titular professors that the entire field of instruction may be completely covered by their combined teaching.

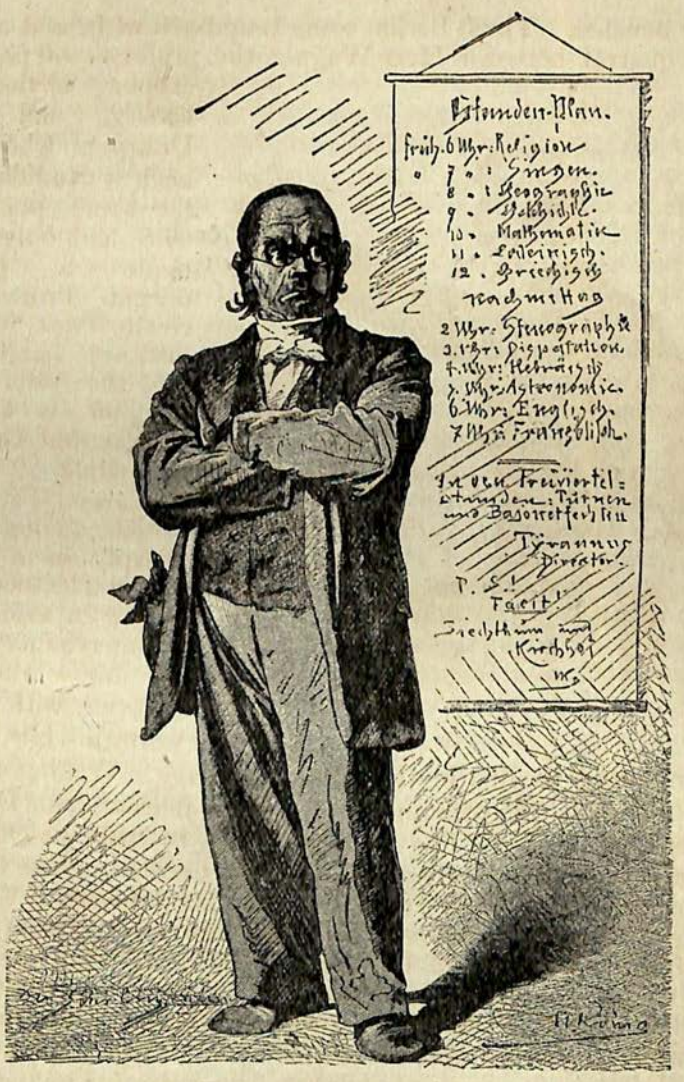


The relations between the privat-docenten and the professors are in general excellent, for, as Mr. Matthew Arnold pointedly puts it, "the distinguished professor encourages the rising privat-docent, and the privat-docent seeks to make his own teaching serve science and not his own vanity." It has happened, however, that a clever privat-docent teaching the same subject as a professor has secured four times as many attendants at his lectures, leaving his nominal chief to address his discourses to

empty benches. Thus Berlin some time back witnessed a very pretty quarrel between Herr Wagner, the professor of political economy at the University, and Herr Dühring, who had been a candidate for the same post, but who had only been made a privat-docent. Professional rivalry was in this instance heightened by the fact that Wagner is a Free Trader and Dühring a disciple of Henry C. Carey. The latter criticized his rival sharply in a book, and in a lecture given before an association of merchants spoke of him and his theories with undue warmth. His lecture was reported in full in the *Börsen Zeitung*. Wagner replied hotly through the columns of the same journal, and Dühring answered in turn. The scandal raised by this polemic led to the matter being brought before the Council of the Faculty and resulted in Dühring's dismissal from the University.

The professors themselves, recruited from amongst the privat-docenten, are appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction upon the recommendation of the teaching body, and when once installed cannot be removed from their posts—doctrines and opinions being free and uncontrolled—excepting by the common law. Even in the case of infirmity the government have been known to found a fresh professorship rather than deprive a man who has rendered services to science of his post and the remuneration attached to it. A professor of high reputation finds his services eagerly contended for by different universities, and in these struggles that of Leipsic, which is the richest in Germany, is usually successful, paying salaries sometimes ranging from 600*l.* to 800*l.* a year.

The policy of the German Government seems to find favour with the professors though not with all the youth of the universities. A Heidelberg student, the son of one of the principal Catholic deputies in the Reichstag, remarked to M. Victor Tissot, "We dare not declare ourselves anti-Prussians or we should be sent to



Coventry (*in Verschiess*)." The titular professors at Berlin, upon whom devolves the task of electing the rector, signified their acquiescence in the views of the ruling powers by appointing to the post the eminent Roman historian, Dr. Theodor Mommsen, who has been fitly styled the Carlyle of Germany. This event has a political as well as an academic significance, for the sympathies of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck are entirely with the vigorous historical school to which Dr. Mommsen and Mr. Carlyle belong, and which counts amongst its dogmas the worship of success and the deification of brute force. Dr. Mommsen, who, like Count von Moltke, is of Danish origin, is thin and bilious-looking, and his delivery is dry and disagreeable.

Educated at Altona and Kiel, he became professor of law at Leipzig, a post he lost through his share in political events, and subsequently held a professor's chair at Zurich and Breslau. A voluminous writer, he is best known in this country by his works on Roman history. His merits obtained amongst other recognitions a pension of ten thousand francs from Napoleon III., whom he is said to have aided in the composition of the *Life of Cæsar*. This, however, did not hinder him from warmly advocating the bombardment of Paris by the German troops, a fact which, coupled with the publication of a pamphlet designed to prove that Alsace and Lorraine are essentially Teutonic, has rendered him exceedingly unpopular with his French fellow-*savants*. On the 3rd August, 1875, the anniversary of the foundation of the Berlin University was celebrated, when a couple of marble pyramids erected in the grand hall and inscribed with the names of the students killed in the 1870-71 campaign were inaugurated. Herr Mommsen, who presided, closed a funeral oration in honour of their memory after this magniloquent fashion, "The House of Hohenzollern has never made an unworthy war. We do not wish for war; but every one knows that in 1870 it was declared against us. If war must break out, then we shall do as we have always done. The youth of Germany will know how to fight, to conquer, or die."

Professor Mommsen is surrounded at Berlin by a learned phalanx, including amongst it such names as Virchow, Buchner, Gneist, Dubois-Reymond, the great Greek scholar Curtius, Lepsius, the Egyptologist, Duncker, the historian, and Helmholtz, the professor of physics. Herr Virchow, the eminent Pomeranian pathologist, who some years back spread terror amongst the consumers of *wurst* and *schinken* by his discoveries in relation to the trichina worm, and who thereby acquired a nickname which still clings to him, occupies the chair of physiology, and is also director of the Pathological Institute. A materialist, he believes in neither God nor devil, affirming "that one must needs be a Mecklenburg pastor to place any faith in the existence of the prince of darkness," and having publicly lectured on the absurdity of there being a hell. These doctrines strengthen his attachment to the democratic party, and he figures as a leading Progressist in the Landtag, though he has abated much of his political virulence since he summed up the mental qualifications of the reigning house to the insurgents of 1848 in the following sharp sentence: "I know a family of which the grandfather had a softening of the brain, the son a hardening of the brain, and the grandson no brain at all." In the session of 1865 he foiled Bismarck in his project for obtaining money for the creation of a navy, and was challenged to a duel by the irate premier, but the dispute seems to have been easily accommodated.

Herr Ludwig Buchner, known as the author of *Force and Matter* is a warm partizan of the Darwinian theory, and his enemies have remarked that "in catching hold of the coat tails of his predecessors Vogt, Moleschott, and Darwin, and scrambling up on their shoulders he has given the best proof of his theory that man descends from a monkey." Herr Rudolf Gneist, professor of law, and author of a history of the English Constitution, is another active parliamentarian, one of the National Liberals who, won over by the battle of Königgrätz, gave their adherence to the policy pursued by Count Bismarck after long years of opposition. He is also a leading member of the Berlin municipality, and amongst his fellow town-councillors figures as one of the heads of the "old" party, being irreverently designated a "fossil" by the more advanced section. Herr Dubois-Reymond, though the descendant of a French family settled in the Prussian principality of Neufchatel, has distinguished himself by an intense hatred of all things French, extending even to the words so liberally borrowed from that language. He has strenuously urged the formation of an academy, to be entrusted with the task of purifying the national tongue from such excrescences as *der friseur*, the hair-dresser, *das bel-etage*, the first floor, &c., due to the mania for all things French inspired by the contemplation of the magnificences of Louis le Grand, and another result of which was the creation of scores of Ludwig's Lust and other imitations of Versailles in all parts of Germany. Herr Dubois-Reymond's efforts to bring about the eradication of these alien words and the substitution of purely Teutonic equivalents have lately been crowned with some success. French military terms are being in a measure discarded, and the Postmaster-General, Herr Stephan, has banished words of foreign origin from his department. *Post restante* is now written *post lagernde*, and *recommandirt* has been replaced by *eingeschrieben*.

The influence of the French Protestants who flocked into Prussia after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and whose descendants still form no inconsiderable proportion of the inhabitants of Berlin, especially in the Moabit, quarter where they first settled, and where their churches and schools still flourish, has extended to more than language. Herr Michelet, another university professor, who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate, and who is one of the last representatives of the school of Hegel, is of French descent. So were Savigny, the professor of law, who was Minister of Justice from 1842 to 1848, the poet Chamisso, the romance writer de la Motte Fouqué, the Baron de Reumont, the Count Brassier de Saint Simon, Count Renard, the leading German sportsman of to-day, and many other literary and political celebrities. Ancilon, who became a councillor in the departments of

Public Instruction and Foreign Affairs, and who exercised a preponderating influence in the cabinet, was the son of a pastor of Metz.

Germany owes much to the professors of her universities. As Herr Karl Hillebrand has very justly remarked, "Modern Germany is entirely the work of professors. It was Fichte who roused the activity in 1808, Jahn and Arndt in 1813, Dahlmann and Grimm in 1837, Gervinus and Hausser in 1848, Sybel and Treitschke in 1859. Professors first started the Danish question. Professors first invented *klein Deutschland*, prepared the annexation of Alsace, and helped to mature German unity. To-day professors are to be found on every bench in the German Parliament."

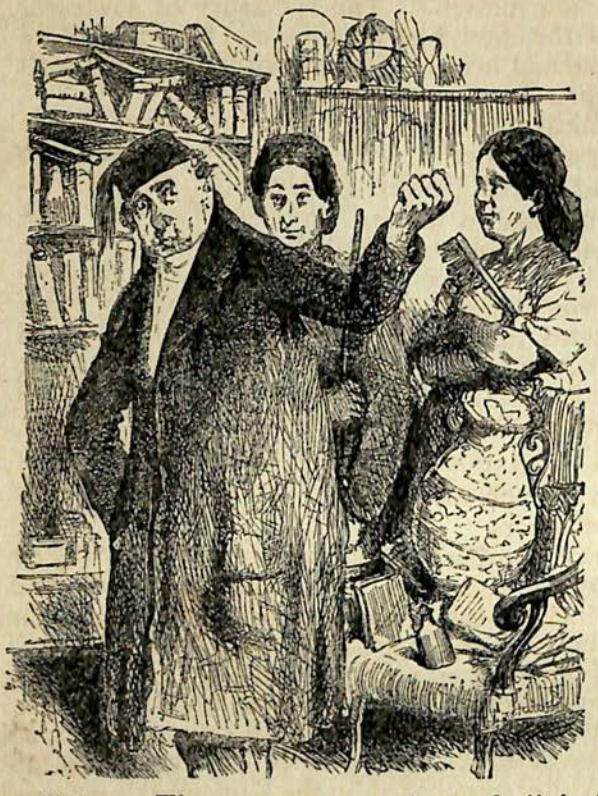
The lecture-rooms at the University are small low-roofed apartments, indifferently ventilated and the reverse of comfortable. The benches are ranged in various ways, sometimes rising one above the other in tiers and at others on the same level. The professor's desk occupies one end of the room. So far as the mode of delivery is concerned the lectures do not differ in any essential respect from those at an English university. The professor sometimes reads from notes and sometimes harangues his audience extempore, the students making jottings of the main points of his discourse. There is a complete absence of anything like academical costume, and punctuality does not appear to be recognised as a virtue by either lecturer or audience, professors and students apparently vying with each other in attending late.

The lecture of a German professor has been summarized as "a heaping up of facts and ideas, a deluge of quotations, and an avalanche of bibliographic notes." The lecturer aims rather at giving his auditors plenty of facts and details to put together and puzzle over, than at presenting a general and superficial view of the subject. This strong meat appears suitable to the digestion of German youth preoccupied with the facts and sources of science. In place of a polished statue the professor gives them a block of marble from the quarry, and leaves the

shaping of it to themselves. The professors have unlimited freedom of teaching, and the neophyte is very likely to hear *his* master insisting with Strauss that belief in the immortality of the soul is a phase through which even enlightened men like Plato had to pass, that they themselves have inherited their mental faculties from a shark and a sea slug, that we grow out of our antecedents and upon them by laws so irresistible and uniform as to exonerate us from all responsible action, and that thought itself is simply a vibration.

"In steps Philosophus,
To prove it could not but be thus—
The first was so—the second so—
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And if the premises be hollow,
Then the conclusion will not follow."

It may be noted that although German professors are popularly supposed to be the incarnation of pure idealism, those of Berlin are fully awake to the materialistic and practical tendencies of the age. They do not pass their lives in cobwebby studies into which the intrusion of brooms and dusters is regarded as a sacrilege, sublimely indifferent to ordinary sublunary affairs, and solely absorbed in hatching recondite theories and in evolving camels out of their inner consciousness, but occupy



themselves with becoming earnestness with the all absorbing questions of house rent and municipal taxation. The clauses of a new poor law would have greater interest for most of them than the text of the Moabitish stone, and the evolutions of the Infinite pale before those of the income tax.

Amongst the studies pursued in the most practical manner and with the greatest success at the Berlin University may be reckoned that of medicine. The two great teachers of clinical medicine at Berlin are Professors Frerich and Traube, the *clinique* of the former, conducted in one of the theatres of the Charité Hospital, being probably the best attended. Dr. H. R. Swanzy has thus described it in the *British Medical Journal*:—"A patient is rolled into the arena from the adjoining ward on a bed, and one of the students, named *Practicanten*, who have put their names on a list for the purpose, is called down. The history of the case is read to him and to the class, and he makes a physical examination of the patient, assisted by the professor, and forms his diagnosis. The professor then analyzes the case in every direction, in a way peculiar to the German school, and from this it is that the English student derives benefit; there he finds the most ordinary every-day cases looked at in other aspects than that in which he has been accustomed to regard them, and the diagnosis arrived at by processes of reasoning quite new to him. True, he may not always himself have an opportunity of making a physical examination of the case, nor will he be able to follow its progress from day to day; but this is not what he goes abroad for. From time to time the same patient will be again brought forward, or his case reported on; and, if death ensue, the autopsy will be conducted by the most accomplished pathologists,

perhaps even by Virchow himself." The speciality of Professor Traube is diseases of the chest, and he possesses the most acute powers of auscultation, and keeps his ears habitually stuffed with wadding in order to preserve them in perfect condition.

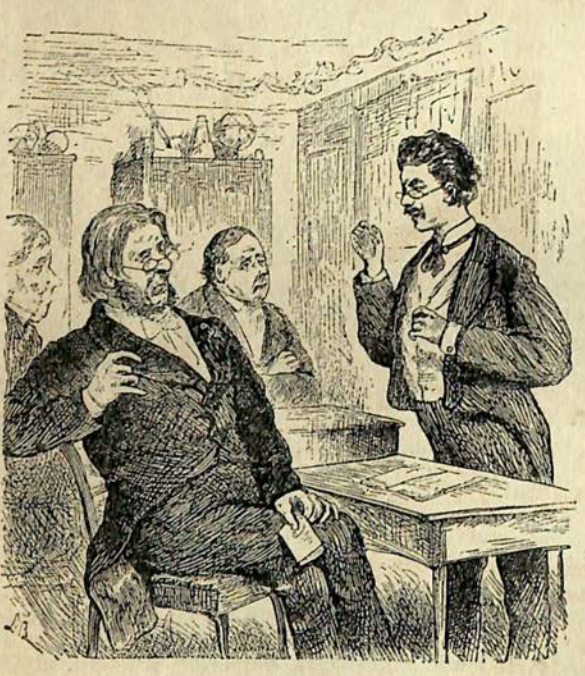
With regard to clinical surgery another great exponent of this branch of the healing art at Berlin is Professor von Langenbeck, whose *clinique* is held at the University Hospital, and is conducted in a similar manner to that of Professor Frerich. The case is first of all analyzed and expounded, and if an operation be judged necessary it is at once performed. It is a noticeable point with regard to von Langenbeck's treatment, that any other form of fixed apparatus than the plaster of Paris bandage is rarely seen in his practice. His assistants are elected for three or five years respectively, and these appointments are much sought after as they are likely to lead to a successful career. Langenbeck has the reputation of having a special liking for Englishmen, and he, Frerich, and Traube are equally ready to afford facilities to foreigners.

The upper stories of the University building are occupied by a large hall for academic festivities and various museums and collections. These include the zoological museum, said to be one of the richest in Europe, especially as regards fishes and birds; the cabinet of minerals originally belonging to the Mining Department, the so-called Christian museum, founded in 1849 for the study of ancient Christian art; and the anatomical museum, the nucleus of which was the collection of the late Medical Councillor Walter, purchased by the King and transferred to the University, and which is particularly rich in nerve preparations. In the rear of the building is a botanical garden, and belonging to the University are several collections and cabinets situated in different parts of the city, including a library of 50,000 volumes, a cabinet of surgical instruments, a botanical cabinet, a chemical laboratory, &c.

Prior to 1788 it was a very easy matter to get inscribed upon the registers of the Prussian universities, the candidate being merely asked a few questions, mainly in reference to his knowledge of Latin, but in that year a royal edict was issued prescribing a formal examination. The "Allgemeine Landrecht," promulgated in 1794, still further reformed the old system, and Wilhelm von Humboldt originated a uniform place of examination during his ministry; still the existing regulations were only definitely fixed by the edicts of 1834 and 1856. When the Gymnasium pupil comes up for his "Abiturientexamen," which takes place at the school six weeks before the close of the half year, he must—unless he possesses a special authorization, very rarely granted—have been two years in prima, the examination tests being of the same standard as the regular work of that class, and comprising in addition to the mother tongue, Latin,

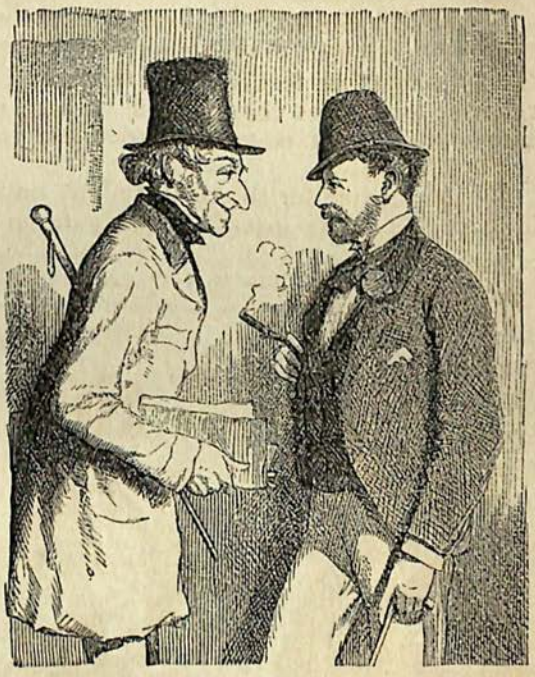
Greek, French, mathematics, physics, geography, history, and divinity, and, should the candidate intend becoming a theological student, Hebrew. By compelling the student to remain two years in prima at the Gymnasium the authorities seek to divest the Abiturientexamen of the hollowness apparent in many of our English examinations. As Mr. Matthew Arnold remarks: "That a boy shall have been for a certain number of years under good training is what in Prussia the State wants to secure, and it uses the examination test to help it to secure this. We leave his training to take its chance, and we put the examination test to a use for which it is quite inadequate to try and make up for our neglect."[1]

It is necessary for the new student on entering the University to have his name inscribed firstly upon the Matrikel and then upon the registry of the faculty, the lectures of which he purposes attending. Before this is done he has to produce the "Maiuritätszeugniss" or certificate received by him after passing the Abiturientexamen, for although one may obtain permission to attend lectures without being a member of the University, such an attendance serves no purpose for which a university course is required by law or by official regulation. The course of studies for the Berlin faculties of law, theology, and philosophy lasts three years, whilst that of medicine is of longer duration. The great object of the student is to obtain the degree of Doctor of his respective faculty, that of Licentiate, something equivalent to our M.A., being but little sought after. Each faculty examines and confers degrees, the fees payable on receiving them being, like the fees for the courses of lectures, somewhat high at Berlin as compared with other universities. Thus a doctorship in philosophy costs about 17*l.*, though sometimes a poor student



[1] *Higher Schools and Universities in Germany.*

who passes exceptionally brilliantly will have his degree conferred upon him gratis. As at the Gymnasien, the amount and character of work done is taken into consideration. Should the student propose entering the service of the State, or practising as a lawyer, a doctor, or a clergyman, he presents himself on leaving the University before the official Prüfungs - commission, provided with his degree, and certificates showing the lectures he has attended and the general character of his scholastic career. If he passes through the three or four days' paper work, and six or eight hours' *viva voce* examination successfully, he finds himself invested with the position of a government civil servant, or free to follow the profession he has chosen. Congratulations as a matter of course await him from the professors whose lectures he attended the most regularly and who feel a lively interest in his success.



The number of students at the Berlin University has greatly decreased since the war, owing mainly to the augmented cost of living in the capital. Many of the students, finding they could not live in Berlin, betook themselves to Leipzig, which has 140 professors and 2,800 students, or to Halle, which has 95 professors and 1,055 students. Formerly, numerous students after finishing their education at other Universities came to Berlin for six months to acquire a final polish. In the winter session of 1871-2 the number of students on the matriculation list was 2,603, in the summer of 1872 it was 1,990, in the winter of 1872-3, 1,918, and in the summer of 1873 it had fallen to 1,590. In the winter of 1874-5 there were, however, 1,824 inscribed students, 134 belonging to the faculty of theology, 624 to that of law, 276 to that of medicine, and 790 to that of philosophy. Of these 1,457 were Prussians, 220 Germans from other states, and 147 foreigners, chiefly Americans and Russians. In addition, 1,747 pupils of the higher schools such as the Friedrich Wilhelm Institute, the Military Medical Academy, the Building Academy, Industrial Academy, Academy of Mines, Academy of Arts, Agricultural Institute, &c., were authorized to attend the University lectures. The number of professors, assistant professors, and privat-docenten is 185, including 6 professors, and 5 privat-docenten belonging

to the faculty of theology, 4 professors and 7 privat-docenten to that of law, 12 professors and 30 privat-docenten to that of medicine, and 33 professors and 24 privat-docenten to that of philosophy. These 55 professors deliver about 350 lectures per term, and the 66 privat-docenten about 283.

The number of students attending the whole of the German universities is estimated at 20,000, which has caused the Rev. Mark Pattison to remark that among ourselves "universities may be respected, but they certainly are not popular institutions. It is not uncommon on this view to hear a comparison drawn between the some 5,000 students in our universities and the some 20,000 who people the universities of Germany. But these comparative figures do not much aid the imagination to estimate the popularity of a university education among us, on account of the vast number of differences between the two countries which would have to be taken into account. One difference alone disconcerts the whole parallel,—*i.e.*, the far greater wealth of this country. If the numbers of the university students were compared not with the population of England and Germany respectively, but with the amount of realized property in each country, the difference would be made to appear still greater in favour of Germany. But, apart from any comparison, it cannot be thought that with a population of 21 millions, and realized property of some 6,000 millions of pounds, 5,000 students is at all a satisfactory fraction of our youth as the total of those who are brought within the scope of a liberal education."

STUDENTS IN A BERLIN BIER-KELLER.

VI.

BERLIN STUDENTS.

AT the time the Berlin University was founded, the introduction of a number of wild German students into the heart of the Prussian capital was regarded as an exceedingly rash proceeding, and it was predicted they would create endless disturbances, and would at the same time derive a corrupt and dissolute tone from the influence of a large and, to a certain extent, gay city. The reverse, however, has proved to be the case. At Berlin the students are lost as it were in the multitude, and preserve very little individuality of their own. The Berlin *burschen* are indeed the least eccentric and most tractable and inoffensive of any in Germany, owing to the circumstance of their being located in a well-regulated city, where any aberrations they might indulge in would not be tolerated for an instant. Indeed such a thing as student life, as it is commonly understood, scarcely exists at Berlin, for it is impossible to apply that term to the escapades of a few exuberant youths who insult the guests in beer saloons, and are turned out in consequence. A student's existence at Berlin is in fact marked by much the same flavourless character as that of a student in the Scotch university towns. Lost in the midst of an ever-increasing population, the Berlin students live on almost unregarded by the surrounding ocean of "philistines" whom they profess to hold in such supreme contempt. The chorus-singing in the market-places, the jovial strolling from

bierhaus to bierhaus bedecked with flaunting badges, the processions, cavalcades, and days of rejoicing, the midnight serenading of fair ones clandestinely beloved—all these incidents which form the chief attractions of a student's life in a small town are utterly unknown in Berlin. Now and then the peaceful citizen—that most despised of all philistines, whom the students have depicted in humorous verse as promenading regularly every Sunday in the Thiergarten with a child holding on to either hand and a third hanging on his back, whilst his wife follows with a large bottle of weak coffee in her pocket—reads in the *Vossische Zeitung* that a duel between a couple of students which was to have come off in one of the villages of the environs has been scented and hindered by the police, or of the celebration of some jubilee connected with the University, while at another time he hears of the students having welcomed the Crown Prince on his return to the capital by a torchlight procession and the chaunting of :—

"Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber Alles,
Ueber Alles in der Welt!"

or the rousing Student's Hymn,

"Stimmt an mit hellem hohen Klang,"

under his palace windows. Placards too on the Litfass columns will perhaps inform the world of the Berlin students' design to give an amateur performance of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* for the benefit of the poor, and quite recently, in responsé to the appeal of Döring, the Court actor, they co-operated in the production of Schröder's *Studenten und Lützower* for the benefit of its veteran author. The performance was given in the Nationaltheater, and both poet and actors were again and again called for by the audience amidst enthusiastic applause, the students having thrown themselves with ardour into this spirited picture of the stirring times of the War of Liberation. The scene of the piece is laid in Jena, where a number of students, inflamed by an address from the King of Prussia to his people, and a letter to themselves from the poet Körner, join the Lützow troop. Körner, who appears among them, kills a French spy in a duel, and as he has to return to his regiment, Konrad Holbach, the head of the union, takes the responsibility of the deed on himself, and after being thrown into prison by the French, is on his way to execution when he is rescued by the Lützowers, and is subsequently united to some devoted girl whom he had long loved in secret.

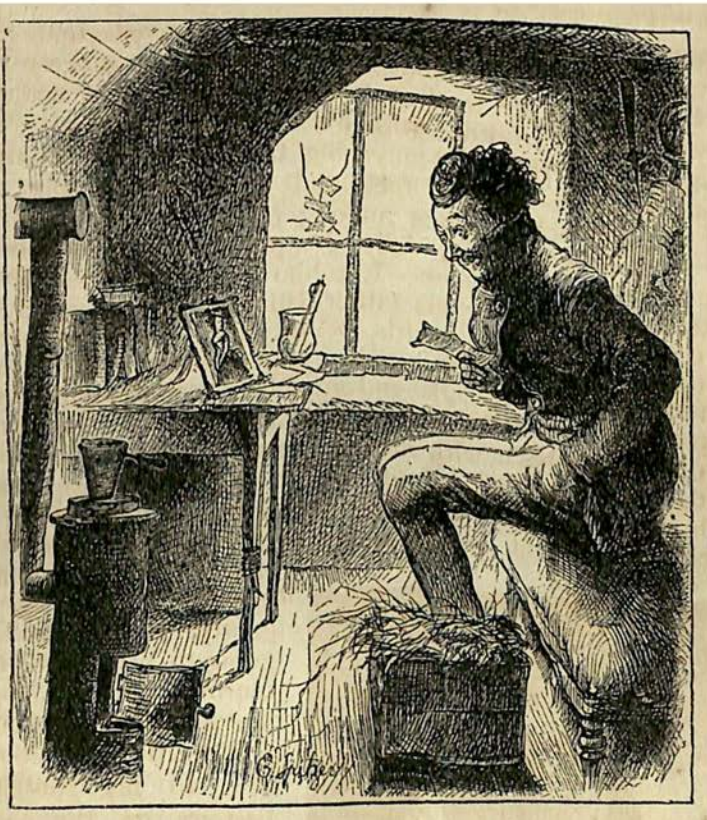
The student's sojourn at Berlin is occasionally varied by such incidents as the foregoing, still the *bursch* who, at Jena, at Heidelberg, and at Tübingen is king, is here little more than a nonentity. The Akademische Bier- and Lese-hallen are insignificant in size and almost abandoned, whilst the Academica

booksellers—always of such importance in a small university town—are of no account whatever in Berlin. As may be supposed too, the etiquette of the capital of the New Empire forbids the paying of visits in slippers and gorgeously flowered dressing-gowns, such as the students of the universities above-mentioned are in the habit of making morning calls in amongst themselves. The students of the various provinces have different coloured caps, still these are not generally worn by the majority, and without this sign it is somewhat difficult to distinguish the Berlin students among the crowd of young men who throng the streets of the Weltstadt. Commonly they are sufficiently dirty, and one of their principal characteristics is a certain snobbishness; indeed, on the whole, they might be mistaken for clerks out for a holiday.

The Berlin students do not limit themselves to any particular quarter of the city, but lodge wherever their fancy takes them. Many patronize the so-called Quartier Latin, of which the principal streets are the Luisen-strasse, Marien-strasse, and Karl-strasse. On mounting to the top stories of one of the houses they inhabit one finds the low narrow doors covered with cards bearing the names of students of all the faculties, and ample opportunities are afforded

of studying the varied characteristics of intellectual young Germany. One of the tenants will probably be a rackety young bursch who tears his landlady's sofa with his spurs, and hacks the rest of the furniture with his rapier in trying his skill at fencing, besides thrusting anything that may come handy into the stove when short of fuel, and upsetting the spirit lamp over the table-cloth when making coffee, but whose carelessness in money matters fully compensates in her mind for these little extravagances. Let him make hay while the sun shines, for one fine day his father will arrive unexpectedly from the country with the words, "You have wasted your time, squandered my money, misapplied your remittances, and scarcely attended any lectures. An end must be put to this sort of thing, and as there does not seem to be the making of a doctor in you, you must come back with me to the village and see what you can do as a farmer." Next door to this young scapegrace is another student whom his comrades facetiously nickname "the camel," on account of his hardworking existence, and who is the very reverse of his neighbour, studying diligently, eating sparingly, going to bed at one in the morning and making his alarum awaken him at five. All the time he does not give to his studies he bestows on the contemplation of the portrait of his flaxen-haired inamorata who is sighing for him somewhere in the wilds of Pomerania.

Frequently two or three students will live together in one room, and that perhaps a small back one, with sloping roof and dormer windows giving so dim a light that it is with difficulty one can see to read and write, while, as regards its dimensions, the apartment would scarcely afford sufficient space for swinging the proverbial cat. Students of this category dwell in constant terror of their landlady, who makes their coffee as weak as possible and buys the smallest and cheapest rolls she can procure, and in winter time invariably cuts off the supply of fuel whenever the rent becomes much in arrear. The increased expense of living at Berlin, and more especially the high price of lodgings, has much to do with the rapid decline in the number of students attending the University. It is of course impossible for students of limited means to pay 2*l.* 5*s.* a month for an attic in the Friedrichstadt, and no wonder, therefore, that they betake



themselves to Leipzig, where a decent apartment can be procured for a sovereign a month, and they can dine comfortably for as small a sum as eightpence. Such a thing as a student's apartment making the smallest pretensions to elegance is unknown in Berlin, for the simple reason that the rent of such quarters would be quite beyond the average student's means. Recently an attempt has been made to remedy the evils arising from the extortionate price of lodging by establishing a boarding-house for students under the supervision of the University authorities.

A student's day's work usually begins late. During the half year previous to his final examination he is perhaps up and at work betimes, but a bursch who rises early and studies hard in the first half year is a rare exception to the general rule. Indeed, Mr. Arnold estimates that only a third of the students of the Berlin University "work," though he sets down the work performed as considerably more than at Oxford or Cambridge. Having presented himself at the University and attended lectures, the student usually resolves himself into a committee of ways and means, and proceeds to dine as cheaply as he can at Kranich's in the Luisen-strasse, or some similar establishment

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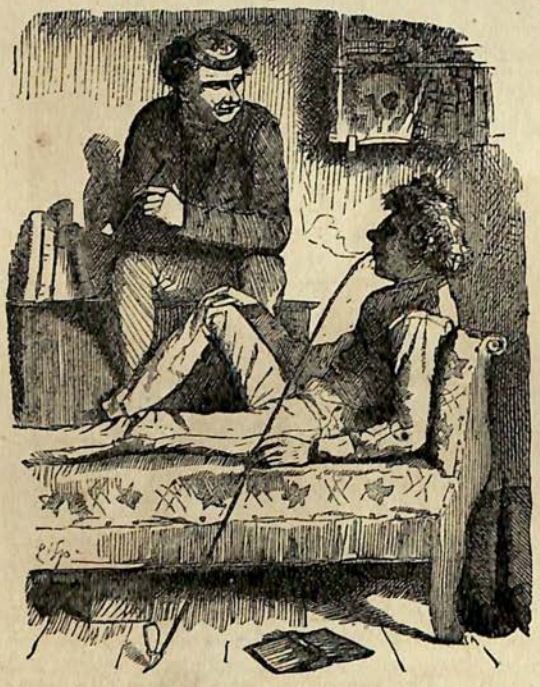
Müller's bierhaus, in the neighbourhood of the University, and the so-called Studenten Kneipe in Dorotheen-strasse, are much patronised by the Berlin burschen. To these may be added half-a-dozen restaurants, such as the Alte Münze in the Werderscher-markt, Schwanzer's in Friedrichs-strasse, Wendell's in Markthallen-strasse, the Kurfürsten Keller in Post-strasse, and Werck's in Holzmarkt-strasse.

At a student's restaurant the utmost freedom of behaviour is allowed and even encouraged. At the ordinary Berlin restaurants there is a laxity of good manners, but in the students' restaurants it is far worse. Many students smoke while eating, and after every mouthful of meat will take a puff at a cigar, and continue doing so throughout the meal. In fact it seems to be a point of honour with the Berlin student to smoke all day long whether he is by himself or in the company of friends. The instant one cigar or pipe is out another must be lighted. The pipe, however, is commonly reserved for home indulgence, the Berlin student scarcely ever condescending to smoke it out of doors. Another *inter cœnam* habit of the Berlin student is the playing of billiards during the repast. The dinner table is wheeled up to the side of the billiard table, and while one student cannons away the other deliberately plies his knife and fork. As soon as the first has finished his break, he lays down his cue and refreshes himself with a few mouthfuls, while his antagonist, starting up, takes his turn at the balls. The practice is a very common one indeed at Berlin.



With most students a preliminary glass of beer appears to be essential before taking their first spoonful of soup. Every restaurant has a special waiter whose duty it is to attend to the beer supply, and at a student's restaurant the instant he espies a glass mug nearly empty he quietly substitutes a full one in its place without waiting for orders to do so. In other respects the attendance is very bad, and you may commonly

reckon upon waiting half-an-hour for your dinner unless you chance to be a regular customer. The replenishing of your beer mug, however, is invariably attended to with loving care. The beer-imbibing qualities of the Germans are proverbial, but the student class excel all others in their power of suction, and it would tire a looker-on to count the number of mugfuls of beer which many of them will consume after their midday meal.

The afternoon resorts of the idle student are the fencing-room or shooting-gallery, both of which have come largely into fashion since the late war. Others of his *confrères* will sally forth for a stroll, while a few perhaps will work a little. Then there are friends to be visited, including former acquaintances from the same province, or some shop girl upon whom the amatory bursch has temporarily fixed his affections, besides which there are friends who visit him. Finally there comes a game at "Skat" at which it is not necessary to know how to play too well, as that would result in depriving one's comrades of their small amount of spare cash. The evening, by all save the very industrious, who stay at home and consume the midnight oil, is naturally devoted to pleasure, which if it does not take the form of billiards, lures its votaries to particular cafés chantants, tanz säle, or beer saloons or cellars. Or there may be some students' club-meeting to be attended. These club meetings are commonly very noisy affairs. Each "Verbindung" has its *kneipe*, and there are many restaurants which are known among the students by the designations derived from their being the meeting-places of certain clubs such as "Die Kneipe der Verbindung Werderania." These student clubs hold their meetings in all quarters of the city. The Landmannschaft Normannia meets at a restaurant in Leipziger-strasse, while the kneipe of the Verbindung Wingolf is the Café Below in Artillerie-strasse, and that of the Verein Joachimica, the Café Feuerheerd in Mittel-strasse, the kneipe of

the Landmannschaft Germania being in Neue Friedrichs-strasse. Conviviality is the exclusive object of most of these societies, still there are some which have loftier aims, notably the Albertina Reform-Verbindung which has the Café Danack in Johannis-strasse for its kneipe, and holds its meetings regularly every Thursday during the sessions of the University. The object of this society is to combine conviviality with efforts "to counteract the received prejudices and abuses of academical life, and to bring about a reformation of it in harmony with the spirit of the age. Its efforts are specially directed against the custom of duelling among the students, and the wearing of colours."

A somewhat noted resort of the Berlin burschen is the concert-garden in Friedrichs-strasse, where on showing their cards students are admitted for half price. At all of these places they apply themselves to the steady ingurgitation of more beer than a novice would believe the human œsophagus capable of imbibing, accompanying it, moreover, with a corresponding consumption of tobacco. Beer indeed appears to be at once a necessity and luxury to the German student, and fortunately for him it is one of those commodities which since the war has not risen immensely in price. The more extravagant bursch, should he only chance to be in funds, will be certain to wind up his evening at some Berlin "delicatessen-keller."

As a contrast to the idler there is the typical reading student, with a preference for long hair and anything but clean linen. His face is pale and mottled, and presents on the whole a singularly unhealthy appearance. Indeed so far as health is concerned, his dissipated beer-drinking brother appears to have greatly the advantage of him. The reading student is never seen abroad without spectacles astride his nose, and books under his arm. This passion for spectacles is shared indeed by the students generally, a bursch without glasses being a comparative rarity. You will see him take them off when he reads the

newspapers, and unconcernedly put them on again the moment he has finished their perusal.

Berlin students enjoy the privilege of frequenting the Opera and the Schauspielhaus, or royal theatre, by paying only half the usual price for admission, and certain seats known as Studentenplätze, are especially reserved for them. Some little time ago quite a sensation was created by a dispute which arose between the students and Herr von Hülsen the royal superintendent of theatres, who had threatened to cancel their half-price privileges, owing to their having hissed a new comedy entitled *Ein Erfolg* by Paul Lindau, the government favourite playwright. In expressing their disapprobation of this work the students were certainly in the right, for it appears to have been but a coarse imitation of one of the French *demi-monde* pieces, glorifying the fatuity of a Berlin dandy dramatist, and the ravages committed by a counter Don Juan, but they seem to have done so somewhat too noisily. Upon Herr von Hülsen threatening to abolish their privilege, they addressed him a formal letter stating that they preferred to renounce it voluntarily, as they were apparently no longer to enjoy the right of freely expressing their opinions, and a few evenings later a number of them treated him to a monster rough music serenade. Herr von Hülsen, however, took the matter in good part, and appearing on his balcony, ironically thanked the performers for their concert. It may be added that this occurrence was a most abnormal one, and that it ranks as a memorable event in the annals of the University.

With the exception of skating, for which they have a high reputation, and sledging, such a thing as a single manly sport of any kind is utterly unknown to the Berlin students, and although the British embassy mans a "four-oar" during the season, not one of the different Burschenschaften has its boat upon the Spree. The nearest approach to anything resembling sport are the duelling encounters which disgrace the Berlin almost as much as the other German universities, and which are apparently indulged in for want of any better pastime. On passing the University at one p.m. when the students are pouring forth into Unter den Linden, one is unpleasantly struck by the number whose faces are seamed and scarred by the swish of the trenchant *schläger* point, which, according to the rules prescribed, is delivered only on the countenance. Very proud indeed of their cuts, the young fellows who have been honoured with one or two, appear to be, going about for some days with faces adorned with strips of black plaster, the envy and admiration of their comrades. Long afterwards these scars will be regarded with a sigh, when the carelessly happy days when they were given and received recur to the duellists' memory.

Appeals to the arbitration of cold steel are regulated by the students' code of honour, and are had recourse to for the settle-

ment of offences against it, and of personal disputes amongst themselves, the formal corps challenges of other universities being unknown at Berlin. The *Norddeutsche Zeitung* commenting on a movement aiming at the abolition of the custom, expresses its belief that no formal prohibition would be successful, and that the disuse of deadly weapons can only be brought about by a gradual refinement in the feelings and habits of students themselves.

The penalties inflicted by the authorities for violations of the laws of the University, which laws every student on entering has to sign a formal engagement to observe, are at times remarkably severe. For a first and slight offence the bursch will probably only receive a reprimand or be condemned to pay a small fine, but for graver crimes he can be sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The final penalties are rustication and absolute expulsion. That a necessity for the strictest supervision exists, is evident from the fact that even in the lecture halls notices have been posted up by the Senate, warning the students, in consequence of repeated thefts, to keep an eye on their personal effects. It proves the very mixed character of the youths frequenting the University, when even in the sacred halls of learning, the profane covetousness of a neighbour's goods has ventured to intrude itself under the mask of a thirst for knowledge.

The songs of the German student enjoy a European reputation, and few are unacquainted with the well-known Latin chaunt commencing :—

"Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus,
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus—"

or with von Schënkendorf's stirring "Student's War Song" written during the War of Liberation.

"A student I was yesterday,
A subaltern to-day ;
Farewell, farewell, O learned life
Ye worthless books away !
To serve my king on battle-field
My willing footsteps go,
And I can sleep without a tent
Where war's red roses blow."

Most of the alumni of the University, however, would probably prefer the more peaceful yet spirited song of the departing bursch.

"Farewell ye streets both straight and queer,
Adieu !
No longer shall I wander here,
Adieu !
No more with shouts I'll make ye ring,
No more ye'll echo when I sing,
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu !
This parting rends the heart in two.

"Avaunt ye *kneipen*, ye call in vain,
Adieu!
No drinking bouts for me again,
Adieu!
In vain ye beckon with open door.
This thirsty soul ye'll warm no more,
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two.

"God bless thee now Collegia!
Adieu!
Celebrissima Academia!
Adieu!
No more I'll doze within thy walls,
No more I'll seek thy mouldy halls,
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu!
This parting rends the heart in two."

All these songs are more or less favourites with the Berlin students, but the University of the Weltstadt, unlike that of Jena, is not yet celebrated for any particular melodies of its own. Neither do its students pay such ardent devotion to Bacchus as to emulate a former minister of public worship, Herr von Mühler, who immortalized the exploits of his youthful days in the ditty commencing:—

"Straight from the beer room I've just come out,
What upon earth has the street been about?
Jumbled together are left side and right;
Street! beyond a doubt thou art quite tight.
La, la, la, la."

On the other hand, however, no other German city can offer such an advanced scientific education as Berlin, the advantages derived from which are surely more worthy of commemoration than the follies of a student's life in a provincial town. Those at least who have turned to good account the facilities offered them, will be prompted in this matter to sing Berlin's praises in sober earnest.

VII.

BERLIN SCEPTICISM.—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE STATE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

PRUSSIA presents the singular spectacle of the most pious sovereign in Europe, the *Rex fidelissimus* among living monarchs, ruling over subjects the most unbelieving in all Christendom. Prussian infidelity, however, is of no very recent date. The crusade against the heathenish Wends was not followed by any deep devotion to the Roman Catholic faith on the part of their conquerors, and such feeble Protestantism as survived the wars of the Reformation and the after-clash of contending creeds yielded readily enough to the inroad of the free-thinking doctrines which sprang from the speculative philosophy of the eighteenth century. And this is scarcely to be wondered at when the spectacle was presented of Tubingen theologians engaging in a contest of dialectics with the Dillinger Jesuits as to whether the Catholic or Reformed religions offered the greatest attractions, and demonstrating beyond cavil that no faith permitted such licence as the Lutheran, and when, moreover, it was a common thing for the indigent ministers of that

persuasion to be called upon to marry their patron's cast-off mistress as the price of presentation to some miserably-endowed living. At this epoch one popular preacher certainly had the courage, as well as the wit, to reply to some petty German potentate's mistress, who had demanded that she might be included in the prayers of the church—"Madam, we pray daily to the Lord to deliver us from evil."

Friedrich the Great—while tolerating all religions and making it his boast that in his states every one could get to heaven in his own way—by opinion and example ranged himself on the side of the free thinkers, which induced Voltaire, who regarded him as one of the half-dozen men of genius who were to aid in overthrowing what he termed "the religion founded by twelve beggars," to compare him to Julian the apostate. No wonder therefore that Protestant theology in Prussia should have drifted into Rationalism, which regards natural religion as alone morally necessary, and then to Naturalism, which repudiates all supernatural divine revelation.

The study of Hebrew has always been cultivated throughout Germany, professors of this language being attached to even the smallest colleges. A principal effect of this has been to vulgarize the criticism of the sacred writings, yet although a marked want of reverence has been exhibited, it is impossible to gainsay the depth and interest of much of the research. The dominating tendency of these studies, is however, purely rationalistic, and the Scriptures being regarded merely in the light of historic annals, devoid of either supernatural authority or divine inspiration, the authenticity of one book after another of the sacred writings has been disputed only to be rejected. Prussian Protestantism undermined therefore on the one side by philosophic speculation and on the other by scientific rationalism, has been gradually sliding into pure Pantheism and even Atheism. To-day these are the dominant creeds not only in the capital and the larger towns, but likewise in many of the rural districts, although of course in a less degree.

"In the sphere of religion," laments one Berlin journal, "liberal Protestantism has long since destroyed all respect for the commandments of God, and Christianity seems absolutely dead in our midst. At Berlin there are many thousands who since their youth have remained utter strangers to Christ's Church, and who if they still belong to it only do so in name." Every year some six-and-twenty thousand children are received by baptism into the bosom of the Evangelical Church, and yet out of thirty thousand burials in Protestant cemeteries the clergy officiate at only a trifle more than one-tenth, the purely civil interments being nearly 27,000,[1] or far more than occur throughout the whole

[1] The exact figures for 1871 were 25,569 baptisms and 29,879 burials, and at only 3,236 of the latter did the clergy assist. The figures for 1874 exhibit

of France, so soundly rated by German priests for its immorality and impiety. While among the entire Protestant community of Berlin these civil interments average nearly 90 per cent., the rate in particular parishes is considerably higher. Thus in that of St. Thomas, with a population of 60,000 souls, whose spiritual wants are administered to by merely three clergymen, there were in 1870 only 63 burials at which a minister of religion officiated, while at as many as 1,897 such aid was altogether dispensed with. Moreover, of 4,975 persons who died in the hospitals and other charitable institutions of Berlin during the year 1871, all excepting 236 were consigned to the grave without a clergyman of any denomination assisting at their interment. The smallest proportion of religious burials, namely 1·7 per cent., was among persons dying in the state hospital of La Charité, while the largest, equal to 79·3 per cent., was among the members of the French Protestant Church.

The organ of the Berlin Evangelical party, mourning over this state of things, complained that "spite of the marvellous favour shown by the Lord to His evangelical people in the year of glory 1870, religious life continues to fall off in the capital of the new Empire," where year after year this straying of sheep from the Protestant fold augments in a far greater ratio than any increase in the irreligious immigrant population of Berlin suffices to account for. This backsliding, too, would appear to be peculiar to the evangelical community, the Catholics, Jews, Lutherans, Moravian brethren, and other sects exhibiting no such wholesale recusancy.[1] Dr. Schwabe, head of the government statistical bureau, in referring to the religious condition of Berlin, described the old forms as broken, and Protestantism having neither the talent nor the strength to substitute new ones in their place. "Never before," observes he, "has it so failed to satisfy mankind as at the present time."

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, the organ of the feudal party, considered that the proper remedy for this laxity in matters of religion was to increase the number of Protestant churches, which, including chapels, at present amount to 58.[2] "Where," it asked, "are the temples of adoration in this capital of the world? One perceives, in the midst of a sea of houses, the roofs and turrets of magnifi-

scarcely any variation from the above. It may be remarked that since the passing of the Civil Marriages' Bill, the religious marriages in Berlin have fallen off nearly one-half.

[1] During 1871 there were 1,409 baptisms among the Berlin Roman Catholics and 1,571 burials by the clergy: with the Lutherans the baptisms were 105, and the burials 84, and with other Dissenters 95 and 49. The Jewish births and burials were 876 and 553 respectively.

[2] There are in addition four Roman Catholic churches and two synagogues. The number of officiating Protestant clergymen among a population of nearly a million souls, about two-thirds of whom are supposed to belong to that faith, is 109.

cent palaces and numerous factory chimneys like so many minarets, but very few houses of God, and no ancient cathedral with its towers dominating all, even although the gilded cupola of the chapel of an old royal castle announces that a pious dynasty reigns over our city. Berlin of all Christian towns is the one which has proportionately the smallest number of churches." To this lament the free-thinking organs sarcastically and curtly rejoined: "The pious *Zeitung* should have added that even the few churches of which it speaks are always empty." In fact, this would appear to be the normal condition of Berlin Protestant places of worship, for twenty years ago Pastor Kuntze complained before the Ecclesiastical Assembly of Berlin that out of the then population of 440,000, less than 4,000 attended divine worship, and with the majority of these, said the court preacher, Krummacher, "it was simply an affair of parade, a sort of theatrical piety." Since that epoch the number of adult church-goers, according to the *Volks Zeitung*, has steadily decreased, until it has fallen to about a half per cent. of the population. The attendance is even more insignificant than at certain London churches —where the scanty congregations are satisfactorily accounted for by the circumstance of nearly the whole of the parishioners residing in the suburbs—for it frequently happens that preacher and organist depart without performing the service, owing to there being not even a single listener present. This, we are told, has even happened in a community numbering 7,000 souls.

With the outward forms of religious life thus dead, as it were, in the capital of the New Empire, it is not surprising a great falling off in the number of theological students should be apparent at the Prussian Universities. Five-and-forty years ago these boasted of no less than 2,203 students in theology, whereas, in 1873, spite of the great increase which had taken place in the population, they had dwindled down to merely 740. But what is more significant is that of the Prussian students of theology who matriculated in the Prussian Universities between 1851 and 1873, one-third abandoned theology before ordination; that parsons' sons now-a-days are least likely to become parsons, and that the clergy of all denominations secure few, if any, recruits from among the cultivated classes.

A year or two ago, with the view of promoting a larger attendance at Berlin places of public worship, the government ordered that all the shops in the city were to remain closed during the hours of divine service, but the measure proved singularly unpopular and conduced in no degree to augment the ordinary scanty congregations.

If, as Menzel says, Berlin in the eighteenth century was the Elysium of free thinkers, in the nineteenth it is unquestionably the limbo of Atheism, and Atheism, moreover, which proclaims itself from the housetops. Your Berlin infidel is the reverse of reticent.

He does not wrap up his ideas in "filmy, gauzy, gossamery phrases," but speaks out boldly, "scorning even the semblance of respect for things and words that millions of men hold sacred, and being sublimely indifferent to other people's feelings. For him all those who profess a faith are fools or liars; all teachers of religion are hypocritical scoundrels or doddering idiots; religion is a cunningly-devised machine for enslaving the human will; the Deity is but a mere fetish set up on a tripod, the supports of which are human greed, cowardice, and ignorance. He is not restrained, as are many English infidels, by any social or conventional considerations from saying what he thinks, be it in Parliament, at the club, or in the drawing-room." Take, for instance, the following utterance of Herr Bebel in the Reichstag, during the debate on the bill for banishing the Jesuits, as a fair example. "Religion of any sort," remarked the socialistic turner, "is wholly incompatible with healthy intelligence—and [turning to the different parts of the House] none of you who are possessed of any understanding really believe the least bit in such nonsense. But it is a convenient method for perpetuating oppression—so is an enormous standing army—therefore you support both with all your energies, although your intellect tells you that they are equally immoral and intolerably silly. To educate the people is to free them from superstition and slavishness; that is why you pay your schoolmasters worse than your swineherds, and load Bishops and Generals with wealth and honours. Where education prevails religion perishes. But as long as you of different so-called creeds take the trouble to persecute one another, and call yourselves Liberals into the bargain, I need not aid you, for you are cutting your own throats fast enough!" The truth is that just as the great majority of the population are supremely indifferent to religious devotion, so have they an almost Celtic fondness for religious strife; and Jews, Atheists, philosophers, and unbelievers generally, especially availed themselves of the opportunity furnished by the recent contest between the State and the Roman Catholic hierarchy to engage in the *mêlée*. All the old stories of priestly persecutions, crime, and folly were raked up, and the lash of vituperation and satire was vigorously applied to Catholic and Protestant Churches alike.

The promulgation at the Œcumenical Council of 1870, by a packed majority of Italian prelates, of the dogma of papal infallibility, resulted in a bitter feud between the State and the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia. At the preliminary meetings of the Council the eighty-four representatives of the new Empire were loud in their opposition to the obnoxious doctrine, but modified their opinions as the decisive vote drew near, and before it was taken abruptly fled from Rome. Soon after their return to their dioceses, however, they made their submission to the

Holy Father, and acquiesced in the dogma they had but lately denounced. The distinguished Rector of the Munich University, Dr. Döllinger, the foremost champion of "Old Catholicism," and a few other prominent theologians alone remained faithful to their opinions. In Prussia, where the sphere of action was less favourable for the Old Catholic movement than in Bavaria and Würtemberg, the prelates, as if to atone for their late lukewarmness, inaugurated a purely Ultramontane line of conduct. They employed all their influence to impede the realization of German Unity, and when this had been effected, displayed an attitude violently antagonistic to the new institutions. Not one of the members of the central or local parliaments returned by their influence but was more or less hostile to the Government. Not one of the numerous papers established by their adherents in every part of the country but opposed the New Empire, desired the re-admission of Austria, and coquetted with France. Not one of the many religious and semi-religious societies established under their patronage but expressed the same sentiments and declared itself subject only to the injunctions of the Pope. The difficulty was already assuming serious proportions when in July, 1871, the German Chancellor reconstituted the Ministry of Worship and Education, then directed by Herr von Mühler, the author of the famous convivial ditty, "Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus," and since deceased. In the month of October following, a largely attended Protestant meeting held at Berlin passed a resolution calling for the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Empire, and declaring it to be the duty of the German nation to energetically oppose the monstrous dogma of Papal Infallibility. To this manifestation several Catholic prelates replied by memorials vindicating the Jesuits from "invidious aspersions," and maintaining that the canonical laws were more binding than those enacted by the secular power.

Early in 1872 a Posen apothecary's assistant named Westerwell was arrested on the charge of conspiring against the life of Prince Bismarck. After a few weeks' detention, however, the harmless fanatic was set at liberty, together with his protector, Dr. von Kozmian, a disreputable ecclesiastic who was also implicated in the affair. A search made in the monastery of Posen, von Kozmian's habitual retreat when he was not starring at Homburg in mufti and playing away Peter's pence at the gaming table, resulted, however, in the seizure by the police of some very compromising Ultramontane documents. Nothing could have been more opportune at that juncture than the discovery amongst these of a letter from the clerical deputy Windthorst to an august personage, on the tactical modifications to be adopted by the Roman Catholic party in their operations against the constituted authorities. The sentences, "There is nothing more to be hoped for from parliament," and "I advise appeals to

princes direct, instead of to legislative assemblies," were turned into formidable weapons in Prince Bismarck's hands. To counterbalance the agitation caused by this incident, the Catholic prelates assembled in congress at Fulda, issued a magniloquent pastoral exhorting the priests to bear up against the persecutions of their enemies and to redouble their religious zeal.

This letter virtually flung down the gauntlet to Prince Bismarck, who had no idea of declining such a challenge. A law was passed at his instigation rendering any ecclesiastic engaging in political agitation in the pulpit, or otherwise abusing his sacred office, liable to imprisonment for not more than two years, and to a fine not exceeding 1,000 thaler. Disinclined to submission, the Ultramontane clergy transferred their political activity from the pulpit to the platform, reading a written sermon that would bear the scrutiny of the law, and inviting their flock to meet them elsewhere in the evening when they would address them in their capacity of citizens. This law applied to the whole of Germany, and, warmly supported by the Bavarian Minister of Public Worship, was followed in Prussia by two more important measures—one introducing the form of civil marriage, the other empowering Prussian subjects to leave the pale of any recognized religious community and to cease paying dues to it, without having to declare what other religious community they intended to join. The Government, moreover, took the education question in hand. Herr von Mühler, whose ecclesiastical proclivities did not suit Prince Bismarck's views, had to resign office in favour of Dr. Falk, and, after a sharp struggle, the Schools' Inspection Bill, which entirely shattered the influence of the Ultramontane party in educational matters, passed both houses of the Legislature.

Meanwhile fresh incidents were continually cropping up. The Archbishop of Cologne, who had himself opposed the dogma of Papal infallibility at the Œcumenical Council, excommunicated several divinity professors for refusing to acquiesce in it, and at Coblenz, the mob, siding with the prelate, set upon one of these gentlemen, and "proving their doctrine orthodox, by Apostolic blows and knocks," severely ill-used him. Professor Reinkens having warily refused the bull of excommunication when brought to him by the archbishop's messenger, the prelate forwarded it in a registered letter with no better result. The archbishop then sent it to one of the sitting judges, requesting him to compel the refractory professor to receive it, but was again foiled, the judge flatly refusing to do anything of the kind. Following on this, came the forced suspension of the head Catholic chaplain of the Prussian army, Herr Namczanowski, a Pole and Bishop *in partibus* of Agathokles, for attempting to create a schism amongst the troops.[1] Next ensued the quarrel with the Papal See relative

[1] It being deemed expedient at this epoch to interrogate the men of a particular regiment, about one half of whom were Roman Catholics and the other

to the nomination to the post of German Ambassador to Rome of Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, a decided opponent of the Jesuits, who had refused to be present at the proclamation of the Pope's doctrinal hobby, though he had since nominally acquiesced in it.

After a long controversy Prince Bismarck consented to the appointment of another envoy. But whilst seeming to yield the German Chancellor was only preparing a counter-buff to Pio Nono's exuberant combativeness, and it was the Jesuits who had to pay for the Holy Father's imprudence. The "inspired" and National Liberal papers paved the way by accusing them of being in league with the communists, socialists, and other amiable political specialists, of being at the bottom of the strikes which had embarrassed trade and the government, and of stirring up the French to revenge, and in June, 1872, the fiat went forth against them. It took the form of a most arbitrary law—based on no overt act of rebellion, no special charge of incitement to treasonable practices—forbidding Jesuits to reside in any part of the Empire, abolishing all their convents and other establishments on German soil, and extending the same veto to the monastic orders of Redemptionists and Lazarists, to the congregations of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart, and to several other religious corporations. A short time previously Dr. Kremenz, Bishop of Ermeland in East Prussia, where, as in Posen, the clergy have almost unlimited influence over the population, in reply to a summons from the Government to withdraw a bull of excommunication launched by him against two divinity professors, asserted that he could only obey the secular laws when they were in accordance with the laws of God, and that was for the Catholic Church to decide what these were. The Government retorted by cutting off his salary, whereupon the peasantry of his diocese petitioned the King in overwhelming numbers, though probably not an eighth of them understood the purport of the paper, excepting that it was in favour of their bishop.

The contest was, however, subsiding when towards Christmas, 1872, the Pope renewed it by charging the German Emperor and his Government, in an allocution to the College of Cardinals, with "savage persecutions and secret machinations against the Church," and with adding insult to injury by impudently asserting themselves to be the attacked party. Had it not been for this imprudent language the breach between the German Empire and the Holy See might not have been irreparably widened for some time to come, since not only did the Catholic nobles of Prussia enjoy considerable influence in the highest quarters, but their

half Lutherans, as to whether they were old or new Catholics, the men on learning from the sergeants charged with making the inquiry that if they declared for the former they would not for the future be "Kommandirt zum Kirchendienst"—that is, told off to attend service on Sundays, speedily came to the conclusion that "Old Catholics" they were, and intended to remain.

chief, Prince Boguslav Radziwill, since deceased, was an old and intimate friend of the sovereign. Prince Bismarck retaliated by confiscating a number of Ultramontane newspapers for publishing the allocution, though, when the cases were brought into court, such confiscation was pronounced by the tribunals to be illegal. This rebuff only served to expedite the revenge determined upon against the papacy. In what this consisted Dr. Falk, the nominal minister for ecclesiastical affairs, soon made known by laying before the Lower House three bills regulating the preliminary training of the clergy, their appointments in the Church, the power of the latter in matters of discipline, and the establishment of a supreme tribunal for ecclesiastical cases. The Ultramontane party was provoked beyond measure at this step being taken. The bishops memorialized the legislature and openly indulged in unambiguous threats, to which the Government retorted in the semi-official organs by equally unequivocal menaces. Liar, scoundrel, suborner, traitor were amongst the epithets exchanged by the respective organs of State and Church. "He who disobeys the constitutionally enacted laws is a villainous criminal, and shall groan under punishment," said the former. "He who forswears his conscience, forsakes his Church, and defies God's Vicegerent, is a rascally apostate, and shall go to perdition for all eternity," retorted the latter. Appalling was the dilemma into which professing Catholics, to whom both these grievous menaces were addressed, were driven by the exhortations of the supreme temporal and supreme spiritual powers, and terrible were the sacrifices required on either hand, of men who desired nothing more than to do their duty to God and Cæsar, and to be at peace with all men. During this paper warfare, and shortly after Count von Roon's appointment to the Presidency of the Ministry, the Protestant party were in turn alarmed to learn that Dr. Sydow, a disciple of Schleiermacher's, and one of the most popular preachers of Berlin, had been suspended by the chief Consistory for having preached Christ's humanity after he had solemnly undertaken as an evangelical clergyman to preach His divinity. At any other time his dismissal from the pulpit of one of the ugliest churches of this city of ugly churches would have seemed but a case of even-handed justice, for he rejected a great deal that is essential in the creed of the Prussian Reformed Church, but at that moment public sentiment associated it with Prince Bismarck's coming downfall and the triumph of Junkerthum, and the feeling of indignation at Dr. Sydow's suspension was general, although the Emperor openly expressed his approval of the conduct of the Consistory.

Violently opposed in the Haus der Abgeordneten by Herren Mallinkrodt, Windthorst and Reichensperger, and in the Herrenhaus by Herr von Kleist-Retzow, the leader of the feudal party, the passage of the obnoxious bills was mainly due to the

personal interposition of Prince Bismarck, who took the conduct of the matter into his own hands, and threatened a cabinet crisis in case of failure. The main effect of these bills was to abolish appeals to the Holy See by the establishment of a Council with a final jurisdiction over persons and things ecclesiastical, thus substituting, as it were, the Emperor for the Pope. They also enacted that no priestly official function, from the mediæval mummery of excommunicating a heretic down to the teaching of school children their catechism, could be performed without the sanction of the civil power, under pain of fine or imprisonment, and, these failing, of deposition.

The article to which the bishops offered the strongest resistance was that rendering the programme of instruction in ecclesiastical schools and seminaries dependent upon Government approval; and on being called upon to submit these programmes to the authorities, they unanimously declined to do so. After allowing them six weeks for reconsideration, the Government selected for examples the most combative of these prelates. The Bishop of Paderborn in Westphalia was deprived of the state subsidy towards the expenses of his seminary, and the pupils were given to understand that they would not be admitted to Prussian livings; the Bishop of Fulda in Hesse Nassau had his boys' schools closed and processions forbidden in his diocese; whilst the refractory prelate of Posen was officially informed that young men brought up and ordained by him not being considered as priests, would be held amenable to the law of conscription and draughted into the rank and file of the army. The Archbishop of Cologne was prosecuted for publicly excommunicating, without Government consent, priests who had embraced the Döllinger tenets; and in other parts of Prussia, where Catholics and Protestants held their services in the same church, and where the bishops all at once objected to allow the bells to be tolled at Protestant funerals, the authorities took forcible possession of the belfries and tolled the knell of the unoffending dead in spite of all protests to the contrary. On August 7th, 1873, Pio Nono addressed his celebrated epistle to the Emperor, in which he bitterly complained of the persecution of the German Catholics, whilst insinuating that the monarch acceded to this persecution solely by the advice of his ministers and against the dictates of his conscience. The letter was answered by the Emperor, who, after mentioning that to his deep sorrow a portion of his Catholic subjects had organized for the past two years a political party which sought to disturb the religious peace existing in Prussia for centuries, announced in decided terms his firm intention of maintaining law and order throughout his dominions.

The most determined offender against the Falk ecclesiastical laws was Archbishop Ledochowski of Posen, a noisy, pretentious prelate, who, as it were, invited persecution and obtained

considerable notoriety and strong local support by combining his cause with that of the anti-Prussian party in Posen. At the Vatican Council the Pope had conferred upon him the title of Primate of Poland, which carried with it the nominal office of representative of the King of Poland; and when the German bishops were convoked at Fulda he declined to attend, maintaining that as Primate of Poland his place was not amongst them. His next acts were to exclude all Germans from his seminaries, and to suppress preaching in the German language, whilst not a single German elementary school was provided for the 8,000 German Catholics of Posen. After the passing of the Falk laws the Government issued a decree ordering the German language to be exclusively used in the theological schools of his diocese. To this he responded by a pastoral directing the masters to have recourse as theretofore to Polish when desirable, though they had been warned that by doing so they would risk losing their places. On the archbishop declining to close certain seminaries the doors were locked by the authorities, and a military guard was placed before them, the school inspections being at the same time forcibly carried out. A little later the archbishop appointed two priests, known to be obnoxious to the State, to spiritual charges without previous reference to the civil authorities. This led to the President of the province inviting him to rectify this little inadvertence, which of course the archbishop declined to do; and though it would have been easy enough to have got rid of the obnoxious priests, the difficulty would have remained, since only the archbishop had the power of nominating any one to clerical vacancies. At length recourse was had to the tribunals, and the archbishop, on his declining to appear, was condemned, *in contumacium*, to heavy fines, whilst the inhabitants of Filehne and Landsberg, where the illegal nominations had been made, were warned that the priests in question were not the rightful incumbents, that marriages performed by them would be illegal, that children baptized by them must be re-baptized, and that certificates bearing their signature would have no legal value. Fine upon fine continued to be inflicted on the rebellious prelate, who openly courted martyrdom, and the thread of the struggle was lost in a tangled skein of facts and incidents.

Meanwhile the Ultramontane agitators displayed incredible activity in all quarters, and the fight soon raged in nearly every Prussian diocese. Bishops in their pastorals bemoaned the persecution of the Church, priests muttered and thundered from the pulpit, the clerical press added fuel to the flames, and itinerant preachers wandered from place to place working on the feelings of the multitude. The more effectually to influence the masses, some of the bishops affected a leaning towards socialism, and proceeded all at once to vindicate the interests of

the poor against the middle classes, whilst in the manufacturing and mining districts the priests, to say the least, did nothing to check the impetuous stream of communistic ideas. The 1873 autumnal local elections for the provincial assemblies were overwhelmingly Conservative and reactionary, and proved the old Junker element had by no means lost its hold on the peasantry. Amongst the malcontent prelates figured Bishop von der Marwitz of Kulm, long a favourite with the Government on account of his presumed opposition to Polish agitation, but who was now summoned before the tribunals to explain the appointment of a parish priest in contravention of the law. The diocese of Cologne continued to give much trouble. The archbishop, Dr. Melchers, was less impetuous than his colleague of Posen, but abler and more dangerous; and if he had not, like Ledochowski, prejudices of race to work upon, he was surrounded by a population sternly Catholic. An important phase in the contest was the recognition of Dr. Reinkens, one of the professors excommunicated by this archbishop at the outset of the struggle, as an Old Catholic bishop by the government. He took the oath of civil allegiance in October in the presence of the Minister of Worship, the form differing only from that which had hitherto been administered to Roman Catholic prelates—on their admission, with the approval of the civil power, to the functions conferred upon them by the Pope—in the significant omission of the words, "so far as the laws are not opposed to the doctrines of the Holy Church."

On the 3rd February, 1874, Archbishop Ledochowski was at length arrested by the director of police at five o'clock in the morning and hurried away to the prison at Ostrowo to undergo the accumulated sentences of imprisonment passed upon him. Shortly afterwards the Archbishop of Cologne was arrested, under circumstances of considerable brutality, and towards the same epoch the plate, carriages, paintings, bronzes, furniture, and wines of the wealthy Prince Bishop of Breslau were seized to pay the fines inflicted upon him. At the outset of the struggle this prelate, instead of breaking into open rebellion, had contented himself with formally ordering special prayers for the intervention of Providence, and the softening of the hearts of the persecutors of the Church. Eventually he went the length of forbidding his clergy to give any information about ecclesiastical appointments, punishments, &c., and expelled a priest, who had joined the Old Catholics, from the chapter. After the seizure of his goods and the stoppage of his salary of 2,200*l.* per annum, he went to Berlin, and officiated at the church of Saint Hedwig, the patron saint of Silesia.

Fines and imprisonment failed to put an end to the Ultramontane agitation, and the captive archbishops continued to administer the affairs of their dioceses from their place of

confinement. Resolved, therefore, on dealing a yet more decisive blow, Prince Bismarck, in May, 1874, laid before the Reichstag a bill rendering any priest exercising, or attempting to exercise, his office after being legally dismissed from it, or any bishop unlawfully discharging episcopal functions after a judicial condemnation, liable to imprisonment, assignment of place of residence, police supervision, banishment, and deprivation of the rights of citizenship. This law was followed by another relating to the appointment of successors to ecclesiastics thus punished, it being provided that in the event of the patron of a living rendered vacant failing to present a priest of the stamp approved by Government within a limited delay, the civil authorities should, at the formal request of at least ten citizens, convoke all the male members of the congregation to elect the new incumbent. In the event of there being no patron the congregation might act at once. In the case of bishops dipossessed by judicial sentence, a certain delay was granted to the Pope to make a new appointment; but at the expiration of the stipulated time a lay commissioner was empowered to take possession of all that pertained to the diocese, which he was to administer under the control of the governor of the province. During the discussion on this bill attention was called to the fact that at the last election at Bonn the populace were told that Prince Bismarck wished to become Pope, that the Pope himself was to be dragged to Germany and disembowelled, that all the Catholic churches were to be closed and all the Catholics imprisoned, and that at the beginning of June the French would come to the rescue of the Church.

Almost simultaneously the first Old Catholic Synod assembled at Bonn under the presidency of Bishop Reinkens. In all there were present, beside the eight members of the synodal council, fifty-five laymen representing churches, and twenty-five priests, many small churches having neglected to send representatives. In the President's opening address he said that the Church had been converted into a mere field for developing the episcopal dignity of the bishops. The lay element was lost, the priests received the Holy Spirit from the bishops, and allowed themselves to be taught or rebuked by no others. Although the Old Catholics were few in number, reckoning merely 18,000 souls in Prussia, their contemporaries were gazing on them, for they were engaged in the commencement of a great work, and a course at once moderate and courageous would secure their object. The decisions of the Synod were that the confessionals should no longer be compulsory, but a matter for individual consciences, and that the working out of a man's salvation lay with himself and not with the priest. The partaking of the Lord's Supper was pronounced an important duty, and the high value of fasting as a means of moral elevation recognized, but

compulsory fasting was abolished, deprivation of necessary nourishment condemned, and pharisaical maxims as to the quality and kind of food rejected. A number of suggestions relating to minor changes in the Synod and congregation rules, matters connected with marriage and the pay of the clergy, were also adopted.

The meeting of the Catholic bishops at Fulda on June 23rd was marked by the absence of the wearers of the mitres of Cologne, Treves, and Posen, who, being in durance vile, were represented by deputies. They speedily had a companion in misfortune in Bishop Martin of Paderborn, arrested at the beginning of August in pursuance of a sentence of eighteen weeks' imprisonment which had been passed upon him. It was in vain that the faithful, in opposition to his expressed wish, had paid the fines inflicted upon him, such payment being pronounced inadmissible by the Supreme Court. Two circulars issued by the Government enjoined the officials to exercise a strict surveillance, not only over avowedly political societies, but over Catholic unions and clubs, and strictly to enforce the laws against the press and the circulation of seditious publications.

Although 1875 had been decreed a year of Jubilee by His Holiness the Pope, it turned out one of little rejoicing to the Catholics of Prussia. At its commencement one of their bishops, in addition to being a prisoner, had been deprived of his office. A month or two later, another, who had been ordered to reside in the Protestant city of Wesel, thought it more prudent to take refuge in Holland, whence he purposed to administer the affairs of his Prussian archi-diocese, a third had come out of prison with every prospect of returning thither in a few weeks, a fourth was on the point of trial for a variety of offences, and a fifth had had his salary confiscated as well as fine upon fine inflicted upon him. In the month of March alone, there were between eighty and ninety ecclesiastical prosecutions which entailed penalties more or less severe. Among the list were the names of the Bishops of Hildesheim, Paderborn, Breslau, Münster, and Braunsberg. Bishop Brinkmann of Münster was arrested at seven o'clock in the morning of March 18, and sent to prison for forty days, the aristocracy of the town accompanying him in their carriages to the place of duress, and the townspeople kneeling in the streets and singing canticles as the procession went past. Shortly afterwards a police commissary, who had refused to apprehend the bishop, was dismissed the service, whereupon Count von Droste, a rich landowner appointed him steward of his vast domains. Prince-Bishop Förster was seized at Breslau on the 16th to answer for his opposition to the appointment by the Government of a priest named Kick in Raehme; on the 17th, a riot, created by the same appointment, had to be suppressed by force of arms at Birnbaum; and on the 28th, the bishop was summoned to surrender his episcopal office. On the 2nd of March,

thirty-nine ecclesiastics of the diocese of Posen were charged with refusing to give evidence on the subject of the secret delegate believed to have been appointed by the Pope to conduct the diocesan affairs; a few days later, as they still refused to afford any information, they were consigned to prison indefinitely. This secret delegate who was responsible for many other prosecutions, and for domiciliary visits innumerable among the priesthood, seems to have baffled the persevering search made for him. The address to the Pope circulated for signature among the German Catholics, weighed heavily upon the minds of the authorities during March, and several copies were seized with signatures appended. The offences charged against the priests consisted chiefly of refusing to obey the new laws, and performing their duties in opposition to the veto of the authorities. The punishments were commonly summary arrests, sometimes effected by armed soldiers in churches or elsewhere, banishment, fines ranging in amount from trifling sums to over £80, and sentences of imprisonment from a few days to over a year. In many instances the fines were enforced by means of distraints, the church missals even being seized in default of other available property. Further, as if to prove its zeal in behalf of pure religion, the Government prosecuted a free-thinking preacher who had asserted that the Bible contained errors, and succeeded in getting him sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

It having become known that the children in Catholic parishes were instructed to pray for the imprisoned clergy, the Government strictly forbade the teachers to have prayers or hold services with regard to ecclesiastical policy. A confidential circular of Dr. Falk's expressed a hope that by the end of the year the extension of public schools and the multiplication of lay institutions would permit the suppression of all others, reminded the provincial governments of the law forbidding a congregationalist to hold the position of school teacher, and whilst pointing out that by the existing laws all communities and establishments of orders and congregations acknowledging the supremacy of generals residing at Rome or elsewhere out of Prussia, could be at once suppressed, indicated the Capuchins and Franciscans, as most dangerous from their resemblance to the Jesuits. In March, a fresh bill was unexpectedly introduced into the Prussian Lower House to abolish State support to the Catholic Church.

The struggle was severe. The clericals had advocates not only learned in the law but practised in debate, and these found an admirable field for the display of their talents, whilst many jurists who were not Ultramontanes had scruples as to whether the bill did not involve a breach of constitutional law and even of treaty engagements entered into with Rome in 1821. Reichensperger ably argued on the question of civil law whilst denouncing the bill as one of vengeance unjustly premeditated,

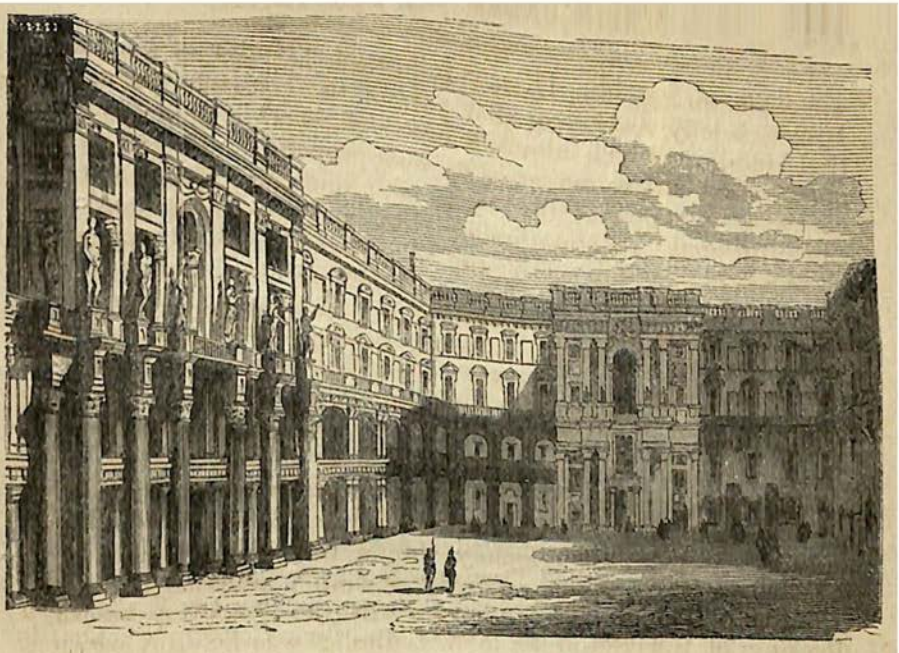
Bismarck replied to an accusation that he was opposing God, by pointing out that there was a notable difference between the Pope and God, and that it was the King's duty to protect the intellectual liberty of his subjects against the intellectual oppression and moral yoke of a stranger; whilst Sybel, in the course of debate, called attention to a recent romance relating to the early Christians, by Conrad von Bolanden, in which the Emperor Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck figured as Diocletian and his minister, Marcus Trebonius, a bold man and very cruel, who presses the virtuous but aged Emperor to persecute the Christians, and whom the vengeance of Heaven finally suffocates in a bog. About the ultimate passage of the measure no doubt could be entertained, for a foe cannot hope to persuade, argue as he might, in face of such a majority as the Government could command. It was an answer to the Pope's Encyclical threatening excommunication to such of the clergy as recognized the May laws, and opposing to the spiritual penalties of the Church pecuniary punishment by the State. It decreed the immediate suppression of all State payments to bishops and priests, excepting to those engaged in public instruction. Any ecclesiastic might, however, have the sequestration removed by giving a written pledge to the Government to obey the laws of the State, but if after this he violated this pledge or acted in a manner inconsistent with it, the payment was to be stopped and the offender dismissed by judicial sentence. The compulsory payment of ecclesiastical dues was suspended in dioceses under sequestration, save as regards such priests as submitted expressly or tacitly to the law, thus leaving the Church mainly dependent upon voluntary contributions and private endowments. The amount annually allotted by the budget to the Catholic clergy was only 900,000 thaler, and the *Germania* said that the 9,000,000 Catholics of Prussia would easily make up this sum by subscribing three silbergroschen, about $3\frac{3}{4}d.$, per head.

On the other side, the priest of Frankenstein in Breslau refused to baptize a child by the name of Bismarck, on the ground that the Church forbade the bestowal of "obscene or ridiculous names, or those of impious pagans," upon children. The bishops, too, assembled at Fulda at the beginning of April, and sent a protest to the King begging him to refuse his assent to a measure that involved the breaking of a legal contract between the State and the Church and was expressly designed as a punishment for their attitude towards the May laws. The answer, communicated through the Ministry, was very severe, pertinently asking those amongst the prelates who in 1870 had proclaimed so eloquently the probable effect of the Vatican resolutions, whether by firmly maintaining their own original opinions they would not have been able to preserve the Fatherland from all the disturbance and confusion that had ensued. In

the course of the month, another bill was laid before the Lower House, briefly rescinding that part of the constitutional law of the kingdom which allowed each religious denomination the independent management of its own proper Church affairs. It enacted the repeal of the 15th, 16th, and 18th Articles of the Constitutional Proclamation of 1851, and thereby affected the Evangelical equally with the Catholic Church. Dr. Falk followed up this measure by a new bill, according to the terms of which all religious orders, and all societies of the Catholic Church having the character of orders, were to be excluded from Prussia. Only six months were allowed them to dissolve, excepting in the case of educational orders, which were to have four years to wind up their affairs. No less than nine hundred institutions were affected by this sweeping measure.

In June, the Municipal Tribunal of Berlin was occupied with the question of Catholic Associations, and decided that the Catholic Journeymen's Society should be definitively closed on account of its being a political association affiliated to foreign societies of a similar tendency. In the following month a meeting of the Berlin Roman Catholics was held, at which it was resolved in consequence of the closing of the Berlin Catholic Association by the Government, to form a Berlin Association of the Centre Party, the object of which should be to bring about closer political union amongst Catholics. A grand meeting, held in August at Bonn under the management of the Old Catholics, to endeavour to bring about a union of the Eastern and Western churches was sterile in everything but speeches.

Early in February, 1876, the obstreperous Archbishop of Posen, was set at liberty, having completed the term of imprisonment awarded for the non-payment of a fine of £2,200. On the occasion of his release the little town of Ostrowo, where he was imprisoned, was filled to overflowing with sympathisers of the prelate, gathered together to give him a festive reception upon his liberation. The high Polish nobility were represented in great numbers, including, among others, two nephews of the German Emperor, the Princes Edmund and Ferdinand von Radziwill. The archbishop, before his release, having declared that he would not refrain from interfering in the administration of his diocese, although deposed by sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, was given to understand that he would not be permitted to reside at Posen, Silesia, or the adjoining districts of Brandenburg and Prussia, and that if he were to attempt to take up his residence in any of the interdicted localities he would be "interned" in the city of Torgau, in Prussian Saxony. The archbishop thereupon decided to proceed to Rome, whence a Cardinal's hat had been already forwarded to him in recognition of his devotion to the Church's interests, and his sufferings on this account.



THE INNER COURT OF THE BERLIN SCHLOSS.

VIII.

THE SCHLOSS, IMPERIAL PALACES, MUSEUMS, AND CHURCHES.

THE Schloss is the only antique monument of any particular importance of which the city of Berlin can boast. Built up like the Prussian monarchy itself by the addition of successive fragments, the patches added to its stony coat record in some degree the progress of the ruling dynasty. The Margraves of Brandenburg ordinarily held their court at the Kaiser's castle at Tangermünde, where the first Kurfürst died. But Friedrich Ironteeth, his son and successor, profited by the occasion of a quarrel amonst the citizens of Berlin to deprive the city of many of its ancient liberties, and in order to render its subjection complete he began in 1442 to build a castle with strong walls and high towers on the banks of the sluggish Spree. Several fragments of this structure, such as the Grüne Hut or Green Ward, and the Wendelstein, a tower fitted with a winding slope for the ascent of heavy ordnance, are yet incorporated with the more modern edifice. Here he and his immediate successors lived content, making but slight alterations in the building until

the days of Joachim II. the full-faced "Hector of Germany," who once drew his sword on the Duke of Alba, and was as fond of pomp, splendour, and the fine arts as he was of the good living with which he has been reproached. He had in his service an architect named Kaspar Theiss, to whom is due the introduction of the Renaissance style, or in other words the commencement of the reign of stucco in Berlin, for though stone was partly employed for the more important buildings, brick disguised under compo began to take its place. To Theiss was intrusted the erection of the wing of the present Schloss known as the Zweite Haus, commenced in 1538 and subsequently remodelled by the sculptor Schlüter. Count Rochus of Lynar, the schoolmate of Cosmo de' Medici and the defender of Metz, a soldier and diplomatist of fortune, gifted with the most varied attainments, planned the massive, plain, and lofty Dritte Haus, now dividing the two great courtyards, under prudent, thrifty Johann Georg, whose widowed sisters were provided for by the erection of the so-called Duchess' House, a portion of the palace facing the Spree. Numerous additions, such as the Laboratory Wing, Lange Haus, Mint Tower, and New Corridor were made under his successors up to the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the religious contests under Johann Sigismund and the subsequent Thirty Years' War, put a stop to building operations. A fire in 1665 led to certain reconstructions, and Smids and Nering, the Dutchmen, completed the Alabaster Hall and the wing of the Schloss towards the river.

King Friedrich I. found the residence of his ancestors, consisting of a number of separate buildings, far too plain and confined to suit his taste for "expensive ornamentalities." He therefore commissioned Andreas Schlüter, a famous sculptor-architect of the day, to transform the Schloss into a homogeneous whole. Several additions, including the fine inner gateways and another wing, were made and the exterior of the building generally was brought by him into harmony with his solid and dignified style. When, however, Friedrich, after his coronation in 1701, again entered his capital, the attainment of his principal ambition seems to have largely added to his love of splendour, and in his royal view the palace appeared altogether too small. Pleased with the splendid perspective offered by the series of triumphal arches reared in honour of his return to Berlin, he desired to have a number of state rooms opening *en suite;* so the plan which had been decided upon had to be broken through, and the façades of the edifice towards the Schloss-platz and garden prolonged, to the destruction, however, of the general symmetry. Schlüter, too, fell into disgrace in 1706, because the king, who, like Friedrich the Great and Friedrich Wilhelm IV., would insist in dabbling in matters architectural and artistic, required him to heighten a water tower which being too ruinous to bear the extra weight

imposed upon it, had to be taken down after the operation.[1] Eosander von Goethe was appointed court architect in Schlüter's place, and, with a view of eclipsing the labours of his predecessor, introduced further alterations and extensions into the plan of the renovated Schloss. The splendour-loving king, however, did not live to see these completed, and it was under Friedrich Wilhelm I. in 1716 that the edifice was terminated by a new architect named Boehm. This monarch gave orders for the erection of the Weiss Saal, while for the Ritter Saal he had a balcony of solid silver constructed. Thenceforward there was little else but a few internal alterations until the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., one of whose first acts was to summon the architects Stüher and Schadow and to devote one million thaler towards the completion of the interior, and the erection of the Chapel with its octagonal cupola rising above the surrounding buildings.

The Schloss is to the Berlinese the focus of their most important historical and political recollections. Jousts and festivals, weddings and christenings innumerable have been celebrated within the walls which have echoed back the thunder of the Swedish invader's cannon, the exulting shouts that greeted the news of Rosbach and Waterloo and the hoarse roars of the insurgents of 1848. Its gates have opened to receive a long succession of illustrious guests, from the dead and gone high German potentates who flocked to the tournaments of Elector Albrecht Achilles and Joachim II., down to the Kaiser Franz Josef and the Shah of Persia. Hither came as conquerors Wallenstein, statelier and more magnificent than any monarch of his day, and Napoleon, the unwelcome guest of the sovereign whom he contemptuously styled "a good regimental tailor spoilt." In its halls Czar Peter, that mighty barbarian with a face like a fallen angel, frightened poor Queen Sophie Dorothee

[1] Schlüter, writing to a friend, with reference to this matter remarked: "I can assure you that I suffer most intensely from these works; I have devoted more than thirty years to great undertakings, all of which have been successful. I have shown Berlin whether or not I am a master of my art, and now I am to be treated like an ignorant pretender." Although compelled to resign his office of court architect, he retained that of court sculptor, and passed several years of quiet artistic activity, meeting, however, in his latter days with but little goodwill, for whoso was disgraced at court was condemned by all the world.

A heavier blow, however, awaited him when the king died, and his successor, Friedrich Wilhelm I., with one dash of the pen abolished all court offices. Schlüter lost his post as court sculptor, and a like fate attended Eosander, who after a while entered the Swedish, and then the Saxon service, dying at Dresden in 1729. Schlüter's career was soonest closed. Having accepted an invitation from Peter the Great he went to St. Petersburg, in which new capital he hoped to find a fresh field for his architectural creations. But the severe climate threw him on a bed of sickness, and he died at the beginning of 1714. His family were left destitute, and a petition from his widow to the parsimonious Prussian king was harshly rejected.

by going into convulsions at the supper table and brandishing a knife in her face, and the gorgeously-arrayed Polish magnates of Augustus the Strong, and the pipe-clayed Prussian dignitaries of Friedrich Wilhelm I. "drank much, talked little, and bored each other a great deal." Here the "Drill Sergeant of the Prussian nation" caned his son and boxed poor Wilhelmina's ears for taking her brother's part, here Friedrich the Great was born, and the beautiful and hapless Queen Luisa lay in state, here Friedrich I. held the first chapter of the Order of the Black Eagle, and Friedrich Wilhelm IV. received the homage of the first Prussian Parliament. And, looking up at its long cheerless façade, its weather-stained and time-worn walls, the passer-by shudderingly recalls the legend of the Weisse Frau or White Lady, the mysterious phantom whose presence announces woe to the House of Hohenzollern.

Once upon a time, runs the story, there was a noble dame of Wallenrodt and Orlamünde, who fell in love with a prince of the house, and, with all the frank outspokenness of the Middle Ages, sent him an offer of marriage. But the prince declined her suit, alleging as a reason that "four eyes" stood between him and acceptance, referring to his aged parents whose consent he had failed to obtain, or whom he was indisposed to leave. But the lady, who was a widow, thought that he referred to his unwillingness to become a stepfather to her two little children, and thereupon suffocated them off-hand, and wrote back to him that the obstacle was removed. Stricken with horror he explained to her her fatal mistake, and then of course turned hermit, or crusader, or something of that kind. She, overwhelmed with remorse, sank into her grave, and by way of punishment her spirit is condemned to haunt the halls of the Hohenzollerns, foretelling by its apparition the approach of death. The belief is so deeply rooted, and the fact that a figure of some kind has frequently appeared on the eve of a death, is so strongly insisted on, that the Emperor Wilhelm, some ten years back, had a most careful search made throughout the seven hundred rooms of the Schloss in the hopes of finding some clue to the mystery. And believers shuddered and sceptics were perplexed when they heard it solemnly declared that the White Lady had been seen three times in the course of a recent twelve months, namely in the October of 1872, just before the death of Prince Albrecht, the next spring preceding that of Prince Adalbert, and again as the widow of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. lay on her death-bed. As to poor old Friedrich I., "he sat one morning in the chill February days of the year 1713, in his apartment as usual; when suddenly with huge jingle, the glass door of his room went to sherds, and there rushed in, bleeding and dishevelled, the fatal White Lady." No ghost, however, this one as it turned out, but his own mad queen, who had broken

from her room and rushed headlong in scanty dishabille through the glass door. The shock, however, and the belief that it was the Weisse Frau killed the King.

The main entrance to the Schloss from the Schloss-freiheit, or Palace Liberty, is through Eosander's enlarged but plastically poor copy of the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus at Rome, with its pair of angels energetically blowing their gilt trumpets, and unrolling a scroll whereupon is set forth in Latin verse that Friedrich built this edifice whilst engaged in war in a style worthy of the might of the victor, for in no inferior state could the Prussian Mars dwell in his capital. No one appears, however, to enter the building by this grand triumphal gate. The usual entrance is from the terrace of the Lustgarten through a gateway, the approach to which is flanked on either side by a pair of bronze horse-tamers, reproductions of those at the entrance to the Palazzo Reale at Naples, and cast at St. Petersburg. They were presented to Friedrich Wilhelm IV. by Nicholas of Russia, and in pre-Sadowan days were sarcastically nicknamed by the Berlinese "Progress stopped," and "Retrogression encouraged." This gateway passed, we proceed through another to the left, and enter the outer court, where Kiss's St. George, serene and glorious in his celestially inspired tranquillity, rears the banner of the cross and tramples on the dragon, which buries his claws in the horse's breast in his impotent wrath. It is objected, however, that should the saint bring down his uplifted sword, the threatened blow would have no effect, his attitude rendering it impossible for him to hit his scaly foe. Teutonic criticism has, moreover, denounced the impossibility of such an organism as that of the latter, exhibiting as it does a compound of crocodile, bat, and tiger.

The courtyard traversed, we enter the vestibule of the Schloss, where Olympian Jove, seated astride his eagle, hurls his gilt thunderbolts, and Minerva, armed with spear and shield, sends her adversaries sprawling into space, and find ourselves at the foot of the curious winding ascent of slippery-red bricks, forming one of the oldest bits of the Schloss. Boldly conceived athletes in the form of Caryatides support the steep incline, up the treacherous surface of which we make our way under the convoy of a lackey in the royal livery of black and yellow, who precedes us keys in hand. Arrived at the entrance to the royal apartments, visitors are one and all bidden to don huge pairs of soft slippers, in order that neither heavily nailed nor soiled boots may impair in the smallest degree the pristine brilliancy of the highly-polished floors. Sliding along in these capacious envelopes, we make our way through an endless series of more or less gorgeously decorated apartments, the mere enumeration of which would be as lengthy as Homer's catalogue of the ships. On the first floor are the Petit-Kammern, a suite of fifteen

rooms adorned with numerous paintings, and once occupied by Friedrich Wilhelm I.

Here the guide points out the embrasure to which that choleric monarch dragged his son, and the curtain loop with which he tried to strangle him. On the floor above are the artistically decorated apartments of Friedrich Wilhelm II., previously occupied by Sophie Dorothee, and the Princess Amelia ("the malevolent fairy" beloved of Trenck, whose portrait shows her in three-cornered cocked hat and grey riding-dress with a mask in her hand), and subsequently by the first Napoleon and Kaiser Franz Josef. In the Audience Room, hung with red velvet and containing a silver throne beneath a red velvet baldachino, the body of the beautiful Queen Luisa lay in state, and beyond it are the Hall of Pillars, with its sixteen Corinthian columns of marble, the Hall of Mirrors with its glittering walls and its twenty-four crystal chandeliers, the gift of Louis Quatorze, and other rooms containing such curiosities as astronomical clocks, and cabinets fitted with countless drawers and doors, all flying open at the touch of a secret spring. From the Schweizer Saal, on the floor above, designed by Schlüter, and Swiss only in name, displaying all the splendour of which the period was capable, we pass by the Brunswick Rooms and a gallery, into the private rooms of Friedrich I. Those of Friedrich the Great lie towards the Schloss-platz and the water side, and were occupied by the late king. The apartment where the former was born forms one of the suite of rooms known as the Marien-Kammern.

The König Saal rejoices in a portrait of the Emperor Wilhelm in the inevitable spiked helmet, and beyond this apartment lies the gorgeous Ritter Saal, now the Throne Room, decorated in white and gold, and adorned above the doorways with groups by Schlüter, representing the four quarters of the globe. On the ceiling Friedrich I., in the helmet of Mars and very little else, sprawls amongst the clouds in company with several scantily attired divinities typifying his victorious exploits. The throne of silver is surrounded by silver columns. There is also a musicians' gallery apparently constructed of the same costly material, but this is a delusive sham. Friedrich Wilhelm I., whose hoarding propensities are well known, reflecting "that silver is silver whether you keep it in barrels in a coined form, or work it in chandeliers, mirror frames, and music balconies," and also that it shows to more advantage in these latter conditions, did actually commission one Christian Lieberkühn, in 1738, to erect him such a balcony, obliging him at the same time to pledge his house and property as security for the material intrusted to him. The balcony was constructed and shone resplendent for several years, and in it the royal fiddlers fiddled at Wilhelmina's wedding. But in 1744 it was removed

for fear of a hostile invasion, and was subsequently melted down with a due admixture of copper into coin to enable Friedrich the Great to carry on the Seven Years' War, being replaced by a counterpart wooden balcony silvered over. But if the silver balcony be gone, there are still some striking signs of wealth remaining. Facing the throne is a sideboard laden with antique gold and silver plate of the most solid description, the silver buckler presented to Friedrich Wilhelm IV. by the city of Berlin on his accession, the huge double-handled urns, studded all over with silver thaler, that belonged to the father of Friedrich the Great, and numerous other urns, vases, thaler-studded flagons, bowls, cups, and salvers. A number of massive silver candelabra hanging from the ceiling, projecting from the walls, and rising from the floor, add materially to the display. The adjoining room, where Camphausen's portrait of Friedrich the Great hangs, is decorated with numerous looking-glasses with solid silver frames, and several silver console tables, while in the centre of the ceiling the Prussian eagle balances himself within a garland held by nymphs and cupids.

There are the state apartments of Friedrich I., somewhat dingy in the matter of decoration, containing the gilt chairs used by him and his spouse at their coronation, and four cannon-balls, visiting-cards left in the walls of the Schloss by the Swedes. In the room known as the Bridal Chamber the members of the Prussian royal family were accustomed to pass their wedding night. Hard by is the little Chapel, where Friedrich the Great was married, and from the *louvre* in the roof of which hangs a splendid old-fashioned chandelier. In the adjacent Picture Gallery a finely designed apartment, due to Eosander, and used at court festivals as a dining-room, are many of the chief treasures of the Schloss. Amongst them is a splendidly painted portrait of Magdelina, wife of Joachim II., and a companion portrait of the Elector himself clutching a money-bag in his hand. Here too is a vigorous portrait of the Grosse Kurfürst, in which his large masculine features are characteristically depicted, with one of his consort, the noble and handsome Luisa of Holland, whom contemporary writers say might be distinguished at a glance as a princess from amongst a thousand maidens. In striking contrast to her mild and radiant countenance, is a masculine-looking face with bold searching eyes, cruel compressed lips, and unmistakable moustache. This is Queen Christina of Sweden, who had very nearly been Electress in place of the gracious Princess Luisa.

The first King of Prussia is also here, well-nigh smothered under the flowing velvet and ermine robes which indicate his royal dignity, together with fat Friedrich Wilhelm II., in tight fitting buckskin breeches and high boots. Here too is Friedrich the Great at various periods of his life, the most striking portrait

representing him on the battle-field in a singularly affected attitude, grasping the conventional baton in his outstretched hand. Close by is Schröder's life-size portrait of the handsome Queen Luisa, wonderfully charming in its delicate yet glowing colouring. The royal beauty stands alone, a white muslin dress embroidered with gold floating around her graceful figure. The expressive face with the dark eyes "practised in weeping," is turned sideways, her light brown hair, classically arranged, being ador

with a diadem. At the other end of the gallery is a portrait of Louis Ferdinand, the "fairy prince," who consecrated to the beautiful queen his chivalrous admiration, until he fell mortally wounded under the sabre thrusts of the French beneath a lime tree, at Saalfeld, in 1806. Among the other more notable portraits are Charles I., by Van Dyck, Catherine II. of Russia, and Napoleon crossing the Alps, by or after David. To the majority of visitors however, a principal attraction of the gallery is the

large historical picture by Krüger, depicting the formal homage paid by the Berlinese to Friedrich Wilhelm IV. in front of the Schloss, on the occasion of his accession.

From this gallery we pass on to the famous Weisse Saal, the largest state room in the palace, measuring upwards of a hundred feet in length, fifty in breadth, and forty in height, and in designing which, Eosander was inspired with the desire to surpass Schlüter's Ritter Saal. It remained, however, uncompleted until the accession of the late king, and was greatly modified some ten years back. The traditional name led to the retention of the white colour of the walls, and though the decoration is rather too pronounced for the original architectural design, the effect is not amiss. Two ranges of arcades rising one above the other, separate the hall on one side from a spacious ante-room, and on the other from a handsome staircase, ornamented with massive gilt candelabra, and marble statues of ancient German warriors. The upper range of arcades, serving as galleries for spectators and for the band, are panelled in open silver work. An immense number of old-fashioned chandeliers hang from above, and silver candelabra project from the walls over the niches of the steeply vaulted and richly decorated roof, niches containing statues representing the eight provinces of the Prussian kingdom. Faith, Love, Peace, and Glory,—allegorical personages that have not usually got on very well together—are displayed in bas relief at the angles of the ceiling; other bas reliefs, of the arts and sciences, adorning the arches of the lower arcade. Medallion portraits of statesmen, artists, savants, and generals, peer at one from amongst the frieze, and pillars with silvered capitals support white marble statues of the twelve Electors of Brandenburg, which, in the pale vaporous light filling the room, assume a phantom-like aspect. In this famous hall many important state ceremonies take place; here the late king took the constitutional oath, and the first united Diet assembled, and here the present Emperor receives the members of the Reichstag at the opening of the session, and pronounces the speech from the throne.

A double staircase leads from the Weisse Saal to the cupola-crowned chapel, partially coated with mosaics and largely adorned with frescoes. A gallery runs all round the cupola, the light from which is supplemented by the rays falling through side windows separated by statues of saints. The frescoes represent the chief events in the life of Christ, whilst the panels of the pillars and arches are covered with innumerable effigies of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, reformers, priests, kings of the Old Testament, and—singular fellowship—princes of the House of Hohenzollern. Grand as the design of the building may be, it lacks repose; the artists seem to have wrought quite independently of each other, rendering harmony

and uniformity impossible. The altar of mosaic work is surmounted by a baldachino, the pillars of oriental alabaster supporting it having been the gift of Mehemet Ali, whilst behind it is a silver gilt cross decorated with gems and enamelled paintings, and valued at half a million thaler.

Berlin has many so-called palaces, but only two of them—in which the Emperor and the Crown Prince reside—call for any special remark. The unassuming edifice Unter den Linden occupied by Wilhelm I. before he came to the Prussian throne has proved sufficient for his modest requirements since the imperial dignity was conferred upon him. It is open to all comers whenever his majesty is absent from the capital. The visitor after crossing the vestibule enters a small and handsome salon, occupied by the adjutant on duty, which has its walls decorated with mediocre paintings illustrative of incidents in the military history of Brandenburg and Prussia. These include the famous sledge journey of the Great Elector and his troops in mid-winter along the shores of the Hafs, which resulted in the routing and retreat of the Swedes from Prussia, with many of the principal events in the career of Friedrich the Great and scenes connected with the Prussian revolution of 1848. Ranged on shelves about the height of a man from the ground are various models of Prussian steel artillery and statuettes of German, French, Russian, and Austrian soldiers, with busts of the Brandenburg electors and the kings of Prussia ornamenting the window recesses. It is in this apartment that the ministers, generals, councillors, and other individuals await audiences with the Emperor.

A passage leads from here into the Colour-room, where the Emperor usually receives deputations, members of the corps diplomatique, and military men. At one end of the apartment is a species of pyramid destined to receive the flags of the Guard regiments garrisoned at Berlin. Paintings by Berlin artists and a few good copies of the old masters line the walls, and on either side of the looking-glass between the two windows commanding a view of the Linden are some handsome porcelain vases filled with Easter eggs—presents from the Czar—their shells ornamented with flowers or the heads of chubby cherubims.

From the Colour-room one passes into the Blue Report-room, where the first object that arrests the attention is a plan in relief of the battlefield of Königgrätz extending from the heights of Dub, where the King mounted his horse and the first shots fell, to the fortifications of the town. A glance suffices to embrace the vast space, and one readily realizes the configuration of the ground and the movements executed by the Prussian King on this memorable day. Round the table covered with a green cloth the ministerial council assembles. Six chairs are ranged on either side, and the Emperor's seat, raised higher than the others, and

in front of the chimney-piece, permits of his seeing the plan of the battlefield of Königgrätz and, through the window of the apartment, the monumental statue of Friedrich the Great, and the Arsenal. On the table are numerous publications—law books, military lists, and regulations, the Court and State calendar, the proceedings of the Reichstag, and of the Prussian Landtag, &c., with a portfolio secured by a lock bearing the inscription "Reports of the Privy Counsellors." It was in this apartment that the Emperor, when Prince Regent, pronounced before the ministry assembled for the first time under his presidency, the celebrated speech which has since been termed the programme of the Prussian monarchy; and it was on this table that he signed in 1866 and 1870, the orders for mobilising the Prussian army.

Along the walls runs a broad divan on which are piled up, pell-mell, plans, maps, and books, including two copies of the *edition de luxe* of *The King's Coronation at Königsberg in* 1861. An oil-painting of the ancestral fortress of the Hohenzollerns at Hechingen, before its recent restoration, decorates the panel over the chimney-piece, and various marine subjects adorn the side walls of the apartment. A table near the door leading into the Emperor's study is covered with a number of those little presents which conduce as much to the friendships of sovereigns as to those of ordinary mortals. They comprise a costly collection of objects in lapis lazuli, some of them modern and intended for use, others antique curiosities in this valuable material. The pair of vases, the candelabra, and also the writing-desk and its appointments are souvenirs of the Emperor's last visit to St. Petersburg in 1873.

The palace Library is nigh to the Emperor's study, the general appearance of which has been already described.[1] The Library itself is a darksome narrow apartment with an iron staircase leading to the Empress's suite of rooms at the further end. One notices a mechanical apparatus for opening the large geographical charts which are here so numerous, and bringing them down on a level with the eye. A plan of Berlin and its environs, especially drawn up for the military exercises and manœuvres, strategical maps of the Mark of Brandenburg, of the kingdom of Prussia, of Germany, France, Austria, and Russia cover the panels. On the book-cases we read "History of War," "History of the Royal House," and similar inscriptions. In one case all the Emperor's MSS., including the memoirs which he addressed to his father on the reorganization of the army, and his reports read before the commissions on the councils of war, are carefully classified and ticketed—and in the apartment are several portfolios filled with engravings, lithographs, photographs, and caricatures—including several hundreds of the latter relating to Napoleon III.—and with drawings of the uniforms of all the

[1] See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 256.

European armies. Here too is the address presented to the Emperor by the Germans resident at St. Petersburg, a splendid volume bound in red morocco with the Imperial German eagle surmounting the arms of the Russian capital. The water-colour drawings depict the entry of Wilhelm I. into the city of the Czars, with the Crown Prince following the carriage of the two Emperors, and a group of shouting people representing the acclaiming Germans; also Germany and Russia clad in war costume and clasping each other's hands, marching with other allegorical figures personifying the various States of Germany on Paris, preceded by the victorious eagle with menacing beak and claws. In the foreground are scattered the broken arms of the Napoleonic Cæsar.[1]

The palace of the Crown Prince, like that of the Emperor, is open to the inspection of the public at such times as its owner is away from Berlin. It faces the Zeughaus or Arsenal, and is entered beneath a noble portico rising above the first-floor windows. In the anteroom, to which the visitor is first conducted, a splendid mediæval carved oak couch composed of a couple of finely sculptured lions, with some classic vases, statuettes, and paintings of the early German school, evince the prince's taste for examples of antique art. On a round table near the fireplace we noticed some albums of the Schleswig Holstein war, and the campaign of 1866, comprising an assemblage of photographs taken on the spot before and after the various battles, and including views of forts, batteries, ambulances, and ruined houses; also, plans of attack or retreat, geographical maps, and even caricatures. Passing by a fountain, a double staircase, brilliant with gilding, leads to a kind of historical gallery on the first-floor, containing bronze busts of the generals of the wars of 1813 and 1815; with medallions of Humboldt and other learned men ornamenting the walls. From here access is gained to the apartments of the Crown Princess, thus described by M. Tissot after his visit in 1875:—

"We passed through a salon, frigid as an English drawing-room, the chairs and sofas being all covered up with chintz, and entered a smaller and, spite of the garlands of roses modelled on the ceiling, an equally glacial apartment. This was the Princess's bed-room, the windows of which look on to the Zeughaus and Opern-plätze one of the most animated spots in Berlin. Not a picture enlivened the bare walls—solely a single looking-glass, and even this extremely simple in style. My cicerone called my attention to a glass case containing fans, coral necklaces, humming-bird hand-screens, Chinese nicknacks, shells from the Isle of Wight, &c., souvenirs of the Princess's youth, or presents from friends of the house. Strauss's last brochure, his letter to Renan was lying on the table.

[1] *Voyage aux Pays des Milliards*, par M. Victor Tissot.

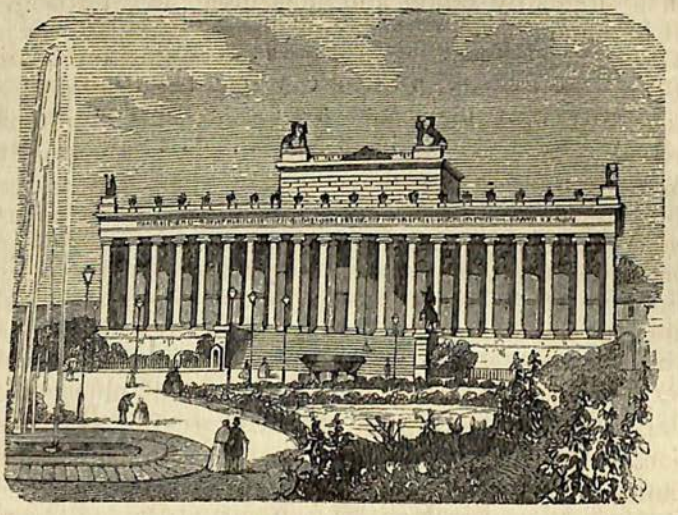
"The Prince's apartments occupy the opposite wing of the palace. The room wherein he works is very simply furnished: pens, paper, and writing-case were ranged symmetrically on the writing-table, on which stands a statuette of 'old Fritz.' Some oil pictures of Italian landscapes and water-colour portraits of generals who took part in the recent campaigns, ornament the panels of the apartment, and an oil-painting in the style of Meissonnier represents M. de Moltke in his cabinet surrounded by maps and plans.

"There is nothing at all warlike in the appearance of this room. Neither trophies, sabres, nor pistols are visible. Antique carved cabinets, Italian chairs inlaid with ivory, wood carvings, idyllic landscape paintings meet the eye on every side. The dining-room, which is small and furnished in a patriarchal style, presents the same peaceful aspect. The adjoining salon is a homely-looking dancing-room, with an *estrade* for the musicians but no luxuries such as mirrors and chandeliers. It is here that a theatre is improvised when the prince's children play German or English pieces. Winterhalter's portraits of the Prince and Princess are placed on chairs in the apartment, the daughter of Queen Victoria blonde as a German, the prince, who has a thick brown beard, being also of the legendary German type and of herculean proportions. He is represented in the customary undress military cap with a red band, with a gourd attached to a strap slung across his shoulders, and in his hand the national pipe with its horn mouth-piece and painted porcelain bowl."

When the palace was newly fitted up with a view to its occupation by the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia after their marriage, a Gedenkhalle was constructed to commemorate the nuptials of the royal couple and hold the horde of useless wedding presents which had been showered upon them in England and Germany. This hall is decorated with paintings commemorative of the *entente cordiale* between the two nations, including the meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the battle of La Belle Alliance, the landing in England of Friedrich Wilhelm III., and his reception by the Prince Regent, and the Emperor Wilhelm standing as godfather to the Prince of Wales. It contains, moreover, views of Windsor and Babelsberg, and the ceiling is covered with allegorical designs symbolizing the triumphs of Art, Science, and Industry.

Immediately facing the Schloss on the opposite side of the Lustgarten, and on a site secured by the divergence of one of the arms of the Spree is the so-called Old Museum, an edifice of somewhat imposing aspect, its elongated and regular façade composed of an open colonnade decorated with over-glowing frescoes, and approached up a wide flight of steps, flanked by vigorous groups in bronze of Kiss's well-known Amazon and Wolf's Lion-slayer. On the frieze above the long range of

grey Ionic columns is a Latin inscription, setting forth that the Museum was founded in 1828 by Friedrich Wilhelm IV. for



THE OLD MUSEUM.

the study of antiquities of all kinds, and of the fine arts, while surmounting the façade is a regiment of bronze eagles, every one of which is affected with a curious twist of the neck. Rising above the centre of this imposing colonnade is a square erection with colossal groups of the two sons of Leda curbing their fiery steeds, and of the winged coursers of Helicon, "tamed by a Grace and watered by a Muse"—as the guide-book mellifluously expresses it—surmounting the four corners.

Built from the designs of Schinkel at a period when all Germany sought artistic inspiration from the Hellenic peninsula, the edifice is a good specimen of Berlinese Greek. Interior and exterior were carefully imitated from the best Athenian models, yet somehow the building, instead of presenting that inimitable combination of strength and elegance distinguishing the structures reared above the waters of the Ægean, has an air of clumsy solidity, truly Teutonic. In lieu of a spacious inner court the centre of the edifice is occupied by a rotunda. Before mounting the steps conducting to the colonnade a glance may be bestowed upon the enormous basin of polished granite, eight yards in diameter and weighing upwards of seventy tons, shaped out of a single block of stone in the Fürstenwald, floated down the Spree, polished by steam machinery and set up in front of the Museum with an immense amount of care which, however, did not prevent it from becoming cracked.

The frescoes with which the interior of the colonnade is decorated are the work of Cornelius and his pupils, though the original inspiration was derived from the sketches of Schinkel.

Cornelius, though an excellent draughtsman, was an abominable colourist, and the general effect of these pretentious productions is singularly crude and inharmonious. Putting, however, all technical artistic questions aside, these frescoes, over which German art critics have gone mad with admiration, exhibit still more serious faults, it being absolutely impossible to understand what they mean even with the aid of the explanations furnished by the catalogue. Painters, when applying themselves to decorative design, have usually striven to present us with their ideals of beauty, and when they have soared to mythological or allegorical flights have invariably tried to produce something that should appeal essentially to the eye. But Cornelius sought to turn painting into a philosophical and humanitarian manifestation, and used his pencil as a writer would his pen to develop systems, interpret mysteries, dissect doctrines, and expound dogmas. The general object of these particular works appears to be to illustrate the history of the formation of the universe, and the intellectual development of humanity. The most rampant nightmare which Fuseli ever designed is tame beside them, and the most elaborate apotheosis that Le Brun or even Vanloo ever sprawled over the ceilings of Versailles transpicuous in comparison. The ideas seem to have bubbled up haphazard from a beer-bemused brain, like jack-o'-lanterns from a stagnant marsh, and are just as difficult to seize.

Nor is there much assistance to be derived from the written interpretations volunteered by the catalogue, as witness for instance the following, referring to what is described as "The Forces of Nature, called into existence out of Chaos into the reigning of Daylight."

"Uranus and the dance of the constellations. Saturn and the Titans retire into obscurity, while Jupiter, preceded by the Dioscuri, spreads

Light through the world. Below Prometheus steals the fire for mortal men. Luna drives her chariot to illumine the Night, while heavenly figures aid in spreading its broad curtain. Genii unfold the Night out of which human figures advance. Elements of manifold varieties of life are developed, including Maternal Love, War still slumbering, Peace joyful with the Muses, a child watering the Earth with fruitful rain. A cock proclaims the Dawn, and Care at once begins. Labour, Sunrise, Venus, and Cupid; the Graces soar upwards as Phœbus rises in his chariot from the ocean."

Of the five frescoes on the right hand side of the portico symbolical of "the Origin of Human Culture and Civilization," the subjoined explanation is furnished.

"1. Spring, Morning, the Youth of Life, Shepherds, athletic contests. The sybil interprets the future. Psyche and the Muses string the poet's lyre. The first painter attempts to depict the features of his well beloved. 2. Summer, Life's Noon, the Harvest and its pleasures. A young Hero drinks in enthusiasm, Music. 3. On the clouded heights of Helicon the fountain of Imagination gushes forth beneath the hoof of Pegasus. Behind the watery veil, crouching in the bowels of the earth, are the three Fates, dispensers of human destiny. Happy beings float in the element of the beautiful. 4. Music of the woods. Rejoicings over Pegasus. Nymphs pour water into the fountain from which a young Poet drinks. A Lawgiver approaches. 5. Evening, Autumn. The vintage; Heroes return victorious, Psyche looks with anxiety from the dwelling of the wise after her darling. The wine-press by the fire-side. Age rejoices in the dance of the Muses. The wise man discovers the course of the stars. An old man meditates over the Elements. A daring sailor guides his boat on the moonlit ocean; on the beach a grave. Luna descends into the sea. Genii of Morning proclaim a New Day."

Some smaller frescoes underneath the principal and more pretentious wall paintings depict the deeds of Hercules and Theseus.

Passing through the Museum vestibule, we enter the Rotunda with its glass cupola supported by a peristyle of Corinthian columns. In the centre is a bronze statue, by Kiss, of Friedrich Wilhelm III., stern and severe, in the garb of a Roman emperor, while around him are disposed a score or so of gods and goddesses for the most part in the thinnest of raiment and but little of it, which has led to the monarch's effigy being compared to that of the master of a swimming school surrounded by his pupils. The simile has evidently been suggested by the proximity of a couple of ancient granite baths. The most striking feature of the Rotunda is the tapestry arranged above the gallery running round the upper portion, and consisting of reproductions of Raffaelle's well-known cartoons woven at Arras at the commencement of the sixteenth century by order of Leo X. They formerly belonged to our Henry VIII., and passed into the hands of the Duke of Alba at the sale of the art collection of Charles I. In 1823 they were purchased at Madrid by Mr. Tupper, the British Consul, and brought by him to England, where the late King of Prussia acquired them in 1844. Seven of these tapestries correspond with the Hampton Court

cartoons, the remaining two representing "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen" and "The Conversion of St. Paul." Tradition says that five copies of each cartoon were woven at Arras, but only one perfect set, that of the Vatican, exists. It is a little curious that the cartoons executed by order of a Pope and the next most complete collection of these tapestry copies should figure to-day amongst the art treasures of two heretic nations.

Beyond the Rotunda lies the Sculpture Gallery, the nucleus of which was due to Friedrich the Great, who bought in 1742 Cardinal de Polignac's collection of antiquities for 40,000 thaler, and employed Bianconi to act as his travelling buyer and select another assortment in Rome—so many statues for so much money. The collection, which has received many subsequent additions, notably about Friedrich Wilhelm III. and Friedrich Wilhelm IV., comprises about eight hundred statues and groups, some classical and others of the epoch of the Middle Ages, distributed throughout several apartments designated respectively Halls of Gods, Heroes, and Emperors, and of Mediæval, Modern, and Ecclesiastical Sculpture. Amongst these numerous works, however, there is hardly one of any great merit or interest; and they may be summed up artistically as a crowd of respectable mediocrities. Not one of them is intact or exempt from restoration; indeed, it may be said that the bulk have been frightfully mutilated and clumsily repaired. On every side fresh white heads surmount the blackened fragments of antique torsos. The place of honour in one room is occupied by a Cicero, or at any rate a Roman figure thus designated. It recalls, however, Sir John Bruce's silk stockings, darned so often with worsted that nothing of the original material remained, for head, hands, and feet have all been restored, in addition to which even the toga in which the torso is draped has been extensively patched. Facing this pseudo-Cicero is a statue of the first Napoleon, by Chaudet, represented in the classic costume formerly so much affected by modern sculptors, being depicted under the guise of a Roman emperor, but rather as Justinian than Cæsar, for he has his sword sheathed and holds the Code civil in his hand.

What is termed the Antiquarium occupies the basement of the Museum, being reached by a staircase communicating with the Hall of Gods and Heroes. It is especially rich in coins, medals, cameos, and gems, and includes a quantity of antique vases, arms, bronzes, household and sacrificial implements, glass and ivory work from Italy and Greece. Among recent additions to the collection is the silver treasure found at Hildesheim in 1866, and supposed to comprise the service of plate belonging to Varus, who fell at the battle of the Teutoburgian forest in the year 9 of the Christian era. The coin cabinet, now containing

more than 60,000 Greek and Roman coins, is the oldest part of the collection, dating as it does from the epoch of the Great Elector. Twice during the reign of Friedrich the Great, and once again, after the battle of Jena, this cabinet was hastily packed up and removed from Berlin to a place of safety. Its perils in peace, moreover, were quite as great as in war, for Friedrich Wilhelm I., being of a strongly practical turn of mind, sent a number of antique gold coins to the melting pot, an example not lost upon his attendants, who began, though of course surreptitiously, to follow it. Being at length detected in the operation, they suffered death, accompanied by every possible ignominy, not exactly for stealing, but for being found out, for the monarch seems to have considered that their offence lay not so much in theft as in a breach of personal loyalty towards himself.

The picture gallery is reached from the upper story of the Rotunda and contains some twelve hundred paintings. It has sprung from the works collected from time to time at Berlin, Potsdam, and Charlottenburg, by various sovereigns, to which, amongst other important additions, the Giustiani Gallery in 1815 and the collection of Mr. Solly in 1821 were annexed. Entering late in the field, with no superabundance of cash, the Prussian sovereigns failed to secure any of those immortal works which shed the lustre of their renown over the entire collection of which they form part, like the "Madonna di San Sisto" at Dresden, for instance. But, on the other hand, they have displayed a laudable activity in banishing from the walls of the gallery all paintings devoid of either authenticity or merit. The thirty-seven apartments into which the gallery is divided run all round the building, surrounding the Rotunda and the two small courts flanking it, and are all lighted by windows looking outwards. The four large galleries thus formed by the four sides of the building are subdivided by partitions at right angles with the outer walls, thereby affording sufficient space for a tolerably minute classification of the various works into schools and epochs.

The chief wealth of the collection consists in specimens of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century immediately preceding Raffaelle. But though these are worthy of figuring in any museum of painting, they belong to a transition period of art, and their authors were succeeded by masters far more illustrious, whose works are either entirely lacking or but poorly represented. We here see the blossom but not the fruit. Eastern saints and Byzantine virgins lead up to the Venetian school; but though there are numerous specimens of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, Andrea Mantegna, Paris Bordone, and the elder Palma, the great masters Giorgione, Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian are inadequately represented. The grand portrait

THE PICTURE GALLERY IN THE OLD MUSEUM.

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of the Venetian admiral, Giovanni Mauro, and that of the painter's daughter Lavinia, which is simply a variation of the "Salome" of Madrid, though both excellent, fail to realize the full powers of the master of whom Tintoretto characteristically remarked that he ground up flesh and blood upon his palette. Giotto and Cimabue, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo are lacking in the Tuscan school. But Ghirlandajo is well represented, the "Assumption" of Fra Bartolomeo is also one of the gems of the gallery, and the "Virgin" of Andrea del Sarto, a large composition containing twelve figures, takes a yet higher rank from its elevated style and superb colouring. It has, however, a worthy rival in the "Virgin" of the Bolognese, Francesco Francia, surrounded like the former by an army of saints and signed *Francia aurifaber*, for the painter was forty years of age ere he abandoned the goldsmith's chasing tools for palette and brushes. Of the Bolognese of the second period, the Caracci and their disciples, there is not a single remarkable work. A characteristic portrait of "Cosmo de' Medici" by

Giorgio Vasari, and a rarely finished "Entry of a Pope into Rome," by that Cerquozzi who was surnamed the Michael Angelo of battles, are notable.

In addition to the "Head of Christ crowned with Thorns," painted upon silk, Correggio is represented by two works of acknowledged merit and curious history; the somewhat daring and mysterious composition in which Jupiter, veiled in clouds, embraces Io, and the smaller and more brilliant picture portraying the loves of Jupiter and Leda. These paintings were once the property of that gloomy and ascetic prince Louis of Orleans, whose life was such a strong contrast to that of his father, the Regent. One day, in a fit of religious fanaticism, he cut the heads of Io and Leda out of the paintings, threw them into the fire, and slashed the rest of the canvas into ribbons. Coypel collected the fragments, fastened them together, and painted in fresh heads. At his death the pictures were purchased by Friedrich the Great, who had rather a fancy for classical nudities. In 1806 Napoleon sent them from Sans Souci to Paris, where Proudhon repainted the head of Io; and after their return to Prussia in 1814, Schlesinger restored that of Leda.

Raffaelle's name is inscribed upon the frames of five pictures, but acute critics refuse to trace the master's hand in more than one of them. The "Madonna di Casa Colonna" and the small "Dead Christ" are accurate expressions of Raffaelle's style but lack his touch; and the two other "Madonnas," one with the Infant Jesus holding a thistle and the other accompanied by St. Jerome and St. Francis, are probably due to Perugino, presenting as they do all the characteristics of this master. The "Adoration of the Shepherds," enshrined apart, and only visible by "feeing" the officials, is, however, undoubtedly due to the great Umbrian. Painted on silk in distemper, and designed for the altar-piece of a chapel at Ferentillo, near Spoleto, it has suffered severely from the ravages of time, and its faded colouring somewhat resembles that of the Hampton Court cartoons. The work, however, is far finer and more delicate, and whilst indications of the painter's earlier efforts are apparent in the general disposition of the subject, the somewhat studied grouping and the slenderness of many of the figures, the perfection of drawing, sweetness, grace, and religious sentiment, which are peculiarly Raffaelle's, shine forth conspicuously.

Amongst the Spanish paintings the "Christ in the Pretorium," of Zurbaran, one of the best examples of this sternly pathetic artist to be met with out of Spain, is the most remarkable, though there is a good "Saint Anthony of Padua," by Murillo. The French masters are well represented. Friedrich the Great, who gathered around him Voltaire, Maupertuis, and d'Alembert, could hardly fail to extend his patronage to the favourite painters of the Pompadour school, and there are a couple of

charming Watteaus to testify to this. In addition to landscapes by Poussin and Claude, we have the "Saint Bruno" of Lesueur, and the "Portrait of Eberhart Jabach," a banker of Cologne, with his wife and children, attributed to Lebrun. The charming face, soft black eyes, and smiling mouth of "Maria Mancini," whose image Mignard has transferred to canvas, fully account for Louis XIV.'s wish to espouse his minister's favourite niece, though hardly for her subsequent career. A "Holy Family" by Raphael Mengs is one of this painter's best works.

Amongst the earlier works of the Northern painters, the wonderful composition forming a portion of the altar-piece of the "Spotless Lamb," executed by the Brothers van Eyck for the Vyts and Burnunts, and destined for the church of Saint Bavon, at Ghent, holds the foremost rank. It originally consisted of twelve panels and the twelve shutters inclosing them, but Berlin only possesses half the number, the rest having remained at Ghent. Saints, angels, champions, judges, hermits, and pilgrims figure in these divisions, some of them life-size and others not above a foot in height, the smaller ones being, artistically speaking, superior to the larger. Despite the variance of style and proportion apparent in its different compartments, this work is unquestionably the most valuable and important in the entire collection. A "Head of Christ" by John van Eyck is also remarkable. Hans Memling, not the wounded and grateful soldier of the hospital of St. John, who was a distemper painter, but the pupil of Van Eyck, has a triptych representing, "The Passover," and exhibiting all the merits of his master alike from his noble simplicity of style to his chaste and admirable colouring. The elder Holbein is not represented, but there are a couple of portraits by the famous Hans of George Gyzen, a London merchant, and Frunsberg, captain of the guard to the Emperor Charles V., who, by the way, is anything but flattered in his own portrait, attributed to Christopher Amberger. A curious little picture of men and women amusing themselves in a tavern, and throwing water at each other, is likewise ascribed to this artist, though with doubtful accuracy.

The Saxon school is illustrated by no less than twenty-three specimens of Lucas Cranach. In one, Hercules, wearing a woman's cap, is spinning before Omphale—the Lydian queen, like all Cranach's women, being a pretty little German damsel with fair hair, small blue eyes, and a tip-tilted nose. The most curious of this painter's works is the "Fountain of Youth," in which crowds of wretched-looking naked hags, for the most part nothing but skin and bone, are plunging into a basin whence they emerge young and beautiful—singing, dancing, and feasting with gusto. Another strikingly fantastical composition that cannot fail to catch the eye is a triptych by Jerome Bosch, a division of which represents the "Last Judgment." Devils with

wolves' or crocodiles' heads, bodies like ostrich eggs, serpents' tails, and frogs' legs, are skinning sinners alive, pouring melted lead down their throats, and grinding them up bodily in mills. Gossaert's "Crucifixion," in which the incident is presented in the midst of a flat and fertile landscape with a Flemish city in the background, is otherwise notable for its powerful expression, extreme finish, fine colour, and admirable perspective. The name of Rubens figures several times in the official catalogue, but only one of his works arrests attention—a finished sketch of the "Virgin surrounded by Saints," a larger copy of which is at Madrid. Vandyck too, though represented by a "Dead Christ" and a "Madonna," is seen to most advantage as a portrait painter; the "Children of Charles I. of England" and the "Prince de Carignan" being well worthy of his facile and courtly pencil. The "Stag Hunt" and "Fight between Bears and Dogs" of Snyders, and a wonderful "Tavern Garden" by Jan Steen, full of mirth yet marvellously natural, an "Alchemist" and a "Temptation of St. Anthony" by Teniers, and a "Cavalry Skirmish," with the inevitable white horse, by Wouvermans, are all noteworthy works. Rembrandt too is nobly represented by the fierce-looking individual with the remarkably curly head of hair who is shaking his fist in the face of an old gentleman peeping through a lattice, a picture always described as Duke Adolf of Gueldres threatening his imprisoned father, but which, with more probability, has been surmised to depict a swell of the period, who has worked himself into a rage at being refused a loan by a medieval usurer. Colour, light, and shade are all excellent, and Berlin is, as it well may be, proud of this admirable picture. The other Dutch and Flemish masters, with the notable exceptions of Paul Potter and W. Van der Velde abound in the gallery.

Connected with the Museum designed by Schinkel, by an open arcade extending across the street, and also by a gallery on the floor above, is the adjacent New Museum, for which Berlin is indebted to Friedrich Wilhelm IV. The foundation stone was laid in 1843, and the intention was to unite all the art collections for which there was no room in Schinkel's edifice, and which were lying stowed away in holes and corners of sundry royal palaces. This most important architectural work, one of the late king's favourite undertakings, was executed in accordance with his own ideas, with the result that might have been anticipated. Its erection was nominally intrusted to Stueler, but the king, who had strong ideas upon art, insisted upon having a share in the designing of the edifice, which in all its features displays the influence of the royal will and taste. Starting apparently with the idea that Schinkel's Museum was much too plain, he sought to surpass it by means of the richest decoration, the noblest materials, and the grandest proportions. The chief façade, towards the Friedrichs-brücke, is 360 feet in length. At either end are two cupola-crowned halls, and in the centre is an immense "Treppen-haus" or staircase-hall reaching to the summit of the pediment and extending the entire depth of the edifice, which is thus divided longitudinally into two equal parts. The building has three stories, the ground floor, surrounded by a colonnade, being devoted to the Ethnological museum and the collections of Norse and Egyptian Antiquities, the first floor to the casts of Antique and Modern Sculpture, and the third to the gallery of Engravings, the Historical collection, and so-called "Kunstkammer."

The New Museum, though surpassing its older rival in all its proportions, if strictly judged, can scarcely be considered to fulfil the conditions of a monumental structure, for it lacks solidity, and though a show is made of costly material within, where gilding and paintings adorn the walls and marble monoliths are used for pillars, outside, where the real and substantial, if not the ornamental, might have been looked for, there is nothing but pretence, such a flimsy substance as zinc, for instance, supplying the place of stone in the groups of the pediment. The greatest mistake committed, however, consists in the gallery, elegant in itself, which crosses the street and connects the New Museum with the old. The advantages derived from the different collections of art treasures being brought into connection are in a measure counterbalanced by the latter edifice being deprived of the greater part of its northern light. In the erection of the New Museum, too, the collections formed after all a mere secondary consideration, the main object being architectonic effect, to which various sacrifices have been made, notably in the case of the exterior colonnade, which obscures the light from the lower halls. The Berlinese jocularly justify this on

the plea that the Egyptian Museum needed being enshrouded in Egyptian darkness.

The halls of the New Museum were designed not merely to serve for the exhibition of works of art, but to harmonize as closely as possible with the objects displayed, the intention being that their decorations should help to portray the local and historical conditions under which these objects originated. There was not scope, however, for the full application of these principles, which have rather been played with than seriously carried out. Moreover the subjects covering many of the walls, and executed in the glaring colours of modern fresco painting, dominate the surrounding antiquities in much the same way as the wonderful conceptions of Schinkel-cum-Cornelius under the portico of the Old Museum outdo the simplicity of the Parthenon frieze. They commonly serve to attract attention from the objects exhibited, more especially in the Hall of Northern Antiquities, where the public pass quite indifferently by the insignificant-looking urns and utensils and have eyes only for the wall-paintings representing scenes from ancient sagas. Certainly some special knowledge is required to appreciate such a collection as this, and to the uninitiated individual it is a matter of supreme indifference whether a rusty arrow-head, which he only recognizes as such from the assurance conveyed in the catalogue, was found at Angermünde or Stendal, or out of what barrow this or that more or less shapeless washing-bowl was dug. He turns therefore to the walls on which Müller and Richter have depicted Allfather Odin with his attendant ravens, hammer-wielding Thor, subtle Loki, Baldur the Norse Apollo, Friga and Freya, Hulda and Gerda, the Nornas sitting at the foot of the grand ash-tree to judge mankind, and the Valkyres careering joyously above the field of carnage, and all the other dwellers in the Northern Walhalla.

From the Hall of Northern Antiquities one passes through a vestibule leading to the staircase into an Egyptian atrium lighted from above. Here and in the adjoining chambers are enshrined the Passalacqua collection purchased by Friedrich Wilhelm III. and the fruits of the expedition sent out to Egypt under the learned Lepsius by his successor, forming altogether one of the most perfect museums of Egyptian antiquities in Europe. Columns modelled from those of the temple at Carnac support the entablature of the roof, one of them bearing a lengthy inscription in pseudo-hieroglyphics which, on the strength of the catalogue, may be taken to set forth in sufficiently bombastical terms that "The Royal Eagle of the Sun, Avenger of Prussia, King, Sun and Staff of Prussia, Child of the Sun, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., beloved of Tof and Saf, Victorious Lord of the Rhine and the Vistula, Chosen One of Germany, has had placed in this edifice statues, pictures,

SUNDAY VISITORS AT THE NEW MUSEUM.

From the Illustrated London News.

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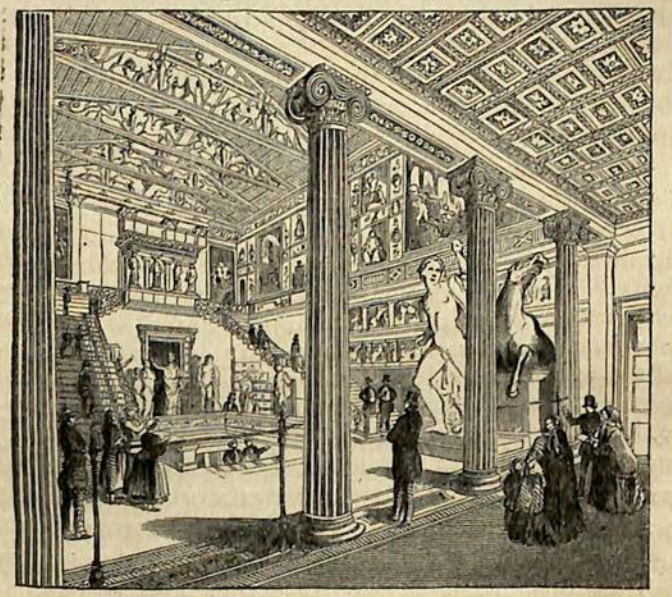
sculptures, columns, sarcophagi and many other things brought from Egypt and Ethiopia." At the further end two porphyry kings, Rameses and Sesursates, look grimly down at all intruders from the summit of their stony thrones reared above the sphinxes and monumental objects with which the floor is strewn, whilst the walls glow with highly-coloured representations of Egyptian landscapes and monuments, or of the manners and customs of the people, the former including the pyramids of Cheops, the temple of Denderah, the statue of Memnon, the ruins of Carnac, the island of Phila, &c. Advancing, one finds in the other halls devoted to this section a rich collection of embalmed Egyptian grandees and a multitude of domestic objects taken from their graves. Charming pieces of basket-work, metal ornaments, jewels, amulets, vases, domestic medicine chests, leather buttons, wigs, musical instruments, shirts, sandals, weapons, dice, images of the gods, and the embalmed remains of sacred animals reveal almost all the little secrets of life in those archaic days, their conception being certainly aided by the frescoes which cover the walls and delineate the details of domestic existence under the rule of the Pharaohs. Papyri, whereon the antiquary may decipher the mysteries of the worship of Isis or the *menu* of the banquet wherewith Joseph entertained his brethren; a decree of Sesostris or a *billet doux* of Rhodopis; sacrificial stones and rock-hewn sarcophagi; monarchs and deities in granite and porphyry, the sepulchral chamber in which the high priest Mentuhetep was laid to rest four thousand years ago, and countless other marvels are here collected. Adjoining is the ethnographical collection wherein are displayed the idols, arms, and garments of Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, and Sandwich Islanders, together with such passing curiosities as the feather mantle presented to the late Prussian monarch by King Kamehameha, a cigar eighteen inches long of the kind affected by the ladies of Lima, a Runic almanack, and the saddle of a Turkish pacha.

The disproportionately lofty staircase hall—the grand and gorgeous Treppen-haus—occupies the entire centre of the building from end to end and rises through three stories to the height of a hundred feet. The vestibule, supported by four splendid columns of Carrara marble copied from those of the Temple of Neptune at Athens, contains a reproduction of the giant Dioscuri of Monte Cavallo. But the stately sons of Zeus and Leda are cribbed, cabined, and confined in this limited space, and seem to long to spring upon their rearing steeds and seek the reedy shores of Lake Regillus to head once more the Roman charge. The inner balustrade of the staircase displays a copy of the frieze of the Temple of Apollo at Bassæ, the encounter between the Centaurs and the Amazons, victory wavering between the hard-pressed Greeks and their feminine foes, till the sun-hero

Theseus turns the tide of battle. There are other reproductions of ancient art, including one of the Temple of the Caryatides from the Acropolis; but the chief glories of the Treppen-haus are the mural paintings designed by Wilhelm von Kaulbach and executed by him with the aid of Echter and Muhr. These comprise six immense compositions intended to represent the chief events in the civilisation of the human race, framed and divided by groups of smaller pictures, in which historical and mythological heroes and events are depicted under rather incomprehensible symbols. The six great frescoes display all the peculiar qualities



THE TREPPENHAUS OF THE NEW MUSEUM.

of Cornelius's greatest pupil, the representative of modern German art and its eclecticism. He has not hesitated before the task of depicting in these six grand tableaux some of the most important chapters in the history of humanity, but his brush, for which such bounds are evidently too narrow, loses its way in the exuberance of detail, and sacrifices to a profusion of incidents that unity of impression which artistic beauty demands.

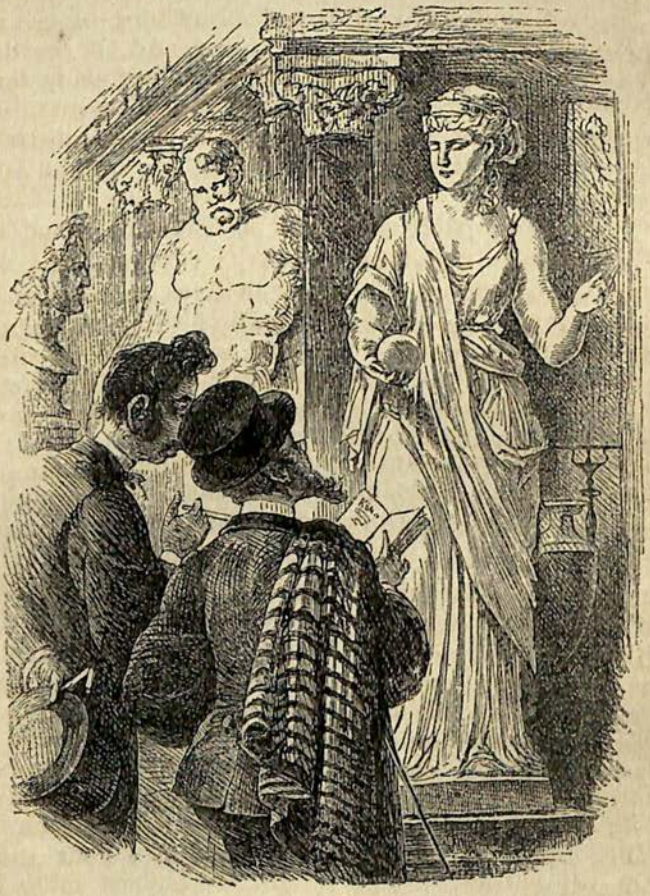
The first of these colossal works represents the "Destruction of the Tower of Babel and the Division of Tongues." Vainly does Nimrod oppose the higher power, his servants and the priests mock him, the master builder is stoned to death, and the whip of the taskmaster fails to keep the people at their labour. Splitting into three distinct tribes they depart, the Semites a happy pastoral family with their flocks and herds, the Hamites with ruder features grouping round their priest mounted on a

buffalo and clasping an idol in his arms, and the Japhetites, amongst whom may be traced the typical German warrior on his war-horse, and at his side a graceful young Greek. Higher talent even is shown in the next subject, the "Springtime of Greece." Homer, who symbolizes a new religious and artistic development of Grecian genius, lands on the shores of Ionia, guided by the Sybil, the embodiment of old traditions, and watched over by Thetis, whose son he has immortalized. High and low flock to listen to the singer; Hesiod, Eschylus, Solon, Pericles, with other poets and rulers await him on the shore; Phidias seizes his chisel to record the deeds of Achilles in marble, less durable than the verses of the blind songster; the Gods, led by Love and the Graces, descend to meet him, and in the background Orpheus, the poet of a bygone time, silent and alone, seems sadly to foresee that the age of the Titans is passed for ever.

The "Destruction of Jerusalem," by Titus, is a wildly disordered composition. Seated amidst lurid clouds, the four prophets who foretold the ruin of the city look down on the accomplishment of their predictions. The high priest surrounded by his wife and family kills himself at the foot of the altar, while gathered on the steps of the burning temple are the survivors of the Jewish warriors gazing with haggard eyes on the scenes of desolation and despair around them, on famished men gnawing the flesh from their wrists, and mothers mad with hunger slaying their children. On one side Titus on horseback enters the breach at the head of his legions, on the other Ahasuerus the wandering Jew is driven forth by furies, and a Christian family protected by angels passes onward in safety amidst the general misery, whilst children, typifying the unconverted nations, implore their succour. The "Battle of the Huns" represents the struggle on the plains of Chalons, between the united Goths and Romans and the forces of Attila, the distant view of Rome indicated in the background symbolizing the preservation of her civilisation by the result of the contest. The most startling feature in this truly grand composition is that while the corpses of slain warriors encumber the earth, their still infuriated spirits renew the fight in the air above the field of slaughter.

In the "Crusaders before Jerusalem" the vanguard of the Christian army catching sight of the holy city presses on towards it with song and prayer. Godfrey de Bouillon surrounded by the chief leaders gazes at a vision of Christ in the heavens, while in the foreground Peter the Hermit kneels in deep devotion. The last of these magisterial works typifying, "The Reformation" recalls perhaps too directly Raffaelle's School of Athens. In a Gothic edifice, divided into three naves, are grouped together a number of persons belonging to very different

epochs. Luther, Calvin, and Melanchthon, figure in company with Huss, Savonarola, Abelard, and Wickliff, with Coligny and Elizabeth of England, Gustavus Adolphus and William of Orange. The movement in art and literature corresponding to that in religion is expressed by the presence of Raffaelle, Leonardo, Dürer, Holbein, Shakespere, Cervantes, Erasmus, Ulrich von Hutten, Petrarch, and Guttenberg, while science finds representation in Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and



Columbus. All these paintings have given rise to more than one interpretation, for the first glance at them merely dazzles the eye and perplexes the imagination, and the painter's intention which thus escapes the critic has to be earnestly and deliberately thought out, in some degree explaining the high favour in which these truly noble compositions are held by the most meditative people in Europe. For some Kaulbach is a kind of German Tyrteus, whose pencil and palette are a sword and

buckler. To them these pictures exemplify the future triumph of the German people, the fall of Babel prefiguring that of Rome, and the destruction of Jerusalem that of Paris.

Dividing and framing as it were these six grand compositions, are figures upon gilt grounds; the lawgivers Moses, Solon, Charlemagne, and Friedrich the Great, together with Poetry in company with her handmaidens, being represented on the dividing pilasters, which are surmounted by Isis, Venus, Urania, Italy, and Germany. Above the doorways are personifications of Legend, History, Science, and early Art, and elsewhere of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, and Engraving. Around the entire hall runs a long frieze in *grisaille* depicting in humorous fashion by means of children and animals united by arabesques, certain phases in the history of mankind. Here, for instance, a grinning Romulus Augustulus, whose crown is slipping over his contorted face, lolls on a cushion, elsewhere a dog is licking the colours off an artist's palette. There a beaver is giving lessons in the art of architecture, and an imp is tweaking the nose of an unfortunate alchemist who is so bold as to search for the philosopher's stone. Many of the children's heads are portraits slightly caricatured. Kant, Humboldt, Grimm and Goethe, are all to be recognized, and the spirited touches in which the whole is expressed recall Kaulbach's wonderful illustrations to Reynard the Fox.

The first floor of the New Museum is entirely devoted to the plaster casts of Greek, Roman, medieval, and modern sculptures. Reproductions of all the masterpieces of antiquity contained in the museums of Rome, Naples, Florence, Paris, Munich, and London, are here displayed. The highly coloured mural paintings, giving views of Rome and Hellas in their glory, or depicting the chief exploits of their heroes, as well as the brilliant mosaic floors have here a decidedly disturbing influence. An important feature of the Greek Hall, the first apartment entered, is the pediment of Minerva's temple at Egina, as it once looked down from the mountain summit over the blue Saronic gulf, with the goddess standing over the body of Patroclus, as the Greeks and Trojans gather round to dispute the spoils of the dying hero—a masterpiece of the anti-realistic school of Egina which in distinction to that of Athens sought its highest fame in the strength of the feet and the power of the hands, and excluded the expression of all passion and emotion. Here too are reproductions of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon frieze representing the great Panathenæa, the procession of wrestlers and maidens in festal attire, a picture of Athenian life and manners from an edifice destroyed neither by northern hordes nor medieval adventurers, but hurled to the ground in the seventeenth century by the North German soldiers of Count Otho von Königsmark. In the adjoining anteroom the group of the Laocoon, that

masterpiece of the Rhodian school, which loved to blend the pathetic and the terrible, writhes in eternal agony. In the Apollo Hall adjacent are the Farnese Bull, the Belvedere Apollo, the Versailles Diana, goddess of the chase, and her loved Endymion; the Venus of Capua, the most beautiful representation of Venus Victrix; the sublime Venus of Milo, the Venus de' Medici, an Italian form of the Aphrodite of Cnidus, and the torso of the Vatican, the first work of Greek art which reached Rome after the sack of Corinth, and to which Michael Angelo was daily led in his blindness to enjoy its divine beauty by touch. The Minerva of Velletri, that "pure thought embodied in marble," the Barberini Faun and the Mattei Amazon, the heroic virgin whom Phidias and Polycletus exalted into an ideal, are the crowning objects of the northern Cupola Hall.

In the next Hall, known as that of the Niobides, are the grand masterpiece of Niobe lamenting over her children as they fall beneath the arrows of Apollo and Artemis; the Dying Gladiator, a triumph of the spring-time of art in Pergamos; the Borghese Gladiator, so boldly true to nature; Lysippus' Wrestler cleansing himself from the dust of the Palestra; the lizard-slaying Apollo; the Antinous of the Capitol; the Crouching Venus and the colossal head of the Ludovisi Juno, fit consort to the Jove of Phidias. In the Hall of Bacchus, which takes its name from a vine-covered verandah, there is little beyond a horse's head from Herculaneum, and another from those masterpieces of animal sculpture the steeds of St. Mark, whilst the Roman Hall with its columns of Pyrenean marble contains little of note save the meretricious Venus Callipyges, the San Ildefonso group of Sleep and Death, and the Boy extracting a thorn, from the Capitol. The southern Cupola Hall contains sculptures of the Imperial epoch, including the Scythian preparing to treat Marsyas in much the same fashion as Prussia served France, and bas-reliefs from the Arch of Constantine and Trajan's column at Rome. The principal attraction of this apartment are the three large frescoes by Kaulbach, Schrader, and Stilke, illustrating the Struggle and Triumph of Christianity. The Hall of Medieval Sculpture is comparatively unimportant, and that of Modern Art contains little of note beyond the reproductions of the doors of the Baptistry of San Giovanni at Florence, Michael Angelo's tombs of the Medicis, Thorwaldsen's Venus, and Flaxman's Shield of Achilles, whilst the department sacred to Ecclesiastical Antiquities is chiefly noteworthy from the attempt made to keep it in harmony with its contents by giving it the appearance of a Gothic chapel.

The third story contains the splendid collection of drawings and engravings, comprising some 21,000 of the former, and about half a million of the latter, including German, Italian, Dutch, French, English, Spanish and Russian. Here too are rooms

devoted to wood and ivory carvings of every kind, antique and historic furniture, majolica and glass, metal work, models of buildings, &c.—a collection of antique *bric à brac* of all times and all ages. Amongst the treasures figuring in what is termed the historical cabinet are the helmet of the Great Elector and the panther skin kalpack of Ziethen, the sceptre of Charlemagne, and the pistol, cocked hat, and decorations of Napoleon, the flutes of Friedrich the Great and the pipes used at his father's tobacco-collegium, the stick with which that irascible parent was wont to thrash any idle woman he might encounter in the street, the tools used by Peter the Great at Saardam, the sedan chair of Gustavus Adolphus; Luther's drinking cup, Melanchthon's chest of drawers, various headsmen's swords, and a section of Madame Tussaud's waxwork exhibition, in the shape of life-sized figures of the Great Elector, Friedrich I., and Friedrich the Great arrayed in their habits as they lived, the worn and shabby condition of the said habits fully testifying to the existence of that spirit of economy which has ever been a guiding principle of the Prussian monarchy.

Homer sometimes nods, and painstaking in investigation as the Berlin Museum authorities usually are, they have not escaped the fate of the directors of similar institutions, and have been imposed upon from time to time by clever forgers. The sham Moabite antiquities purchased out of the king's "Dispositions-fonds" for the sum of 3,300*l.* at the recommendation of the German Oriental Society, and Dr. Falk, the minister, furnishes the latest instance. Ever since the discovery of the Moabite stone, collectors had gone mad for antiquities from that interesting and little-known region, and the demand naturally led to the traditional supply. Among the purveyors was a Jerusalem curiosity dealer, named Shapira, who opportunely brought forward a collection of nearly two thousand vases, statues, and inscriptions in Phœnician characters, which were purchased by the Prussian government. Not only, however, did a French and English Orientalist living in the east simultaneously declare the whole of this *trouvaille* to have been forged by an Arab, but the *savants* of the British Museum and the Louvre pronounced against the genuineness of the inscriptions from internal evidence alone. The Arab Selim, though acquainted with the Phœnician characters, was profoundly ignorant of the language, and thus his attempt to create records of the past was a failure. After a somewhat prolonged controversy—during which those German scholars whose national pride had caused them to welcome the discovery with enthusiasm, and whose vanity would not allow them to acknowledge themselves in the wrong, levelled books and pamphlets filled with the most virulent abuse at the heads of their opponents—the deceit was unreservedly acknowledged in a speech by Professor Mommsen in the Lower

House of the Landtag, and the sham antiquities were withdrawn from public exhibition.

The Royal National Gallery at Berlin, situated near the Old and New Museums, and completed at the commencement of 1876, owes its origin to a bequest made by Herr Wagener fifteen years previously, of a valuable collection of modern paintings, mainly by German artists, on condition of its being kept intact and rendered accessible to the public. These pictures which were temporarily installed in the Academy of Arts, have since been added to by gifts and bequests, and acquisitions made by the State. A design for a gallery that Friedrich Wilhelm IV. had commissioned Stüler to make, was adapted by the architect to the present building, which has a grand double flight of steps on its southern side, where an equestrian statue of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. has been placed.

The first floor of the edifice includes a vaulted vestibule, a main gallery and two side aisles, with a series of rooms for statuary on the left, and four picture galleries on the right, while five special cabinets occupy an apse on the northern side of the building. The second floor comprises a domed entrance hall, and two large halls lighted from above, together with a couple of picture galleries and several cabinets, while the third floor consists of a vestibule with adjoining gallery, half-a-dozen side rooms, and the usual cabinets in the apse.

The main entrance to the edifice is beneath the grand double flight of steps, and gives admission to the first vestibule, lined with red Pyrenean marble. A staircase of Carrara marble leads to the upper portion of the vestibule, whence three parallel flights of steps conduct to the upper floors of the building. The large hall on the first floor is supported by black marble columns with gilded capitals and bases, and the sculpture galleries by pillars of red marble, with bases and capitals of Carrara, the walls being dark green while those of the picture galleries are deep red. On the second floor the pillars of the domed hall are of green marble, and have richly decorated bases, the walls being dull red, while the Cornelius halls are in olive green and the apse cabinets of a gold colour.

At the corners of the external flight of steps are groups of sculpture, representing Instruction in Art, and immediately before the pillars of the portico are seated figures, symbolical of the Invention and Execution of Artistic work. On either side of the upper entrance door, beneath the portico, is a frieze designed by Schulz, representing the development of German art, an arabesque of eagles with candelabra and foliage, executed in glass mosaic after Strack's design running above. The pediment is occupied by a group of Germany, as patroness of the Arts, by Schulz, while surmounting it are figures of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting by Schweinitz.

The interior of the entrance hall is decorated with medallions in relief of eminent German artists of the present century, and in the arched space over the entrance door to the sculpture and picture galleries on the first floor is a tinted relievo by Hartzer, representing the United Arts. The spaces between the arches and the vaulted ceiling in the large hall are filled with paintings, representing the principal scenes in the Nibelungen-Sage, executed in wax colours by Ewald. The sculpture galleries are decorated with medallions of classical subjects relating to art, while the paintings in wax which occupy the hall facing the recess, comprise figures of Cupid and Psyche, and groups of genii presiding over the arts and sensual pleasure, by Ernst, Röber, and Bendemann. The staircase is adorned with a frieze in relief by Karl Geyer, representing the Cheruscan• princes with weapons captured from the Romans, Germans encamped, Boniface before the felled oak of Woden, Charlemagne, and other eminent Germans, including princes, ecclesiastics, philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians, the whole terminating with a figure of victorious Germany, bearing the recovered Imperial crown in her uplifted hand.

The domed hall, which is adorned with seated figures of the Muses in faint polychrome on the upper portion of the walls, has its doors surmounted by reliefs in which portraits of the architects of the edifice are introduced. The four spandrels of the arches are occupied with paintings in wax colours by August von Heyden, representing the Emperor Heinrich II. laying the foundation-stone of Bamberg Cathedral; Dürer painting the Emperor Maximilian's portrait; the Singers' contest on the Wartburg; and Adam Kraft in his studio. The frieze on the vault of the dome consists of the circle of the Zodiac, in life-sized symbolical figures on a gold ground.

The first Cornelius Gallery has the upper part of its walls decorated in moist wax colours, with designs by Professor E. Bendemann, typical of the genius of the great Dusseldorf artist, many of whose principal studies are here preserved; while the second Cornelius Gallery is adorned with groups illustrative of the Promethean myth, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Of the remaining and subordinate decorations of the edifice it is needless to speak.

Among the more pretentious pictures in the Berlin National Gallery is Bendemann's "Carrying the Jews into Captivity to Babylon," a work which at its original exhibition in 1872, was regarded as heralding a new epoch in German art. Although somewhat academic in treatment, it is nevertheless a carefully studied and laborious composition. Preceded by standards and amidst the din of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," the chariot of Nebuchadnezzar whirls past with the blind king, Zedekiah, in the midst of his wives, groping his way behind.

Other captives follow with a procession of priests bearing the golden ark, the burning temple being seen in the background. The main interest of the picture however, centres in the prophet Jeremiah, who, seated on a stone, is exposed to the curses of the captives by whom he is surrounded, while dead and dying Israelites lie huddled at his feet.

Rahl's "Persecution of the Christians," shows the latter, surprised at their devotions in the Catacombs by Roman soldiers, who illtreat the worshippers, despoil the Virgin's altar of its cross and sacred vessels, and bind the venerable priest in chains. In "Huss at the Stake," by Lessing, the courageous Reformer is kneeling in prayer surrounded by a horde of threatening soldiers. As Ludwig of Bavaria rides by with his ensigns he glances significantly at two tall Italian prelates, while an old Capuchin friar presses eagerly forward to examine the redoubtable heretic through his glasses. In the distance is seen the scaffold, with a line of soldiers and the towers of Constance just distinguishable in the evening haze. Another work referring to the epoch of the Reformation, is Spangenberg's "Luther translating the Bible." Here the Reformer surrounded by his friends in his study in the Wittenberg monastery, discusses with an old Rabbi the proper rendering of some passage of Holy Writ. "Charles V. at Fugger's House," by Becker, reproduces in conventional fashion the traditional incident of the destruction of the Emperor's bonds by the wealthy Augsburg banker. Charles in grand Spanish tenue, with an Ulm mastiff by his side, gazes earnestly at the burning securities to which old Fugger melodramatically points, without so much as a glance for pretty Fräulein Fugger, who is offering him a glass of Rhenish wine. Other pictures dealing with quasi historical incidents, are Wichman's "Catherine de' Medici at the Poisoner's"; Menzel's "Friedrich the Great's Round Table at Sans Souci"; and the King's "Flute Concert"; with Groef's "Patriotism in 1813," the latter showing the charming Fräulein Ferdinande von Schmettau presenting the official receiver of voluntary gifts with the tresses she has just cut off as the sole article of value she possesses. The golden locks are said to have realized the exorbitant sum of 1,200 thaler, and been the means of equipping four volunteers.

In the "Retreat of the French from Russia," by Franz Adam, we have a seemingly interminable steppe over which the snow is heavily driving, while scattered detachments of Napoleon's army make painful efforts to cross the dreary waste. Here a battery sticks fast in the icy morass; there a horse drags along its unseated rider, while the exhausted and the dying lie scattered around, and a stream of fugitives presses forward in the wildest disorder. Königgrätz furnishes the subject for several military tableaux, one of which, by Bleibtreu, shows us the King of Prussia and his staff following the movements of the battle

from an eminence, while another, by Heyden, depicts the enthusiastic reception accorded to the king by the troops at the close of the engagement.

The poetical and imaginative pictures which are numerous and interesting, include several well-known works, notably Kloeber's "Origin of Music," wherein we have a poetical Jubal displaying a newly-made reed flute to an admiring group of semi-nude youngsters. The same painter's "Cupid and Psyche," shows

Psyche fallen asleep with fatigue on her way to Tartarus, with her head resting on a rock and Venus's vase sliding from her hand, while Cupid pipes softly on his lute and watches anxiously by her side. A subject by Cornelius, from the Nibelungenlied, represents "Hagen throwing Queen Criemhild's Treasure into the Rhine," and the river spirits rising up to receive it, while "Tannhäuser and Venus," by Kaille, depicts the smitten troubadour awaking from the enthralling spell of love, and disengaging

himself from the wanton goddess's embrace as she vainly strives to detain him. In Steinbrück's well-known "Marie with the Elves," we have the little maiden erect in a cockle-shell boat which, decorated with flowers, is being driven by Zerina, and drawn and pushed along by elves while other elves gambol sportively around.

Henneberg's "Chase after Pleasure," introduces us to a young nobleman of the middle ages mounted on a jaded steed, and pursuing the phantom Fortune who scatters gold in his path and displays a crown to lure him to destruction. Satan, who rides by his side on a pale horse, is transforming himself into Death and unfurling his banner with a mocking grin. Under the title of "The Rose," Moritz Schwind depicts the preparations for a medieval wedding, with the bride surrounded by her bridesmaids on the castle balcony, and the bridegroom attended by his knights emerging from the neighbouring forest, while a maiden awaits their coming with an offering of roses. One of these flowers has fallen over the parapet at the feet of a party of musicians coming to the wedding festival and appears to have given a name to the subject.

Among incidents of familiar life is a "Marriage Proposal in Heligoland," by Rudolf Jordan, a picture which made the artist's reputation. An old pilot, pipe in mouth, stands in front of his hut, talking to a young girl, who, with eyes fixed upon the ground, twists her apron in evident confusion, as he pleads the cause of some fisher-lad, whom he chucks familiarly under the chin. In Vautier's "First Dancing Lesson" some peasant girls are posed before an old dancing master, who points with his bow to their maladroit feet, while an old woman with several young girls and little children look on, and half a dozen lads at the other end of the room are anxiously waiting for the dance to begin. Among Schrödter's popular pictures is the "Inn on the Rhine" with guests drinking under a shady tree, while some men lower a wine cask into the cellar. The host is in earnest conversation with the carter, the barmaid trips down the steps with a large earthern pitcher, and in the open doorway we catch sight of a couple of youths listening intently to some old peasant's exciting story.

Karl Hoff's "Baptism of the Posthumous Child"—representing the family of a deceased young Protestant noble in the seventeenth century, assembled for the christening of his posthumous son, in a magnificently furnished state-room—is notable for its suggestive grouping, its variety of incident, its harmony of colour, and richness of detail. In Waldmüller's "After School-hours," an old dominie stands in the doorway of the village school, calling a troop of madcap children, whom he has just let loose, to order. A popular picture by Karl Begas "Washing the Moor," presents us with a new version of the old familiar

incident. Here a child, after being washed by its black nurse, who is lying on the carpet by her side, seizes the sponge and endeavours to wash the dusky one white. Hasenclever's well-known picture of "Tasting the Rhine Wine" belongs to that class of bibacious subjects which German artists of late years have so delighted in.

The Berlin National Gallery contains numerous landscapes by the Achenbachs, Ahlborn, Biermann, founder of the modern Berlin landscape school, Bürkel, Friedrich, Hildebrandt, Kalckreuth, whose effects of light in his Alpine scenes are something remarkable, Krüger, noted for his subjects from the Spreewald, &c. It also possesses some of Schinkel's ideal, and Schirmer's Biblical landscapes, with Norwegian coast scenes by Dahl and Gade, animal studies by Verboeckhoven, and a solitary picture by an English artist namely, Charles Landseer's "Cromwell at Naseby." In the Cornelius Galleries are the cartoons of that artist's frescoes in the Berlin Campo Santo and Cathedral, the Munich Glyptothek, and Ludwigs-kirche; also a few sketches and cartoons by Kaulbach, Passini, Rethel, Schnorr, Steinle, Veit, and Wanderer. Among the statuary are a bust of Tieck, by Rauch, Schadow's "Girl Reposing," Wittig's "Hagar and Ishmael," and Emil Wolf's "Judith."

The ancient Lagerhaus of Berlin, the former residence of the Electors of Brandenburg, has long since been utilised for public offices, law courts, ministerial archives, and artists' studios. Here Rauch the sculptor plied his chisel, and here reproductions of the greater part of his works are collected in a large vaulted hall upwards of a hundred and sixty feet in length, known as the Rauch Museum. The tomb of Queen Luisa in the mausoleum of Charlottenburg, by which Rauch first achieved fame, is represented simply by a small model, but most of his remaining masterpieces, produced in the course of forty-five years of hard work that followed this success, are here of their full size, and especially the equestrian statue of Friedrich the Great in the Linden. Amongst other noticeable productions are the tomb of a young princess of Hesse Darmstadt, depicting a child of six years old lying with some flowers in one hand, and a half-finished wreath in the other, as if sleep had overpowered her in her charming occupation; the Emperor Alexander of Russia, after the Napoleonic war, thrusting his victorious sword back into the scabbard; York and Gneisenau, Kant and Thaer, all from nature, and the latter especially good; the first two Christian kings of Poland, Wenceslau, the father, pointing to the cross, and Boleslau, the son, resting on his sword; busts of Goethe, Humboldt, and Schleiermacher; the graceful Danaid, destroyed by fire in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and several of the innumerable Victories which Rauch was as fond of repeating, with due variations, as Thorwaldsen was his

Cupids. A group, representing Aaron and Hur supporting the hands of Moses during the battle with the Amalekites, the original of which is in the Friedens-kirche of Potsdam, was due to the commands of King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., who wished for an embodiment of the idea of kingly government supported by priest and soldier. Bas reliefs, small models and fragments of larger works, are accompanied by numerous sketches and designs, including one for the monument of Friedrich the Great, wherein that hero in full Roman costume prances on horseback in front of an imitation of Trajan's column adorned with bas-reliefs and surmounted by one of Rauch's sempiternal Victories.

The Royal Bau Akademie, a square red-brick building, ornamented above the doors and windows with sculptures representing the development of architecture, erected in the year 1835, between the Schleusen-brücke and the Schloss-brücke, from Schinkel's designs, contains on the third story the Beuth-Schinkel Museum. This comprises the collection of oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, pencil and chalk studies, sketches of theatrical decorations, designs for frescoes, and the like, formed by Schinkel and purchased at his death by Friedrich Wilhelm IV., as well as the collection left to the Akademie by Beuth in 1853, and consisting chiefly of valuable engravings by the older masters.

THE BAU AKADEMIE.

Berlin of course is not without its military museums, but the collection installed in the Zeughaus is the only one of general interest. The dark apartment on the ground floor of this building, with its assemblage of culverines, mitrailleuses, mortars of all shapes and sizes, and cannon with their long necks stretching out in all directions, is a perfect Noah's ark of warlike instruments. Here are the "*pièces de luxe*" baptised with the names of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, which Friedrich I. caused to be founded in emulation of Louis XIV., and the two leathern cannon of which Gustavus Adolphus made such advantageous use in the Thirty Years' War. Then there is *La Belle Colombe*, "the beautiful dove," a notable culverine of the sixteenth century; also a 12-pounder founded at Freiberg in 1546, having on it the head of the Pope vomiting forth toads and serpents, and evidencing the kind of estimation in which Prussia has been in the habit of holding the occupant of St. Peter's chair.

Turkish, Spanish, Austrian, and French cannon are ranged at random one against the other, while scores of French cannon, for which house-room cannot be found, lie neglected in the courtyard of the building, with the famous colossal bronze lion which the Prussians carried off from the cemetery of Plensbourg, after the capture of Schleswig-Holstein, rising from their midst.

A winding staircase conducts to the first floor, where there are stands of firearms on every side, and the beams are hidden by flags and standards pierced by bullets. Some eagles and flags captured from the French in 1815, and which the Prussians used to be sufficiently proud of, are set little store by now since the more recent great "haul." Everywhere the inscription "*Französische Flaggen*" catches the eye; chandeliers, too, of swords, which originally decorated the *salle* of the Metz *Cercle des Officiers* hang suspended from the ceiling, and among the collection of keys of captured fortresses displayed under glass cases, those of Sedan, Strasburg, Metz, Toul, La Fère, Verdun, &c., are the most prominent. The miscellaneous objects include models of colossal statues of Blücher, and Friedrich William I. An indignant Frenchman who pretends to discern in the statue above the gateway in the rear of the Armoury an allegorical figure of Regret, pharisaically asks the jubilant Berlinese whether they have ever counted how many tears and how much blood it has been necessary to shed to get these numerous trophies of victory together.

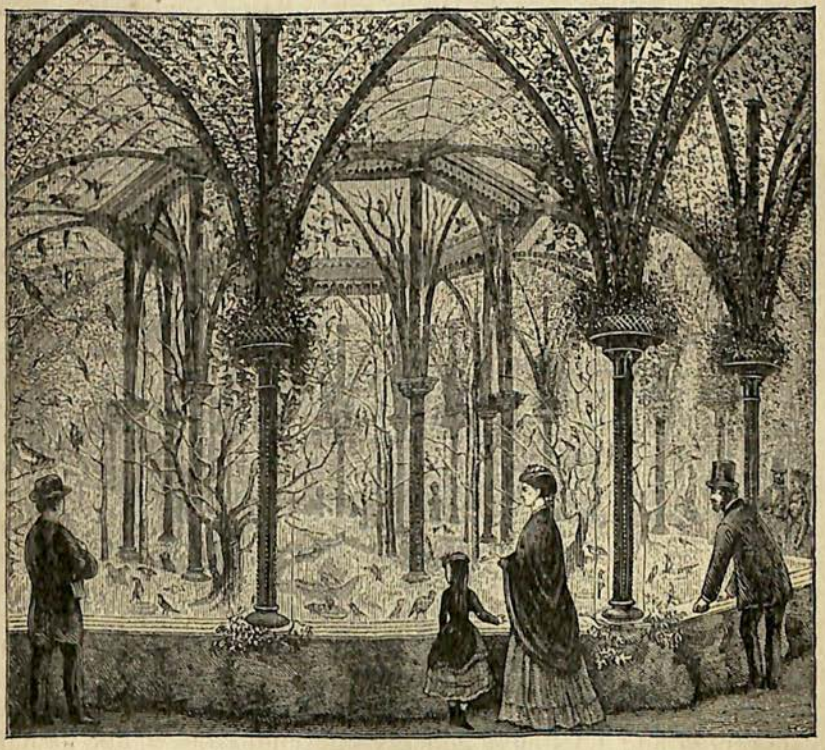
There is another Berlin institution which, although not exactly a museum, may be here referred to. Almost in the heart of the Prussian capital, some hundred and twenty miles from the sea, is what is generally allowed to be the finest Aquarium in the world. Indeed it is rather a vivarium than an Aquarium, as, in addition to its wonderful collection of animal life from the depths of the ocean to which it owes its name, it comprises a gigantic aviary inhabited by thousands of strange and beautiful birds, a fine collection of reptiles, and many interesting specimens of mammalia. As the founder expresses it, the visitor is enabled to take a short and attractive stroll across the desert, and thence through the primeval forest to the sea-shore where the mysteries of the ocean are revealed to his gaze. In accordance with this programme, his first introduction is to the denizens of the desert, most of whom he finds resting motionless beneath a scorching heat, recalling that of the torrid zone. Snakes and lizards are the principal occupants of what is termed the Snake corridor. The python and boa constrictor are conspicuous by their scaly bulk amidst the numerous non-venomous snakes, black, green, ringed, and spotted, from the Old and New World, whilst the rattlesnake, the horned viper of Egypt, the deadly lance-head, and the mocassin snake occupy the foremost rank amongst their poison-bearing brethren. In company with the well-known

lizards of Southern Europe figure the chameleon, the iguana, and other strangers from tropical climes, and the larger saurians are not only represented by the American alligator, common to all collections, but by the scaly denizens of old Nile. Exposed in special cases are a couple of insects, the scorpion and the enormous bird-catching spider, concerning which many strange stories have been told. The double-toed sloth is also here, confirming the axiom that laziness requires no practice, for even eating seems to be an exertion to the indolent brute. At the end of the gallery forming the so-called desert region, is a lofty cave nearly sixty feet in height, known as the geological grotto, the walls displaying sections of the chief strata of the earth's crust. A foaming water-fall, around the spray of which flutter gaily-plumaged birds, rushes down from above, whilst bulky tortoises repose inertly in the background.

The ascent of a few steps is all that is necessary to transport the visitor from the tropical wilderness and bring him face to face with the feathered inhabitants of the primeval forest. In a gigantic aviary, unrivalled in its completeness, he perceives some fifteen hundred piping, singing, whistling, chattering, and talking birds, surrounded by creeping plants and luxuriant tropical vegetation. These feathered captives flit about as if quite reconciled to the constraint imposed upon them, and do not appear to be in the least degree disturbed by anything that goes on without the limits of their prison. Round this vast octagonal, domed central cage are grouped other cages forming fourteen distinct compartments in which quarrelsome birds can be kept separate, or those representing certain species grouped together. Behind the almost invisible wire network of this vast aviary all is life and movement, and the eye is dazzled by the kaleidoscopic colouring, as the ear is bewildered by the incessant noise. Each bird seems trying to make itself heard, and as all, or almost all, pipe equally loud, the hundreds of different notes blend into such a quire that the disagreeable screeches and screams lose their sharpness and harshness and become endurable, if not exactly pleasing. Above, Alpine choughs, Siberian blue tits, Java sparrows, love birds, Whydale birds, and all the endless tribe of finches chirp and twitter, gaudy parrots and crested cockatoos rend the air with deafening screeches in the centre, on the right the laughing jackass gives vent to sounds defying all description, and from below rises the shrill note of the sand-piper, and the skirl of the sea-mew. The thrush utters his clear flute-like note, the magpie chatters, the dove coos, the cock sounds his defiant clarion, the quail pipes, the weaver birds chirrup as they spin, whilst song birds, unheedful of one another's tone, warble steadily in chorus, each after the manner of his kind.

Whilst the ear is taking in this concert, the eye endeavours to discriminate a few of the more prominent performers and

rests for an instant on the flaming robe of the scarlet ibis, the satin sheen of the starling, the velvety plumage of the finches of the tropics, and the gaudy garbs of macaws and lories. Suddenly the many individuals forming the groups take flight as if at a given signal, the scene is completely changed and a fresh picture presents itself. Larger aviaries may be constructed, and the feathered flock indefinitely multiplied, still it is doubtful whether the *tout ensemble* of this bright chaos will ever be



surpassed. As soon as the aviary is lighted up most of the company take this as a signal to betake themselves to rest. The parrots disappear into their sleeping boxes, the little finches crowd closely together, the late comers perching themselves on the back of those who have already secured places. The songs grow fainter and fainter, only the nightingales warble, the landrails utter their mournful crake, the owls hoot, and some Australian pigeons coo monotonously at stated intervals; while close at hand the crocodiles are snorting, the tortoises whistling, the frogs croaking, and the snakes hissing, and the flying foxes unhooking themselves from the bough to which they have been suspended by their hind legs all day, flit noiselessly on leathern wings.

Among the birds in this aviary is a stork, which in a fight with his fellows had a large portion of the upper half of his bill broken off. He would have perished of hunger though living in a land of plenty, surrounded by frogs, lizards, and other tid-bits dear to his kind, had not a Berlin surgeon, pitying his plight, provided him with a new upper jaw manufactured out of tin-plate. The experiment has succeeded admirably, and the bird is able to gobble up any unfortunate batrachians who fall in his way with rapidity and ease, though it is doubtful if this novel application of science is received with as much appreciation and gratitude by the frogs as by the stork.

The wide and lofty gallery surrounding this aviary is lined with grottoes lighted from above, in which various specimens of mammalia, amphibia, and fresh water fish disport themselves. At one end is a rocky corridor leading to a grotto of larger dimensions, the walls of which are composed of native rock. Here artificial pisciculture is carried on, on a scale to gladden the heart of Mr. Frank Buckland, the spawn of salmon and trout being hatched into fish by means of Brehm's and Lüer's breeding tiles, and Keiffer's breeding pans. Beyond what is known as the Beaver Grotto, is a dark corridor which appears to end in a rocky labyrinth, but on threading this the visitor finds himself in the real sea aquarium. Each of the larger basins is supposed to represent a particular sea, wherein are displayed the inhabitants peculiar to its waters, and the marine plants adorning its bed. The vast basin occupying the entire centre of this immense subterranean grotto, and larger than the one in the New York Aquarium in which a whale was exhibited, represents the Atlantic Ocean, while neighbouring basins indicate some of its various bays.

In the first of these the visitor sees fish in shiny silver scales, with long gold stripes, and other fish with singular horns above their eyes, both deserving close inspection, since few aquariums can boast of the sea bream, the Aurata of the ancients, and the horned fish of the Mediterranean. In the next tank there appears to be nothing beyond the rock at the sides. Suddenly, a fragment of this rock appears to detach itself and an uncouth monster, nearly as broad as it is long, swims out into the open, soon to be followed by another and another. This is the sea-horse, and suddenly the whole floor of the tank swarms with life as the soles, flounders and turbots which had been half buried in the sand issue forth in alarm from their lairs, as a lobster, hitherto invisible amongst the rocks of the background, proceeds to scuttle gracefully across their resting place. Rays abound in the next tank, and when these flaps of flesh with their diagonal mouths raise their flat pale bellies against the glass in front, no exuberant imagination is requisite to trace that resemblance to the human face which has gained for them the name of old

maids. Here too, is a fish equally striking in shape, the sea scorpion, which indulges in an audible snarl when any one attempts to meddle with it, and seems at the first glance to have three legs—really spurs of the pectoral fins—on each side of its breast, and to make use of them as it glides along close to the ground. Elsewhere the gaily-coloured sea anemones cannot belie that their out-stretched tentacles are ready at any moment to grasp their prey; the curious spider crabs crawl and creep, and the singular figure of the sturgeon glides gracefully by, in marked contrast to his neighbour the ungainly torsk, in whom the inland German with difficulty recognizes the raw material of his favourite stock-fish.

A bank further on seems to realize the silent immobility which is supposed to prevail at the bottom of the sea, displaying no members of the finny tribe darting athwart it in wanton gambols, or gliding slowly in dignified state. The visitor may think at first that he is looking at nothing but marine vegetation. And yet nearly everything belongs to the animal kingdom, including corals, sea urchins, star-fish, polypi rivalling each other in gay colouring and singularity of form, with sabellæ, those tube worms whose delicately-tinted crowns of feelers rival even the tentacles of sea anemones, all embowered amidst the green velvet algæ. The next zoophyte basin has its sea-cucumbers and sponges, with a mass of bright-hued anemones from the Mediterranean, forming a deceptive imitation of a flower-piece under water. In the following tanks the wrasses surpass everything else in their chromatic brilliancy, and equally with the bream, striped, spotted, and blue, present the aspect of a living kaleidoscope and suggests artificial colouring. Almost equally attractive is the basin containing sea scorpions, gobies, mullet, &c.; and the splendid actiniæ with which the basaltic basins are thronged.

On ascending the steps to the left the visitor finds himself once more in front of the geological grotto, close to tumbling water birds and dog-fish chasing their prey. Advancing, he reaches the corridor where the immense basin already noted as symbolising the Atlantic Ocean, displays amongst the more prominent of its inhabitants, conger eels, sturgeons, cod, dog-fish, crabs innumerable, and above, hovering like birds of prey, monstrous sea tortoises. On leaving he passes in front of the basin representing the Mediterranean sea, and the last view which he encounters as he seeks the outlet leading into the Schadow-strasse, and perhaps the finest in the whole Aquarium, is the Blue Grotto of Capri.

It was in the Berlin Aquarium that the late lamented Mr. Pongo, the first gorilla brought to Europe, was wont to charm his daily crowd of visitors. The Berlinese as they witnessed his partiality for tippling beer, puffing forth volumes of tobacco

smoke, smashing in the hats of unsuspecting bystanders, and demolishing umbrellas, recognized the leading features of their own peculiar temperament, and hailed with rapture this specimen of the missing link as one of themselves. Poor Pongo, it will be remembered, was found in a village on the Gaboon by Dr. Falkenstein, who brought him to Europe and sold him for 20,000 marks, about a thousand pounds, to this Berlin Aquarium in June, 1876. During the ensuing twelve months he was visited by at least two hundred thousand people, and was subsequently brought over to England, where our cold damp climate proved fatal to him.

Among the sixty churches which Berlin possesses, there are very few of especial interest on either architectural or antiquarian grounds. The Dom-kirche or Cathedral, situate, as we have already mentioned, in the Lustgarten under the projecting shadow of the Schloss, although insignificant in appearance, claims precedence as being the Hof-kirche, or Court Church. Built at the commencement of the last century, it was restored externally and internally in 1817 in accordance with Schenkel's designs. Its real interest lies neither in the colossal copper angels guarding the doorway, the altar-piece by Begas representing the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, the bronze figures modelled by Tieck, after Vischer's celebrated statues round the shrine of St. Sebald at Nuremberg, the head of St. Peter in mosaic, presented by Leo XII. to Friedrich Wilhelm III., nor yet in Rauch's white marble fonts, nor even in the curious bronze sarcophagus wrought by Peter Vischer and his son in the sixteenth century for the tall elector Johann, that "Cicero of Germany" who could speak for four hours at a stretch "in elegantly flowing Latin," but in the tin coffins wherein rest the remains of the Great Elector and crook-backed King Friedrich I., and of their spouses Dorothea and Sophia Charlotte, the foundresses of the Dorotheen-stadt and of Charlottenburg.

It was when their remains were transferred hither in 1750 that Friedrich II. had his great-grandsire's coffin opened, and after gazing for some time in silence at the features, which were perfectly recognisable, laid his hand on the hand long dead, and said, "*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses.*" Hard by the Berlin Cathedral and extending to the Spree, is a royal mausoleum designed in imitation of the Campo Santo at Pisa, and decorated with frescoes by Cornelius. One of these days when "the Hydra of Ultramontanism" is crushed, and there is, moreover, no longer any need of spending all the spare coin of the kingdom on Krupp guns, the new cathedral, which many years ago it was determined to build over this mausoleum, will possibly be commenced.

The oldest church in Berlin is undoubtedly the Nicolai-kirche near the Molken-markt, for records exist of its restoration in

1223. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1380, and so carelessly restored that seventy years later much of it had to be pulled down, and Bishop Friedrich of Brandenburg issued a special dispensation to all pious souls who would contribute towards the rebuilding. Since the commencement of the sixteenth century, when the steeple was completed, no essential alterations have been made in this edifice. The curious tin font by Lichtenhagen in front of the altar dates back for upwards of three centuries, and the neighbouring one-and-twenty quaint paintings on panel to an earlier epoch. Among the tombs in the church is that of Puffendorf, the celebrated jurist.

Another old Berlin church is the Marien-kirche, which lies hidden away behind the houses surrounding the Neue-markt. It had its spire destroyed by fire in 1514, and again by lightning in 1661, on which latter occasion Field-Marshal Sparre, seized with a happy inspiration, ordered cannon to be brought out at once, and had the burning tower so promptly and skilfully battered down, that the body of the church was preserved from the flames. Strange to say, the new tower which sprung up some five years later, was also struck by lightning, and the present lofty wooden steeple, in a so-called Gothic style, was reared in 1790 by Langhaus. Renovated entirely at the commencement of the present century, the church retains its ancient aspect, harmonising better with the curious brazen font with its supporting dragons, dating from the reign of the first Hohenzollern Kurfürst of Brandenburg, than with Schlüter's eighteenth century alabaster pulpit with its clouds, and cherubims, and angels with gilt trumpets, or with the grandiose rococo organ, smothered with gilding, and floating, as it were, in the midst of more clouds and cherubims.

The church abounds with quaint and inartistic monuments, including altar and other tombs, curious medieval carved figures, paintings of religious subjects, portraits of nobles, field-marshals, and notable preachers, rusty helmets of the days of Joachim II., and knightly shields with faded quarterings. The stone cross which the burghers of Berlin and Köln were obliged to set up close to the church door in 1355 to mark the spot where thirty-two years previously they slew Prior Nicholas of Bernau for advocating from the altar the cause of Rudolf of Saxony, still stands a memento of that deed of blood, but the lamp which they were to keep burning till the day of doom has long since been extinguished.

The Kloster-kirche, situated in front of the Cadetten-haus, is, artistically speaking, the most perfect medieval building of which Berlin can boast. The religious edifices founded by the citizens were sufficiently solid constructions, but bare and without architectural character, whereas the structure raised by the Order of Grey Friars belongs to the best specimen of North-German

Gothic, in a material so homely as brick. An inscription over the stalls in the choir sets forth, that in the year 1271, the margraves Otto and Albrecht of Brandenburg out of great piety transferred to the Brethren the ground on which the monastery used to stand, as a possession for ever. The land lay within the town jurisdiction, but without the inhabited portion, which was bounded, as in other towns, by the Juden-gasse, or Jews' lane, the site of which is indicated by the present Juden-strasse. The Franciscan church, as a foundation, is younger than the Nicolai and Marien churches, whereas the building in its essential portions is considerably older.

The churches of the begging Friars were distinguished for severe simplicity; transept and tower being generally absent, although in place of the latter there was sometimes a small turret. Modern restoration has impaired the plain character of the Kloster-kirche by the introduction of the octagonal turrets flanking the portal, and by giving to the new gable turret too ornate a finial, and to the western window proportions inconsistent with the characteristics of brick architecture. The outward appearance of the edifice is none the less picturesque, owing in some degree to the arcade in front, which is, however, a modern addition.

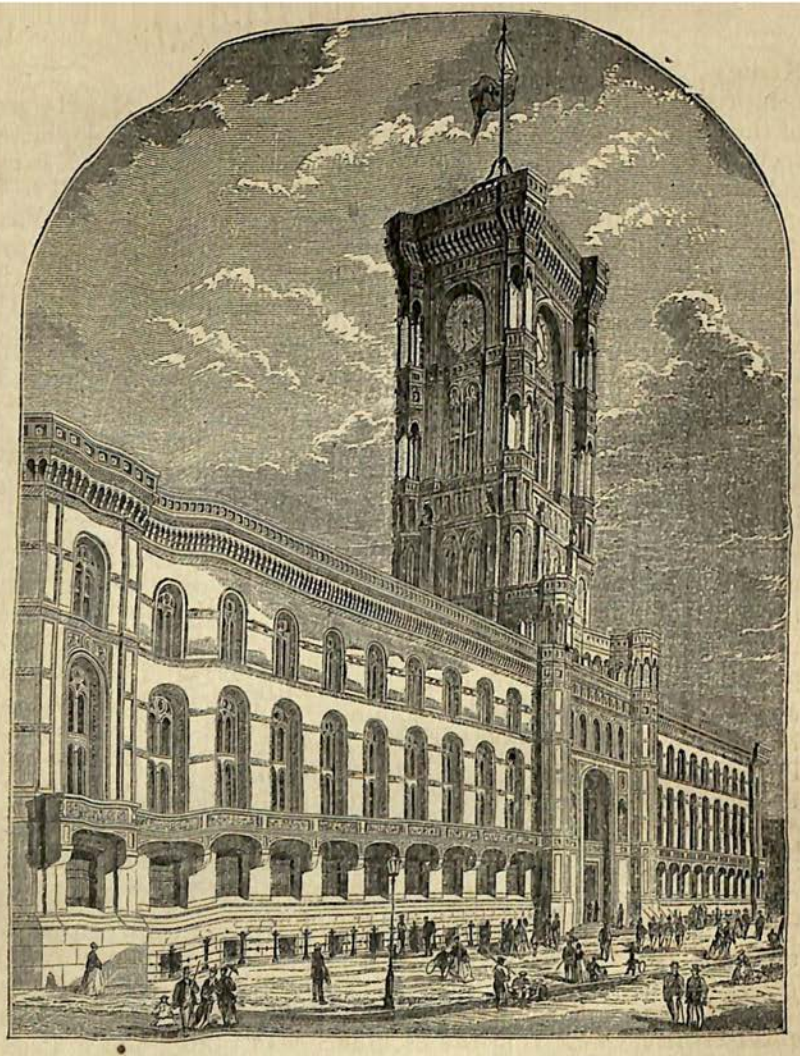
In no other church in Berlin is there so much medieval decoration remaining as in the Kloster-kirche. The monks' stalls, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, are simple but beautiful specimens of wood carving. They relate the passion of Christ, not, however, by actual representation, but symbolically. The pulpit, too, is finely carved, and among the characteristic scriptural groups and figures of saints, sculptured in wood and painted, Mary and John at the foot of the cross, a colossal group over the entrance to the choir, may be specially mentioned. The reredos, representing the institution of the Lord's Supper, is of a later date, while the wall paintings are altogether modern. The most interesting monument in the church presents us with the effigy of Count John of Hohenloh, kneeling before the Man of Sorrow. A captain in the service of the Burgrave of Nuremberg, afterwards Elector Friedrich I., he fell mortally wounded in 1412 near the dyke of Kremmer whilst fighting against the unruly nobles of the Mark.

Next to the Kloster-kirche is the Parochial-kirche, built at the close of the seventeenth century and popularly known as the Sing-uhr from some Dutch chimes presented to it by Friedrich Wilhelm I. These chimes, composed of seven-and-thirty bells, play at stated times by means of a brass cylinder.

In a military city like Berlin some interest naturally attaches to the Garrison-kirche originally built during the reign of the first king of Prussia, but blown up by the explosion of the adjacent powder magazine in 1721 when the present edifice

was promptly erected by order of Friedrich Wilhelm I., and consecrated with a great display of military pomp. The structure is of oblong shape without either tower or spire. It has, however, no less than eight doors, over each of which a black eagle is seen flying towards the sun. The nave, supported by eight immense Doric columns, was once hung with numerous flags and other trophies, but these were all swept away in 1806, and to-day the chief adornments of the interior are Röhde's pictures, commemorative in allegorical fashion of the careers of Schwerin, Winterfeldt, Keith, Kleist, and Ziethen—all generals of the Seven Years' War.

The Französische and Neue-kirchen rear themselves on either side of the Schauspiel-haus in the Gensdarmen-markt, and their twin towers are said to have been designed by a military architect—a Major von Gontard—in imitation of those on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome. The major superintended their construction until the 28th July, 1787, when the tower of the Neue-kirche, already far advanced, fell down with a fearful crash, whereupon von Gontard took to instantaneous flight, and did not stop till he was safe beyond the Prussian frontier. The news of the disaster was brought to Friedrich the Great while he was engaged with one of his eternal Potsdam Guard parades, and on learning in answer to the only question he asked that no one was injured, he merely ejaculated "*Bon*," and turning his back on the messenger, resumed the contemplation of his beloved grenadiers. Unger was employed to complete the towers which somewhat dwarf the edifices they crown, edifices very rich without in quadruple porticoes looking north, south, east, and west, Corinthian columns, pediments decorated with sculpture, and immense statues, both saintly and symbolical, perched on every coign of vantage, but rather bald looking within.



THE BERLIN RATHHAUS.

IX.

THE RATHHAUS AND THE STADTRATH.

ONE of the most important public edifices in Berlin is its monumental Rathhaus, a vast structure in brick with an imposing clock tower in the same material, dominating the loftiest of the city steeples. The rapid growth of Berlin of late years and the corresponding spread of the civic jurisdiction rendered an extension of the inadequate accommodation provided by the old Berlin Town-hall absolutely necessary. The existing site being too limited, the entire block of houses inclosed by the

Königs-, Spandauer-, and Juden-strasse, and the Nagel-gasse, comprising one of the meanest, dirtiest, and most confined quarters of the city, was purchased for a million thaler, and, in 1856, architects were invited to send in designs for a new Town-hall to be erected on this spot. It was not, however, until 1859 that Wäsemann, the architect, was commissioned by the town council to produce a new design by the aid of the plans thus obtained, and on this being accepted, the foundation-stone of the east wing was laid in 1861. By the end of 1869, the building, with its tower, 275 feet in height, was completed, with the exception of certain of its external and internal decorations, at a cost of something like four million thaler.

The Berlin Rathhaus, 310 feet in length, 275 in breadth, and 85 in height, exclusive of its tower, is in the early Renaissance style of northern Italy. That fulness of detail, however, which, indifferent to strict uniformity, is boldly and richly developed in all medieval edifices and gives them their peculiar charm, is wanting in the modern counterpart. The principal façade presents a barrack-like uniformity which the immense recessed central portal, framing a disproportionately small doorway, does not remedy. The tower, moreover, with its flanking pavilions and their absurdly slender columns, and its heavy projecting summit, lacks connection with the substructure. The idea too of producing good effects of colour by means of the materials employed in the building has not been happily carried out. Granite and sandstone have been used in conjunction with the brickwork, but in such a way that no harmonizing tones result. The external plastic decorations in terra cotta, in the modelling of which many eminent sculptors were employed, are more successful, conspicuous amongst them being the frieze decorating the balcony running along the main façade in the Königs-strasse, and designed by Schiffelmann. Recumbent female figures representing Plenty and Fertility, supporting the escutcheons of Brandenburg, Prussia, and Berlin, groups of children playing with garlands of fruit and flowers, and the inevitable Victories constitute the adornments of the main entrance, whilst Virchow's arabesque compositions enriched with figures in *alto-relievo*, of Agriculture, Commerce, Industry, and Navigation, Drake's figures of Art and Science, Calendrelli's frieze, and Wolff's colossal coloured bears squatting on their haunches at the base of the tower, are conspicuous amongst the ornaments of the other parts of the building.

The eastern half of the edifice, which lies to the left of the main entrance, contains a vast and picturesque banqueting hall, the kitchen chimneys attached to which, however, smoke but rarely in comparison with those of other corporations nearer home. A couple of courtyards subdivide the western half, which includes the council chamber, the large state room, the anteroom, and the library. Entering by the main door from the

Königs-strasse we step into an imposing octagonal staircase lobby above which rises a vaulted roof thickly studded with stars. Three groups of massy pillars rest on the stone parapet on either side of the stairs, and from their capitals spring the ribs and plinths of the vaults of the central staircase and its two aisles. This part of the building is lighted from without by a large coloured window in the central façade and by side windows decorated with the escutcheons of Prussian towns. A second staircase hall, in quite a different style, succeeds the first and, like it, leads only to unimportant rooms, the insufficient height of which produces a disappointing effect.

Whilst the stairs have no fitting goal, the great banqueting hall to which they ought to lead is devoid of suitable approaches, being wedged in between rooms destined for miscellaneous purposes. The various state rooms, and notably the halls in which the municipal councillors and the magistrates meet, are, however, worthy of their object and will fairly bear comparison with those in the municipal palaces erected in the 16th and 17th centuries in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries. In their ornamentation, Kolscher, an architect of rare decorative talent, has succeeded in producing a characteristically solid effect in appropriate keeping with the substantial influence of German burgher life. The pictorial decorations of some of the apartments, the fresco paintings on the walls and ceilings of the banqueting hall by Oskar Begas, and in the library by Ernst Ewald, are equal to the best examples which Berlin art in its later tendencies has hitherto produced. In addition to these purely modern works, the Berlin Rathhaus contains a collection of portraits of Prussian sovereigns, presents from themselves to the municipality, and including the great Kurfürst, somewhat incongruously arrayed in plate armour and a flowing *perruque*, Friedrich I. the expensive and magnificent, likewise be-wigged and be-ruffled, and posing in his royal robes *à la* Louis le Grand, his son, Friedrich Wilhelm I., more martially equipped as becomes so famous a drill-sergeant, with breastplate and bâton, Friedrich the Great, also bâton in hand and wearing those famous high boots with which he was wont to enforce his arguments, fat dissolute Friedrich Wilhelm II., irresolute Friedrich Wilhelm III., the late King, and the present Emperor.

The municipal government of Berlin is in the hands of a Burgomaster and his Amts-Gehülfe, and 108 municipal councillors. The city, which in 1871 counted 69,306 municipal electors on the register, is divided into 36 electoral districts, each returning three members to the municipal council. These districts vary, however, as regards population, from 5,000 to 50,000 inhabitants, and thus the voting power is inconveniently distributed, the number of voters in some districts being so small that there is no election, but simply a recommendation by a committee.

Moreover the electoral and administrative districts do not coincide, and the expression of public opinion on local questions is rendered impossible. It has therefore been proposed either to divide the city into twelve equal electoral districts, each returning nine councillors, or to convert Berlin and its dependencies into a province and change the present communal administration for a provincial one." Then instead of a Burgomaster and a President of Police who now exercise a simultaneous authority, which frequently clashes, there would be but one functionary entrusted with all executive and administrative powers. By the general municipal regulations, every Prussian twenty-four years of age, established on his own account in Berlin and paying an annual tax of not less than four thaler, is entitled to vote at the municipal elections. All such qualified electors, unless public functionaries whose duties bring them into close contact with the civic authorities, paid municipal employés, ecclesiastics, primary schoolmasters, judicial functionaries, police officials, &c. are themselves eligible for election.

The municipal councillors are elected for a period of six years, one-third of the number retiring in rotation every two years. The council, the sittings of which are public, enjoys considerable authority, having the power of levying taxes on the city, and in general settles the budget according to its own pleasure. It also elects in turn the executive civic authorities, the Burgomaster and his Amts-Gehülfe. The State, however, has the right of conforming or quashing their appointment. Thus, when the Berlin municipal council, desirous of vexing the ruling powers, elected as Burgomaster, Herr de Winter, an advanced Liberal, who had given great offence in high quarters by a speech delivered some years before, their hopes were disappointed. For Herr de Winter informed them that the step they had taken would lead to no result, since he had received an intimation from a high official quarter that it was useless for him to accept the office, as the Government would not confirm him in it. Municipal councillors themselves are not eligible for these appointments, the holders of which are salaried officials entrusted with the executive municipal power, the preparation of the budget, the drawing up of administrative decrees, the current administration of the finances, and the appointment, after consultation with the council, of the municipal employés.

The constantly recurring deficit in the municipal revenue of Berlin, which, prior to 1868, was chiefly derived from the rent or house tax, and the city duties on meat and flour, led to the imposition during that year of a communal income tax. The project, however, met with great opposition, as the city was already one of the most heavily taxed in Prussia. Persons with an income under 300 thaler, military men on active service, and certain officials are exempt from this communal income tax, the

percentage of which increases greatly as the income rises. Thus the tax which on an income of 500 thaler amounts to ten thaler, on 1,000 thaler becomes twenty-four thaler, on 10,000 thaler 288 thaler, and on 100,000 thaler 3,000 thaler.[1]

As matters were flourishing the year after the Franco-German war, it was decided that only half the municipal assessment on incomes should be levied, the tax having been especially established for restoring the financial equilibrium of the budget. In 1875 the budget represented an expenditure of 33,123,476 marks,[2] against receipts amounting only to 26,337,231 marks, the deficiency having to be covered by the proceeds of the municipal income tax. This modest budget comprised no outlay for grand corporation banquets, civic entertainments to foreign potentates or native princes, or the reckless feasting of useless committees such as the gouty and plethoric members of the City of London Corporation indulge in, thanks to the impunity with which, under a system of so-called self-government, they are permitted to divert funds originally designed for noble uses. The budget for 1871 mainly consisted of such items as 39,700 thaler for the erection of a new communal school-house, 100,000 thaler for the foundation of an Industrial Museum, and 32,000 thaler for a plot of ground on which to build additions to the Orphan Asylum. One thing which the Berlin municipality seem either unable or unwilling to do is to raise sufficient funds to relieve Berlin from, perhaps, the most crying evil with which it is afflicted, namely, the want of drainage, as in 1871 only 41,600 thaler were applied to the construction of additional sewers. Several plans have been submitted to the municipality with this object and the only obstacle to commencing the work lies in the scruples of the councillors to raise the required sum by means of a loan, though the city could obtain as much money as it chose to ask for at four per cent. To drain Berlin thoroughly, would certainly cost millions and take years, but in presence of the hourly danger of some sweeping epidemic, any impediment thrown in the way of so necessary a task seems incredible.

[1] An idea of the scanty pecuniary resources of the inhabitants of the capital of the new Empire may be gathered from the assessment returns, which, in 1871, showed there were 151,631 persons with incomes under 300 thaler and therefore exempt from the communal income tax, 49,992 with from 300 to 500 thaler, 18,533 with from 500 to 900 thaler, 3,733 with from 900 to 1,000 thaler, and about 1,500 favoured ones in receipt of more than that modest sum.

[2] The German mark is slightly under the shilling in value.

TYPES OF BÖRSE SPECULATORS.

X.

THE BERLIN BÖRSE.

THE new organization of the German Empire and the influx of French gold gave the Berlin Börse a sovereign position amongst the continental money-markets, very different from that of former days, when it had no opinion of its own and was wholly controlled by the fluctuations of the Vienna and Frankfurt Exchanges. Even in a state so thoroughly military as Prussia, the fact that money rules the world has been generally recognised, and the spirit of speculative acquisition aroused in all classes, while many regard the Börse merely as an institution where hazardous speculations for wealth are carried on. This is by no means a correct view, for its main characteristics are those of a legitimate market for capital where savings find an investment, where states, corporate bodies, and joint-stock enterprises apply for funds, and where the monetary traffic between different countries is negociated. Speculation is only a phase of its commercial existence, necessary to cause capital to circulate and to impart vitality to new undertakings.

To-day the quotations of the Berlin Börse influence all the leading Exchanges of Europe, and its connections extend to every quarter of the globe. The inland situation of the capital of the new German Empire and the absence of direct communication with the produce markets of other countries hinder it from securing pre-eminence in purely mercantile transactions, but its

position as a money-market has risen year by year, supported as its financial operations have been by an unprecedented influx of capital into the district of which it is the centre. The result is, that foreign states have flocked to the Berlin Börse to supply their wants. Russian, Austrian, Bavarian, and Baden loans have been negociated within its walls, and railways constructed in the first two countries with capital brought into the market by its agency. This extension of its sphere, combined with the temptation offered by high rates of interest, has led Prussian capitalists to risk their money in enterprises yet more remote, and to extend their connection to America and Italy. The entire amount required for the network of Prussian railways was provided by the Berlin Börse, where the shares of numerous joint-stock banks were also taken up, the sum needed for the railways alone amounting in 1860 to 351,623,329 thaler, and in 1865 to 462,744,726 thaler. The railway stocks and shares which have their own market represent at least 500,000,000 thaler, an amount which is far exceeded by the capital absorbed by home and foreign loans, banks, and other joint-stock enterprises.

As an exchange the Berlin Börse ranks first in Germany, as a discount market it is less conspicuous. The advantages of what is called its "open market" are enjoyed only by the aristocracy of finance, for the discount business moves in an exclusive circle, where first-class drafts alone are current. Hence, though the rate of discount rules lower than at the Imperial bank, the latter does the most business, from not discarding those smaller transactions to which the Börse is closed. The produce market deals chiefly with rape oil,—the trade in which has suffered greatly from the competition of petroleum,—spirits, corn, and to a certain extent wool and cotton, and exercises much influence throughout Germany. On comparing the list of its transactions half a century ago with those of recent date, it will be seen that the thousands of thaler have to-day grown into millions.

The purely speculative transactions of the Berlin Börse, now largely exceeding in magnitude the dealings of the money-market, are only of recent origin. In bygone years the spirit of enterprise had to turn to England and France, and the Berliner with a novel idea and no capital to work it found little confidence and no credit in his own country. Even the Berlin waterworks are due to the enterprise of English capitalists, and its gasworks were likewise originated on the banks of the Thames. After 1866, the class of Stock-Exchange business, which had hitherto flourished mainly in Paris, was transplanted to Germany, where it throve prodigiously, and more especially at Berlin, the Börse of which soon outstripped those of Hamburgh and Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and rivalled that of Vienna. Its business began slowly "to acquire an international character." All kinds of foreign stocks, such as the famous "Italians," and yet more

famous "Turks," were introduced with a host of indescribable "lottery loans," notably the Swedish Ten Thaler and the Nüremberger Ten Franc lottery tickets. Money flowed through a combination of channels into foreign countries, while a hundred large and small banks flooded the German states in turn with their notes. Certain stocks, such as shares in the Austrian Creditanstalt, the South-Austrian Railway, and the Franco-Austrian State Railway,—known respectively as "Credits," "Lombards," and "Franks"—became mere instruments of gaming here, as indeed on every Exchange in Europe, and "time bargains," by which people sell what they do not possess, and buy what they do not wish to hold, formed in Berlin, as they had done at Paris and Vienna, the real business of the day on 'Change. In comparison with them, the ready money transactions of real purchase and sale continually diminished, for in speculations dealing with imaginary values many million thaler could be transferred without any demand upon the speculators' purses, although large sums were bound to change hands at the end of the month. After the advent of the French milliards the Berlin Börse became more than ever mistress of the situation, and the speculative spirit ruling there developed in a due proportion.

The institution had a very humble beginning. In early days the merchants of Berlin held their so-called "morning meeting" in the town-hall until the great Elector gave them a room over "the gateway below the mill-dam," for which Friedrich Wilhelm I. substituted the grotto in the Lustgarten. As their transactions extended, a regular Exchange became necessary, and was erected in 1800. This was a building without any architectural pretensions, situate under the shadow of the cathedral in a narrow and now almost deserted street. In the days when the commercial world assembled in its little hall or in the gravelled enclosure in front of it, how simple was the course of business, how solid its principles, how modest its aims, and how truly Teutonic its methodical slowness. Then the Berlin banker, almost invariably a Jew, did all his business in a little

room divided into two by the conventional wire grating to keep peculators at a safe distance. The firm of millionaires or quasi-millionaires who now swell the financial aristocracy of the Prussian capital were not even dreamt of, much less did they exist even in embryo. The financier Piebsch, the intimate friend of the minister Rother, inhabited a garret which a cobbler would nowadays despise, and supped every evening at a mean tavern. Through an open window in the Jäger-strasse, the aged Mendelssohn might be caught sight of, poring over his ledger, and looking, with his long white hair, like some patriarch studying the Scriptures. The banking-house of Herr Bleichröder was almost unknown, and Exchange "bulls" and "bears" had not yet been acclimatised on the banks of the Spree. The Disconto-Verein, which relieves those who find the burthen of riches too heavy for them, and the Seehandlung-Prämienscheine, together with all the joint-stock companies for working mines without ore and buying building land that exists only on plans, were then happily unknown.

In those days the weird story-teller Hoffmann held the office of Clerk of the Berlin Börse and managed to retain it up to his death. It has been said that "He who drinks beer thinks beer, he who drinks wine thinks wine, and he who drinks midnight thinks midnight," and Hoffmann was a living example of the truth of this axiom. His nights were commonly spent in some obscure and unfrequented wine-cellar where "amid boon companions, with wine and tobacco smoke, and quirks and quibbles, and quaint witty sayings, he would turn the dim night into glorious day. Warmed with wine, which made him madly eloquent, sat this unfortunate genius, his grey hawk eye flashing from beneath his matted hair, in the full tide of witty discourse till the day began to dawn. Then he found his way homeward, and at such hours would write his wild fantastic tales, while his excited fancy everything around him assumed a spectral look, until, aghast at the shadowy throng he had conjured around him, he would call his wife from her bed to sit by him while he wrote. Tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work like fiends upon the delicate frame of Hoffmann, and no less thoroughly upon his delicate mind."[1]

> "Bent was the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And broken was Apollo's laurel bough."

The new Berlin Börse, a grandiose red-brick pile, designed by Hitzig, in a modified Renaissance style, stands in the Burg-strasse at the corner of the Neue Friedrichs-strasse facing the Spree, and is a far more vast and imposing structure than the Emperor's palace. Pilasters, balustrades, and balconies, with a broad open

[1] Longfellow's *Hyperion*.

colonnade approached by a flight of steps, vary the lines of the façade, whilst the roof is crowned with sculptured groups of Borussia bestowing her blessing upon Agriculture and Commerce of the principal commercial nations of the world, the Prussian pro vinces, and the great mercantile cities of Germany. Within the colonnade stands a colossal statue of the Emperor Wilhelm, presented by Mendelssohn the well-known Berlin banker. Through the folding doors at the back of the colonnade the visitor steps directly into the Börsen-saal, the largest hall in Berlin, measuring 220 feet in length, 85 in width, and 65 in height. It extends the whole length of the building, but is intersected by an arcade of two tiers separating it into two equal divisions, the one being set apart for traffic in stocks and shares, and the other for dealings in produce. The clock surmounting the upper arcade has Mercury, the prince of rogues, and Plenty with her overflowing horn for supporters. A gallery raised upon grey marble columns with bronze capitals runs right round both divisions, the arched recesses of which are decorated with frescoes, symbolical of Commerce and Agriculture by Klöber. Here is Mercury in company with a couple of nymphs bearing green branches and blossoms, there Borussia calling attention to the laws of commerce. Here gnomes bring ore from the bowels of the earth which workmen coin into money, there Minerva tames a wild horse, and a group of dusky-skinned youths seem to symbolize the extension of commerce to distant climes. In the second painting we have Cybele surrounded by her charming daughters, with hunters and fishers, shepherds and wood-cutters, and a gorgeous harvest-waggon drawn by snow-white oxen. Each division of the hall has its refreshment counter, and its rows of seats and benches inscribed with the names of their habitual occupiers. Bleichröder sits beside Mendelssohn, and Quistorp used to figure next to Gelpeke. The wings of the building contain the staircases, the residences of the officials, the telegraph, and the brokers' offices, &c., whilst the basement is occupied by an immense restaurant known as the Börsen-keller. In the rear of the edifice is a spacious courtyard.

Unless business is unusually brisk, or important foreign news should render it necessary to hold a special early exchange in the open space in front, the frequenters of the Berlin Börse do not assemble till near noon, when the doors punctually fly open to admit them. Whilst they are waiting beneath the colonnade which forms the outer court of the sanctuary, the first feelers will be thrown out by some enterprising individual asking, perhaps, for 25 "Credits;" and occasionally 50 "Franks," or "Lombards," really will change hands, though business, as a rule, is confined to the interchange of opinion respecting the tendency of the day's transactions, which used to be largely influenced by the rates ruling at Vienna prior to the crash of 1873. By noon a

noisy, gesticulating crowd, has assembled, blocking up all the approaches to the building, till the doors suddenly open and the stream of humanity pours into the hall and branches off left and right to the Stock and Produce Exchanges. In the centre of the Stock Exchange, where the representatives of the largest firms and banks have their places, is the market for the leading securities, and here the first bargains are usually made, and the words which decide the opening tendency spoken. Business is soon in full swing, and the correspondents of the telegraph agencies flitting in all directions through the crowd, now listening to a quotation, now catching hold of a busy broker to wring a little news from him, are never so hardly put to it as during the first ten minutes "on 'Change," when they have to despatch "opening prices."

During the couple of hours the Börse is open, a tumultuous confusion prevails in the hall, and a visitor standing in the upper gallery and closing his eyes, might fancy himself, from the ascending roar, on a cliff overhanging the sea during some fearful storm. Should he cast a glance below, he would see a forest of arms and hands moving convulsively in the air and discover that all this turmoil resulted from the mingled sound of many voices, and the clattering on the inlaid flooring of many hundred restless feet. But order reigns as in an ant-hill amidst all this seeming confusion. Each of the individuals running about in a state of apparently frantic excitement has his own fixed place where he may generally be found, and everyone knows the station of the others. Whilst a couple are rapidly exchanging a few words, a third passes and pulls one of them by the coat-tail. The person thus signalled does not even look round, but hastily breaking off the conversation makes his way to his recognised seat on some distant bench where his summoner already awaits him, and soon the pair are deep in some heavy transaction in shares. Clerks rush about with telegrams which keep arriving for their principals and wait for instructions or carry messages to one or other part of the crowded hall. If one,

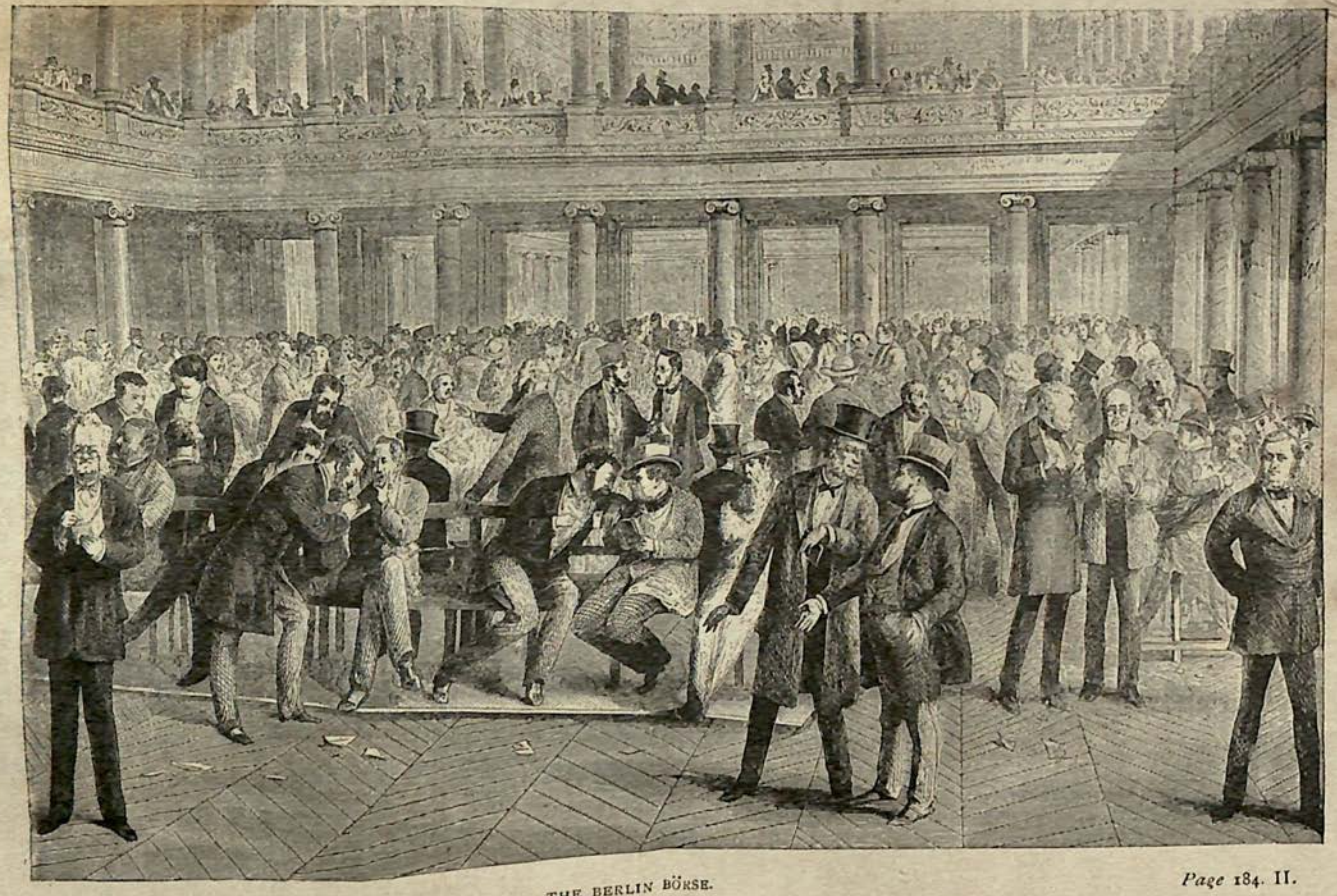
carefully scans the assemblage, one perceives that every tenth person is running his eyes hurriedly over some telegram—frantically tearing open message after message and casting the envelopes on to the floor, which is strewn with their torn and crumpled fragments, thick as leaves in Valambrosa. All of these couple of thousand individuals, so eagerly intent on swindling one another, are in incessant motion, and all of them persist in speaking at the same time. The exact converse of the German proverb, "Mention money and the world is silent," holds good at the Berlin Börse. The assemblage, too, is not only a noisy one but of such a mixed character, that, spite of the size and loftiness of the hall, an unsavoury odour commonly pervades it.

The moment any of the grandees of the Börse make their appearance they are the objects of much respectful solicitude on the part of the various brokers who await their offers or request their orders. A gentle shake of the head or a short nod is often all the answer accorded to these solicitations, and the disappointed ones dart off in search of fresh prey, whilst their successful *confrère* and the wealthy banker mutually note down the transaction they have agreed upon.

As in all the other European exchanges, a mere fraction of the business done is based upon solid facts. The man who is just selling 10,000 thaler worth of Brunswick bonds to his neighbour

neither owns a Brunswick bond nor a hundred-thaler note—the bond being merely an abstract idea, and the difference in the quotation on the settling day the concrete. At what is known as the "Lombard corner," speculative stock, such as "Credits," "Lombards," "Franks," &c., alone is dealt with. Here a man may make his hundreds of thousands of thaler, or be beggared within an hour. Here during the busiest time the value of a single share may fluctuate several thaler. Here, too, the same scrip may be bought and sold by the same person in two breaths and between them a profit made which many could not earn in a year. In this corner, near which sits the great Herr von Bleichröder, a million loses its importance and becomes a mere unit. He who is not able or willing to stake his million must go elsewhere. In the midst of such vast transactions it is no wonder if voices often rise and human arms fly about like those of a semaphore; sometimes, too, not from mere momentary excitement, but of malice prepense. "Never before," we find the *Tribune* remarking in undisguised astonishment, "have we had such a calm liquidation as the last. Not a single blow was exchanged on the Börse, and the syndic did not have to intervene on account of a single insult." In November, 1875, during the excitement caused by Strousberg's arrest and the failure of Kästner & Co. of Leipzig, a house of 213 years' standing, of two individuals who set afloat rumours affecting the credit of S. Abel, junior, a leading banking house of Berlin, one was handed over to the public prosecutor and the other thrashed on 'Change by a member of the calumniated firm. A day or two after there was a desperate fight between "bulls" and "bears," in which sticks and knuckle-dusters were freely used and some blood spilt. At other times humour of the Capel Court type prevails, and we find one illustrious speculator pleading, by way of excuse, "Why should not we occasionally amuse ourselves during the day since we can never sleep soundly at night?"

On the other side of the hall is the railway corner, and near the central pillars dividing off the Produce Market is the barrier behind which are stationed the bill-brokers. Here, too, a



THE BERLIN BÖRSE.

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lively business is carried on. All crowd round the official broker, a stately gentleman who seems to regard himself as a kind of Providence incarnate, and receives petitions, solicitations, and

commissions with Olympian dignity. Towards two o'clock, however, business gradually slackens, unless special despatches from foreign exchanges or important political news arrive. Indeed, the heads of the larger houses usually depart soon after one, leaving the field to their clerks and representatives, who open the telegrams with a more important air and dismiss inquiring brokers yet more curtly than their chiefs. The crowd gradually thins and the brokers repair to the Kurs-zimmer to fix the current rates, whilst a horde of eager journalists in the reporters' room are pouncing on the quotations brought in by their fellows from different business centres.

On the Berlin Börse the initiated know each other sufficiently well to keep their pockets out of the reach of each others' fingers, and it is mainly the outsiders who come to grief at their hands. In Berlin every one,—from the minister who can convulse the empire to the hotel-waiter who upsets the contents of a soup-plate down the neck of the nearest guest on learning the collapse of his favourite security—dabbles in shares. Even the great

Reichs-kanzler himself has been proved to be addicted to dabbling in the troubled waters of the Börse, owing, it is insinuated, to pecuniary difficulties, and has engaged in various not very profitable speculations.[1] Nevertheless the regular man on 'Change, who is almost always a Jew, is looked upon with dislike and distrust by the outside public. This feeling is fostered by the fact that the "yellow internationals," as it is the fashion to dub these Hebrew plutocrats, are often rendered offensively arrogant by the possession of untoiled-for gains. They invariably spend between twelve and two o'clock at the Börse, and only to those encountered abroad at this period of the day could an important political secret be entrusted without their hastily flinging themselves into a droschke and dashing off to make capital of it. In spite of their restless existence these Börse habitués may be seen sitting of an evening in the pit of the opera-house, smiling placidly at the ballet, of which they are the chief patrons. Though they have to carry the rates of stocks and shares innumerable in their heads, they still find room there for the theatrical repertoire for the week. They are on visiting terms with actresses, invite them to *tête-à-tête* suppers and compromise such reputations as these ladies may chance to have left with much the same composure as they would "let in" their best friend on 'Change. So long as they are not much over thirty they regard themselves as the *jeunesse dorée* of the capital,—if older, they marry the daughters of Jewish bankers and invite *savants*, artists, travellers, and similar lions to their houses. In the fulness of time, when they are over fifty, they become councillors of commerce, secure decorations, have summer villas in the Thiergarten, give grand balls in the winter—he dances well, we know, for whom fortune pipes—and die respected, with the share-list in their hand. All of them, without distinction of age, keep themselves thoroughly posted up in the scandal of the capital. They pride themselves, moreover, on their private information from all parts of the world, pay tens of thousands of thaler annually for telegrams, and profess to know equally well what took place last evening in a reigning beauty's boudoir and what in Count Andrassy's cabinet. Most of them learn to speculate as people are taught to swim on the Continent, —first a few movements when suspended by a rope and then a few bold strokes which succeed, and the Börse speculator is complete. From this point forward the art of keeping one's balance is the great thing, and as "at the end of the ditch is

[1] A short time back one of Prince Bismarck's friends, Baron Diest, publicly severed his connection with the Chancellor on the ground that the latter was engaged in some very peculiar dealings with equally peculiar financiers. Failing to substantiate his accusations before a court of law, he was imprisoned, but has since reiterated, and, to all appearances, proved them in a pamphlet. Bismarck, highly enraged at this, characterised Diest by a very unparliamentary name, and has, in turn, been summoned for libelling the Baron; so Berlin is awaiting some rather piquant revelations.

the summersault," skilful "hedging" must be practised to save one from "going a cropper."

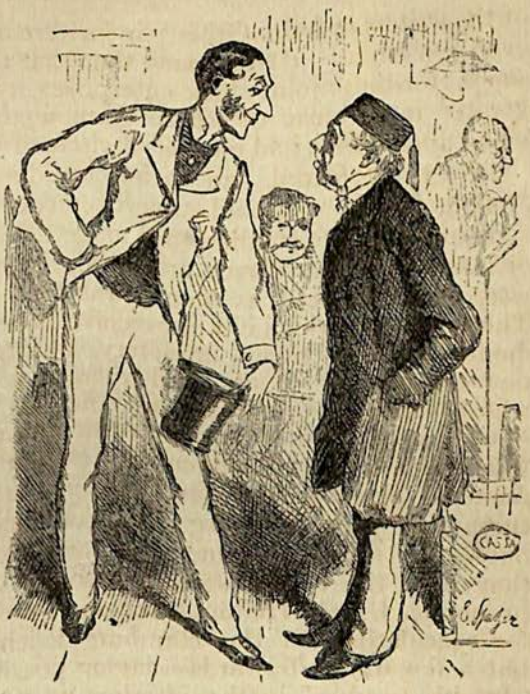
The "Schinder," or jobber, in all kinds of financial enterprises, has become indeed quite a type in Berlin. The amount of plunder that some of these individuals, against whom the *Kreuz Zeitung* used to pour forth the vials of its wrath, have managed to pocket is almost incredible, while the display they make of it is correspondingly extravagant. Some of these bankers, as they style themselves, never appear at the Börse twice in the same suit of clothes, while others change their rings and watch-chains oftener than they do their shirts. An order at the button-hole, although they cannot vary it so frequently, is also a favourite ornament of theirs. At a ball given by one of the fraternity the host offered each of the ladies present, numbering between two and three hundred, a bouquet costing five thaler. Their existence, however, is not entirely without thorns, for they have to endure the heartfelt hatred of the sober part of the population, who ascribe to them the continually increasing moral corruption of the capital, and the high price of almost everything. There are certain restaurants which they favour with their patronage, inside which many honest Berlinese will not put their feet for fear of being seen in their company.

Corruption at the Börse takes many ingenious forms, even the stock-brokers' official reports of the value of shares having been sometimes falsified. "The corruption on 'Change," remarks the Berlin *Tribune*, "is so great that that of the press is taken for granted, and the man who shows himself impervious to all influence, and values the interests of the public more highly than a paltry pecuniary profit is set down as a fool." When the banking-house of Henschel Sons, who had purchased Bolle & Co.'s Gutta Percha Works, wished to turn the concern into a joint-stock company, they sent a letter to the editor of this paper containing the information—"to be used at his discretion," and 200 thaler in bank-notes, "for his trouble." The *Tribune* simply published the letter with the name and address

of the writers in full. Other papers were not so conscientious, nor even consistent. At the same time that the widest publicity was sought for these joint-stock enterprises, it was considered of even greater importance to secure them against all attack. Hence newspapers which had no special circle of readers, but were nevertheless to be feared, had to be considered. All of them were anxious for the well-paid advertisements of these newly-created companies. The smaller ones made direct application for them or inserted them without orders, and sent in their bills, which were generally paid, as money was then being sown broadcast. Those journals which did not receive their fair share of advertisements invariably raised an outcry, and frequently attacked the new company tooth and nail, thereby alarming the "creators," who hastened to atone for their neglect. Thereupon the mollified journals would speak of the enterprise in the most flattering terms and recommend it to their readers. The leading financial reviews, however, often made a ruthless attack on these new companies regardless of their advertisements, and only after receiving something handsome for their trouble did they take the enterprise into favour. An editor in one issue pronounced Herr Heilbut's scheme for establishing a company for speculating on the Hamburg Exchange to be a swindle, but a few days afterwards—having possibly received something "for his trouble" in the interim, he reprinted the prospectus in full and recommended the enterprise as most promising. Another paper too, after handling "Berliner Weissbier vormals Gericke" according to its deserts, a few days afterwards invoked blessings on the pretended prodigy.

In many cases neither the briber nor the bribed was sufficiently ashamed to make a secret of it. Even the *Kreuz Zeitung* changed its tone when many of its supporters, including individuals bearing most distinguished names amongst the nobility, became promoters. It is true the *Spener'sche Zeitung* proclaimed that the prospectuses of these companies generally contained gross untruths respecting both the purchase-moneys and the calculated dividends, but unfortunately this frank declaration was not made until the swindling in stocks on the Berlin Börse was all but over. In almost all instances, advertisement columns overflowing with prospectuses of public companies, combined with something for the editor's trouble, proved temptations too hard to resist. "At Berlin," says the *Augsburger Zeitung*, "where that Judaic spirit, which is eating into all souls, and which subordinates all moral considerations to lucre, reigns, money is the idol that absorbs all forces. Formerly men made false money, but to-day money makes false men."

Most of the grand houses under the Lindens either belong or are mortgaged to Jewish financiers. Next door to the Russian Embassy stands the so-called Jewish Embassy, and not far off is



another residence tenanted by an honourable gentleman who has never done any business under fifty per cent. and who formerly spent some time in the city House of Correction. He is one of those unselfish individuals who lend their money to young and thoughtless people, and if they happen to wear a uniform he invariably shows them off at his dinner-table. Detractors accuse him of paying decoy-ducks to bring him victims, but doubtless this is mere calumny. His having exchanged a prison jacket for the costly dressing gown your Berlin financier affects, and a cell in the House of Correction for a brilliant drawing-room, is simply a proof of the strange vicissitudes of fortune. The social weight of the Jewish financial element is immense at Berlin, backed up as it is by the ownership of several leading newspapers, the possession of a large proportion of the freeholds of the city, and the presence in parliament of a co-religionist like Edward Lasker. The mocking lament of a renegade from their faith, in no way troubles these sovereigns of finance. "How unfortunate," remarked Heine, "are the rich in this life—and after death they cannot even go to heaven! 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' This utterance of the Divine Communist is a terrible anathema and reveals his bitter hatred of the Börse, and the *haute finance* of Jerusalem. The world abounds in philanthropists,—there are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and much is being done for the poor, but for the rich,—who are far more unhappy—nothing. . . . A large reward should be offered for the solution of the momentous problem—how can a camel be drawn through the eye of a needle? Until the great camel riddle is solved and the rich thus accorded a hope of entering the kingdom of heaven, nothing effectual will have been accomplished for the good of the poor. . . . Naturally enough the rich ask, 'Why should we do anything for those who will fare so

much better on high than we, and whom we shall never meet after death?' . . . . Let us therefore first of all solve the great camel problem."

The Börse of course keeps the Christian Sunday and holidays, although the bulk of the great speculators are Jews, who are thus driven to make shift on the first day of the week with the "Ressource" in the Burg-strasse and Kranzler's café at the corner of Friedrichs-strasse. This last is also the regular evening succursal to the Börse, and the crowd that collects there commonly blocks up the promenade under the Lindens. During the summer months, when the air and the lime-trees are equally laden with dust and the sun setting behind the Brandenburg Gate bronzes the black chariot of Victory, and when the steady defile of the Berlinese after the labours of the day commences, Kranzler's terrace, as the inclosed narrow strip in front of the café is styled, becomes so crammed that not one of the crowd of customers can move his elbow. At these moments the conversation of his neighbours right and left is not merely enigmatical, but incomprehensible to a stranger, however much he may pride himself upon his knowledge of German, and is equally so to an ordinary Berliner. It is the Jewish 'Change slang that one is condemned to listen to, for here one is completely surrounded by professors of what may be styled the dominant religion of the imperial city, and there are evenings when an individual may sit on the terrace for hours without scarcely seeing a Christian face.

Like our wealthy Lancashire manufacturers, many members of the Berlin Börse are munificent "patrons of art," as the phrase goes. The lower the rate of discount falls, the higher the price of pictures rises, and landscapes, historical and *genre* subjects, have their varying quotations like debentures and preference shares. When the financier, Strousberg, parted with his collection to Lepke, the great Berlin picture-dealer, for rather more than half a million thaler, it contained nine Meissonniers, eight Troyons, and numerous examples of Achenbach, Hildebrandt, and other leading German artists. Knaus's "Invalid," a single figure remarkable alike for conception and execution, originally sold for 4,000 florins to a Viennese, was bought by a rising Berlin Mecænas as the foundation of his gallery, for 16,000 thaler.

In noticing the Jewish plutocracy of Berlin, it is impossible to overlook Herr von Bleichröder, the most famous financier of the capital and the friend of Prince Bismarck, whose bills he used to discount, when, in the days of Prussia's humiliation, the one was envoy at Frankfurt and the other Rothschild's agent in that city. When the amount of the French war indemnity was being fixed, Bleichröder pointed out to the Chancellor that he had forgotten the interest on the various instalments, a simple, but valuable piece of information, which cost the French some millions of francs, and procured for the financier the nobiliary prefix of

"von," the object of his great ambition. In recommending his ennoblement, Bismarck, harping on his *mot* to Jules Favre respecting Bleichröder's reckoning from the Creation, is said to have pointed out to the Emperor that he already belonged to the oldest aristocracy in the world, being the direct descendant of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. When the news of his elevation reached him, Bleichröder became so elated that he was very near tumbling down to his old position as a commoner through holding his head too high. Nothing would satisfy him but to issue instructions forthwith for the grandest ball that could possibly be given. He accordingly had an interview with Herr von Chapuis, the favourite cotillon-leader of the Prussian capital, who drew up for him a list of eligible dancing gentlemen, chiefly selected from the army. "But," objected the infatuated banker, "these officers do not all belong to the nobility." Herr von Chapuis, much amused, repeated this remark to the Emperor, who was not at all amused, but on the contrary, declared that as nothing could make Bleichröder a gentleman his patent of nobility should not be drawn out. At last, however, he relented, and Bismarck's banker became a member of the great family of "Vons."

From that day forward Herr *von* Bleichröder was no longer the same man. The evening before he would have done anything to obtain the privilege of writing that little additional syllable, but having once obtained it, he affected to be utterly indifferent to its use, to be thoroughly *blasé* and to attach no importance to worldly honours. Scandal records that he one day remarked to a friend, "You cannot imagine what a nuisance it is to be noble. One cannot pass before a guard-house without the men turning out and saluting." "But," said the friend, "I do not think such is the case. It is an honour reserved for field officers." "I beg your pardon," retorted Herr *von* B. "It happened to myself only yesterday. Ask Herr von Moltke, *he was with me at the time!*" True or false, so good

a story soon found its way into the papers, one of which thus illustrated it. The ennobled financier pays, it is said, one striking concession to his new dignity. He suffers greatly from ear-ache, and since he has been ennobled always stuffs rose-coloured cotton-wool in his ears when he dines out.

Below the Börse there exists a yet lower depth, where the most modest speculators may risk their few thaler of hardly-earned savings. Although the Prussian government thought fit, in the interests of morality, to suppress the various German gaming-tables and also the Frankfurt lottery, it has a lottery of its own, giving a gross annual profit of 1,335,500 thaler, from which, however, 23,100 must be subtracted for expenses. The Prussian state lottery is drawn twice a year, each time in four drawings according to the class system. The grand prize is 150,000 thaler. The price of a ticket is beyond the means of poor people, but the government issues quarter tickets and the agents eighths, sixteenths, thirty-secondths, and sixty-fourths, so that there is not a cook nor a droschke-driver who does not speculate in the lottery. Sometimes the agents who hold the original tickets issue more parts than they can pay in case of gain and have to take flight. To the state lottery must be added other authorised lotteries, such as that of the König Wilhelm-Verein, now closed, the lottery for the completion of Cologne Cathedral under the administration of the Ultramontane deputy Herr Reichensperger, the Queen Augusta lottery, the lottery for the benefit of civil and military infirmaries, &c. To these may be joined the Hamburg, Saxon, and other lotteries, for the tickets of which a sale is found in Berlin, so that it will be seen that the Berlinese do not lack opportunities for indulging in such speculations. The government, keenly alive to its own interests has sought to restrict these investments to home lotteries, and throws legal and financial impediments in the way of all attempts to poach on its preserves. According to the Bill relating to lottery loans, bonds, entitling the owner to prizes, can only be issued when authorised by a special law, and then merely in the case of loans for imperial or state purposes. It is also illegal to negociate bonds of this character issued contrary to law in Germany, or bonds issued in foreign countries. The latter, however, may be legalised in Germany by a sixpenny stamp per bond of 100 thaler.

GRÜNDER, SCHINDER, AND RINDER (FROM THE BERLINER FIGARO).

XI.

THE FINANCIAL CRASH.

THE war with France over and the hard terms of peace settled, the German people, suddenly united and powerful, had to pay dearly for their triumph. The demon of speculation pounced upon them in the midst of their victorious rejoicings, and the feeling of national enthusiasm was played upon for the basest ends. The ground, indeed, had been already prepared, when in May, 1870, the Landtag, working with double speed as the close of the session drew near, hurriedly passed the law freeing joint-stock companies from State control. Even those who framed this measure were subsequently forced to confess that it was hastily and defectively drawn up, and contributed largely to the "Great Crash." This new law was promulgated on the 27th June, but the war suddenly broke out, and its application had to wait a while.

At the opening of the campaign the nation displayed an enthusiasm recalling the days of the War of Liberation. Far otherwise was it with the Börse, for, thanks to its international and consequently unpatriotic character, great was the anguish and despair on 'Change. Consolidated Prussian State Loans, a stock that could only fall with the Prussian State itself, and which averages 105, sank as low as 80, the notes of the Prussian bank were frequently refused, and silver and gold rose to an unreasonable premium. The parliament was unanimous in voting the North German Confederation Loan of 120 millions, issued at the modest rate of 88. Three millions were assigned to the Berlin Börse, which, however, had no faith in the North German Confede-

ration, did not consider the price of 88 low enough, grumbled above all at the Chancellor for entrusting the business to the Finance Minister instead of to them, and even intrigued against the loan till the news of the victory of Weissenburg sent it above par. Capital has no country," was the motto of the Börse, and one of its members, a well-known Berlin banker acted up to it to the extent of taking up the French loan during the war, and only an impeachment for treason recalled him to a sense of his Prussian nationality, and the obligation which this involved.

Whilst the German armies were driving the enemy before them, the Börse was forcing up stocks; whilst Germany was being flooded with French prisoners, the Börse was inundating the market with foreign securities. It began by introducing at about 70 the preference shares of twenty-six American railways which could find no purchaser in America itself and are now quoted at from 15 to 20. Almost all have ceased to pay any dividend, and some of the lines are either bankrupt or unfinished and in ruins. Almost 100 million thaler were thus taken from German pockets. But the rate of interest promised was especially inviting to investors, many of whom, being yet in the days of their greenness, confounded these preference shares with United States Bonds, and took them for a State security of tried value. After these American shares the Börse brought out another kind of stock, that of railways, of whose existence no one in Germany had hitherto had a suspicion, such as Lüttich-Limburg, Swiss Union, and Tamines-Landen. Introduced at from 18 to 24, this low rate, which might have shown the worthlessness of the stock, led people to purchase. The Börse knew how to make use of everything and how to catch both great and small in its nets. "It is so low that it is certain to rise," was the report spread by the banking-houses interested, and petty tradesmen, servants, and laundresses parted with their savings for Tamines-Landen and Swiss Union scrip, neither of which had ever yielded, or ever would yield a farthing of dividend, but were mere instruments of gambling even in the hands of private persons. Lüttich-Limburg and Schweizer Union were run up to 35, but now stand at 10 and 7 discount respectively, Tamines-Landen being at 3, discount

The next move was the formation of new joint-stock companies, which began to spring up even whilst the war was raging. Thirty-four were formed in Prussia in 1870, thanks to the new law, and nearly all found their way to the Berlin Börse. But this was only the opening farce. The real drama began in 1871, reached its culmination in 1872 and was not terminated till the latter half of 1873, several months after the Vienna "crash," for the Berlin Börse not only created far more than that of Vienna, but sinned quite as much in its creations.[1]

[1] Forty-two banks and one hundred and sixty-four other companies extend-

Not only the immense development of the speculative mania, but the bringing of much real capital into the market was due to the advent of the French indemnity; not that the five milliards actually found their way on 'Change, but the confidence inspired that Germany was destined to take an equal position, thanks to this increase to the national wealth, in commerce as in politics, led thousands who had hitherto abstained from risking their money to bring it forward. It is not merely the jobbers and brokers who assemble in the afternoon to buy and sell who form the Börse, for it now includes every man who has a few thaler to invest. In former times Prussian peasants and artizans kept their spare cash tied up in a knitted stocking at the bottom of their huge wooden chest, rejoicing over each coin added to their store, and rubbing them up on Sundays in order to delight themselves with their brightness and jingle. Nothing in the world would induce them to part with their treasure, even for interest. Nowadays they keep only sufficient cash at home for current expenses, all the rest must be put out at once so as not to lose a day's revenue. The editors of Berlin papers receive letters from artizans and others requiring them to quote the shares of every obscure concern and threatening if this is not done to cease their subscription. It was the confidence inspired by the successful issue of the campaign that led these farmers, peasants, and humble citizens to bring their hoards forward. Men who, a short time before, would have shaken their heads at a first-class mortgage and declined to advance a loan to a known neighbour at three per cent., on the ground that the offer of this rate of interest must denote unsatisfactory security, were bitten by the current excitement cleverly fostered by writers taking for their text the development of Germany's resources.

The mania for speculation recalled the days of the South Sea Bubble. German capitalists disposed of their foreign stock to invest in native enterprizes and foreigners followed their example. Most of the actual money came from North Germany, where it has ever been the custom to hoard precious metals as in India. Large sums were suddenly called in from mortgages, and the landowners throughout the country suffered heavily. Many, especially in East Prussia, were forced to part with their estates, and the newspapers were filled with advertisements of landed property for sale side by side with the announcements of new companies. These estates were, for the most, part snapped up by enriched speculators. Every one who had anything to sell wished to get rid of it for quadruple its worth, and houses, land,

ing to every branch of assurance, finance, commerce, and manufactures and representing a capital of 80,262,750 thaler were brought out before the close of 1871. In March, 1872, there were 688, and at the close of the year about 850 joint-stock companies in Berlin, a tenth being building companies. Thus the Berlin Börse share-list became one of the largest in the world.

factories, and businesses acquired a fictitious value which could not fail to find its level. Wages rose everywhere for want of hands, for clerks and artizans saw in speculation a shorter road to wealth than was to be found in hard work. *Chevaliers d'industrie* reaped a rich harvest by fraud, extortion, and intimidation. Men who had the misfortune to cross the threshold of the Börse received on the morrow anonymous letters threatening to reveal some youthful indiscretion or family secret, unless a certain sum of money was forthcoming as the price of silence.

Every kind of enterprize was made food for speculation. The Germans have a proverb that "men learn to shave on the chin of a fool," and there were any number of financial adventurers at Berlin prepared to put the adage into practice. A joint-stock funeral company, and one to prevent rents from rising were started, and the satirist who wrote that one for making artificial ice in Greenland was on the point of being launched, was guilty of no very gross exaggeration. The Royal Bank of Prussia, foreseeing the end, began to restrict the credit of many leading houses, on the ground that the tenure of its rules forbade it to discount bills plainly intended to promote new joint stock enterprizes. To describe the fury of speculation with which Berlin became possessed, together with its nefarious nature, a new word *Gründungs-schwindel* was invented, and the actors who performed the chief parts in the drama were severally known in Börse slang as *Finder*, *Gründer*, *Schinder*, and *Rinder*, that is, finders or inventors, creators or promoters, skinners or jobbers and oxen or dupes. The Finder has the idea, the Gründer launches the affair and forms the company, the Schinder is the unscrupulous speculator who by his manœuvres forces up the shares and passes them to the Rinder, who for their part have to get rid of them as they best can.

The Finder's eye was occupied in espying objects for companies and where it failed to see anything his imagination came to its aid. "In a secluded valley a deserted chimney-shaft was discovered by a Finder and out of this ruin he at once evolved a machine factory. He espies a windmill on a hill, a decayed old building with damaged sails, and a joint-stock corn mill is constructed on paper. On the banks of a brook he stumbles upon an inverted boat and an inland 'Lloyd' sends its steamers to and fro. The Finder's fancy converts a carpenter sawing a plank into an establishment for supplying building materials, a boy letting off a rocket into a chemical factory, and a couple of washerwomen taking home a basket of clean linen into a joint-stock laundry."[1] Yet though the Finder was generally clever and the Gründer frequently a mere blockhead, the former was often bought off with a small sum, while the latter laid claim to at least a million.

[1] *Der Börsen und Gründungs-schwindel in Berlin*, von Otto Glagau.

At the present time the term Gründer is considered offensive in Berlin society, and no one will now admit the soft impeachment. But originally "creators" came forward in proud self-consciousness as benefactors to mankind, were so described by the press, and accepted by the public. Many of these professional creators had their own especial branch, one creating chiefly building societies, a second breweries, a third banks, a fourth machine works, a fifth mining and smelting works, and so on, though the majority encroached upon every possible domain. Some enjoyed a reputation for special 'cuteness, or could show great results, and pains were taken to secure their co-operation in any new undertaking. Others pushed themselves in, or were admitted, lest, out of spite, they should injure the project. At length the creators formed various cliques which held together and in which one member saw that another was not forgotten.[1]

The firm of Bleichröder and Discount Company were frequent creators in connection with Rothschild's house and the Austrian Creditanstalt, Wilhelm Behrens of Hamburg, Wilhelm von Born of Dortmund, Baron Abraham von Oppenheim of Cologne, and others.[2] Their creations extended not merely all over Germany but to Austria, Hungary, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, France, &c. When, during his visit to Berlin, the Emperor of Austria received the *Corps Diplomatique*, Count Karolyi took the opportunity of presenting Herr Bleichröder, observing as he did so, "Sire, here is another of the founders (*Gründer*) of the German Empire." As the term Gründer was at that moment in common use to designate those unscrupulous financial adventurers who formed companies to work mines without ore, to construct railways like those which immortalized the name of Strousberg in Roumania, to twist ropes out of sand and to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, the pun, whether intentional or otherwise, was fully appreciated by Franz Josef, who is said to have lost ten million florins belonging to his ward, the Prince of Tours and Taxis, through one of the Gründer fraternity.

One striking instance of the collapse of an undertaking introduced under the most distinguished auspices is furnished by the "Dortmunder Union," created by Herr Miguel and Herr von Hansemann of Berlin, Wilhelm von Born of Dortmund, Abraham

[1] The Berlin creators were equally active in the provinces, where, in conjunction with the natives they got up an enormous number of companies, those at Stettin, Breslau, Görlitz, Grüneberg, Posen, Magdeburg, Hanover, Erfurt, Mühlhausen, Leipzig, Dresden and Chemnitz being the worst of all.

[2] The firms principally engaged in creations were, S. Bleichröder and Discount Co., Berlin Handels-gesellschaft, G. Müller & Co. and H. C. Plant, S. Abel, jun., Jakob Landau, Julius Alexander, Delbrück, Leo & Co., F. W. Krause & Co., Platho & Wolff, Ries & Itzinger, Robert Thode & Co., A. Paderstein & Eduard Mamroth, Soergel, Parrisius & Co. and the North German Grund-Creditbank, Meyer Ball, Karl Coppel & Co., Meyer Cohn, Feig & Pincus, Hirschfeld & Wolff, Joseph Jacques, Moritz Löwe & Co., &c.

von Oppenheim of Cologne, Rothschild of Frankfurt, and others. The shares first made their appearance on 'Change at 110, were sent up to 228, and now stand at about—20! As the so-called "leading houses" brought out the largest creations, they were likewise the real masters of the stock-jobbing business, by which they literally made millions. Rothschild, Bleichröder, Hansemann, Jakob Landau and Wilhelm Behrens of Hamburg, with whom Herr von Kardorff and Count Hatzfeld were associated, composed the "Deutsche Reichs und Continental Eisenbahnbau Gesellschaft," with a capital of 10,000,000 thaler. The 40 per cent. interim bonds were sold at from 55 to 65 thaler, though now they only fetch 22!

Creators and creations multiplied with the same extraordinary rapidity as the most repulsive parasites. A number of stock-jobbing banks were established, which, opened one day, were busy at work creating the next.[1] The managing directors of some of these concerns received salaries of 25,000 thaler a year, and others in addition obtained as much as 200,000 thaler for giving up their private business as brokers. Although these establishments have much to answer for, they were by no means the worst transgressors. The Gewerbebank, H. Schuster & Co., Centralbank für Bauten, Preussiche Boden-Creditactienbank, and Vereinsbank Quistorp were constantly creating, and made this highly profitable proceeding almost their exclusive pursuit. Some particulars which we are enabled to give respecting a few of these institutions will acquaint the reader with their respective modes of action.

The Gewerbebank, H. Schuster & Co. was started in 1864, with a capital of 250,000 thaler, by some conservative clubs, "to support the credit of artizans and manufacturers." Amongst its founders was the ex-editor of the *Kreuzzeitung*, Justizrath Herr Wagener, a Pomeranian friend of Bismarck's, who afterwards attained a high position in the ministry of state, being intrusted with the placing of the daily reports before the king. The bank carried on a legitimate business for several years till it was seized with the creative mania, and raised its capital to six millions. On the passing of the New Joint-Stock Act of 1870, the managing director, Herr Schuster, with the two "superintending councillors," Herr Oder and Herr Wagener, immediately created the famous Pomeranian Central Railway, the shares of which, introduced on 'Change at 102½, now stand at 4. The exceedingly artful combinations of this undertaking, which evaded the law a dozen times in the neatest manner, were laid bare by Lasker on the eve of the crisis of 1873, and led to the failure of "Schuster-Oder-Wagener." But the Gewerbebank, H. Schuster, had also started a series of similar enterprises, amongst them the "Schloss Brewery Schöneberg," the "North German Iron Works," and the "Thiergarten West End Building Association," nicknamed "Marsh End" by the

[1] The German Union Bank, Central Bank of Commerce and Industry, Berlin Bank, Berlin Banking Association, Berlin Wechslerbank, German Bank, Central Bank for Companies, Universal Deposit Bank, &c., most of which had only just been started, distinguished themselves by their numerous creations.

'Börse, the unfortunate shareholders in which now cry woe to their originators. It had also extended throughout the country a network of branch banks, at which, enticed by the title of "Gewerbebank," labourers and artizans exchanged their hard cash for bright printed papers with which they may now light their pipes.

Another of the greatest bubbles that rose from this witches' cauldron was the "Centralbank für Bauten," which had Herr Eduard Mamroth for manager. It bought and sold houses and building sites, built and undertook building contracts, lent money for building, trafficked in building materials, and at the same time carried on "banking and commercial transactions of every description." This was not enough, so it took to forming companies, iron works, foundries, a "Central Factory for Building Materials," and four branch Building Societies, called East End, South End, City, and Cottage. After ten months existence it paid a dividend of 43 per cent.—out of capital —and in consequence the shares rose in April 1873, just before the crash, to 420. From this dizzy height they fell in the next six months to below 50.

A landowner who sold his whole estate and came to Berlin with 250,000 thaler in cash, was persuaded to invest his capital in the "Centralbank," and bought shares for 80,000 thaler at the current rate of 400, so that they cost him 320,000 thaler. His banker advanced the other 70,000 thaler and kept the shares as security. They began to fall rapidly, the banker asked for payment, and being unable to obtain it, sold them for what he could get to liquidate his debt. The result was that the ex-landowner lost his entire fortune and still remained 20,000 thaler in the banker's debt. With the branch societies it was worse. East End fell from 118 to 15, South End from 126 to 9, and Cottage from 96 to 1. Quickly as the glory of the world passeth away, still more fleeting is the value of stocks on 'Change.

The "Preussische Boden-Creditactienbank" was established in 1869 to promote substantial credit, speculative business being expressly forbidden by its statutes. The director was Herr Jachmann, husband of the actress and singer, Johanna Wagner. The bank was scarcely known on 'Change till the advent of Herr Richard Schweder, who came to it from the "Discount Company," where he had filled some humble position. He managed to make his talents so appreciated that Herr Jachmann raised him to be his co-director, and retired into the background. Herr Schweder became the real head of the "Preussische Boden-Creditactienbank," and when the creative mania began, brought out, one after the other, a long series of companies, all of which became popular on 'Change and made him a courted man. He used to stand at his post in the Börse like a general, with his adjutant, Herr Paradies by his side, surrounded by hundreds of men, all eager to have some of the new stock he was bringing into the market, all shouting at once for "Albertinenhütte," now standing at 15, or "Lindenbau-verein," now at 17, or "Baltic Waggons," now at 1.

Herr Schweder, in the meanwhile, was continually increasing the bank capital, by issuing fresh shares at an ever-increasing premium, which shares became one of the chief securities in which stock-jobbers gambled. It suddenly occurred to him, however, that such speculative business was contrary to the bank statutes, and to ease his conscience he founded another called the "Preussische Creditanstalt." A touching spectacle was presented of the two banks, mother and daughter, affectionately linked together and jointly or individually scattering new creations right and left. The pair were more closely connected than the Siamese twins, having but one head, the director Schweder, and one right hand, the secretary Paradies.

Herr Schweder and Herr Paradies continued the idols of the stock-broker till in the spring of 1873 they brought out their last child, the "Dannenberg or Liebermann Cotton Mills." Then the Börse become a scene of riot, and people crowded round Herr Paradies not with entreaties and caresses, but reproaches and threats. Overwhelmed with invectives which threatened to

culminate in blows, he at length took to his heels and fled down the long hall of the Börse into the reporters' rooms, where he escaped his pursuers who were anxious to get rid of their Dannenberg shares at any price. This Dannenberg or Liebermann calico, which shrank very much in the wash, cost the Preusische Boden-Creditactienbank its reputation. It however laid all its transgressions upon, and turned over all its losses to, the Preussische Creditanstalt, and then, like an unnatural mother, separated with one great wrench from its child.

Herr Schweder retired, somewhat against his will, into private life, carrying with him, as consolation, a million which he, a poor clerk, had made in less than three years, and on his resignation the bank shares, which he had sent up to 280, fell to 55. Herr Paradies and Herr Jachmann followed their genial friend and their pockets were not empty either. It may be said in Herr Jachmann's justification, that he had nothing to do with the creative business, for he did not understand it. He had never done anything but sign his name, and for this had received, in addition to his salary, a percentage, compared with which Bismarck's income is a mere trifle.

Herr Schweder was eclipsed by Herr Heinrich Quistorp, who, like Napoleon, created everything himself, and, to a certain extent, out of nothing. Quistorp was emphatically a man of the people, and, after having failed in his native town of Stettin and in America, came to Berlin some three years before the war, with small means and few friends. His first enterprise was the villa colony "West End," founded on a bleak barren height behind Charlottenburg, exposed to every wind. Here he staked out roads to which he gave suggestively rural names, such as Hawthorn Avenue, Acacia Avenue, Plane Avenue, &c., and built in each one or two tastefully designed houses, a restaurant, a casino and a fountain. In spite of this neither buyers nor tenants appeared for the airy villas, the mere sight of which suggested rheumatism.

At the beginning of 1870 the "West End Association, Quistorp & Co.," started at Charlottenburg the "Vereinsbank, Quistorp & Co.," which, however, found little business in that patriarchal town, and soon migrated to Berlin. The sudden rise in land after the war drew the attention of the well-to-do classes to the district he had laid out, and then Quistorp's real activity began. He found patrons and friends in the highest circles. The Queen Dowager, then resident at Charlottenburg, and some other members of the royal family assisted him substantially. He gained the favour of influential official personages, obtained a footing in the Prussian Bank, and persuaded political economists and authors to support his views. Moreover, he at once won the confidence of the smaller class of investors, well-to-do citizens, small landowners, and workmen who had saved a little money, who recognised him as one of themselves. He built a grand palace for himself, and his bank in the Hegelplatz behind the University, and thence launched, in rapid succession, about thirty companies, including waterworks for supplying Berlin from a lake at "West End," tobacco, paper, waggon, cask and tool factories, chemical, optical and other works, building, carting, tramway, railway, steamship, gas, brewing, mining, and smelting companies, a company for providing workmen with cheap lodgings, &c. From each new creation the Vereinsbank drew a commission, so that for 1871 it declared a dividend of 15 per cent. and for 1872 one of 18 per cent., and as the shareholders in the bank had a prior right to take up each new issue and constantly used this privilege, they at length formed a commercial rat's nest, in the midst of which sat Herr Heinrich Quistorp.

Quistorp's popularity with the general public, due to the useful aim of all his projects, was unbounded, and was not lessened by the fact that he was far from on good terms with the chief speculative financiers on 'Change, who, even in his most prosperous times, refused him any credit that was not inevitable. Many honourable members of the Börse, however, believed in Quistorp as the soul of honour. "Quistorp shares" enjoyed a special repu-

tation; bankers recommended them with the best intentions to their clients, and they were preferred to all others by the simple citizen. Even after the Vienna crash they retained their prestige for a time, and when at length the Vereinsbank Quistorp went, certain circles thought the end of the world was come.

Herr Jean Frankel, though only a second or third rate creator, deserves attention. Others of his class, whether intentionally or inadvertently, presented the world with one company of more or less vitality amongst the rest of their creations. Herr Frankel never did so, and amongst all the foul creations of the swindling period his were the most corrupt. Even the Börse, which is not scrupulous, cannot handle them without a shudder. Conspicuous amongst them was "Markische Torfgraberei," nothing more nor less than a wretched peat-bog from which all Berlin was to be supplied with cheap fuel and 15 per cent. realised for the shareholders, to whom the property was represented as worth 210,000 thaler.

This sum was so preposterous that even the former owner grew frightened, though he had doubtless sold the bog to great advantage, and he invited the public by an advertisement to come to his house and learn his views of the company whose shares have fallen to 4 discount. Those of the "Nieder-Schönhausen Bau-gesellschaft" have ceased to be quoted. The property of this company consisted of a plot of land foisted on it for 230,000 thaler. On this its former proprietors, the Schönhausen peasantry, raised a loud and angry cry of expostulation,—not impelled by sympathy for the deluded shareholders, but to see if anything more could be squeezed out of Herr Frankel.

Herr Robert Baumann ranks above the latter, having floated three times as many companies, and amongst them a few passable ones. But no excuse can be found for the "Allgemeine deutsche Handels-gesellschaft," the "Berliner Nord Eisenbahn," or the monstrous "Thüringer Bankverein," at Erfurt, since quoted at ¼. To atone for his creative sins he made a parade of the "Invalidendank," formed ostensibly for patriotic and benevolent purposes, but in spite of this he remains without a title or even a decoration, which is certainly surprising.[1]

Objects for joint-stock companies were sought for, not merely privately, but by advertisement, and a regular raid was made upon existing factories, breweries, mining and smelting works, &c., Quistorp & Schweder especially distinguishing themselves in these conversions.[2] The owner of a well-known dyeing and cleaning establishment in Berlin received so many overtures that he drew up in readiness a lithographed answer, stating that he did not feel inclined to convert his works into a company. Herr Egells, on the

1 *Der Börsen und Gründungs-schwindel in Berlin*, von Otto Glagau.

2 Herr Schweder called into existence the "Albertinenhütte" Glass Works, Pollack, Schmidt & Co.'s Sewing Machine Company in Hamburg, Wöhlert's Machine Factory, the Redenhütte Mine, the Soolbad Saltworks, &c. Herr Quistorp numbered among his children Schering's Chemical Works, Mattison and Brandt's Manufacture of Gas and Water Apparatus, Schaaf's File Factory, Wolfswinkel's Paper Factory, the Brothers Beskow's Carrier Business, Scholtz's Brewery at Breslau, Prätorius' Tobacco Business, Ludwig's Screw Factory, the Brothers Sarau's Timber Business, at Potsdam, Emil Busch's Spectacle Factory, at Rathenow, Wunderlich's Cooperage Works, at Zwickau, &c. All these businesses were purchased from their proprietors for sums of which they would never have dreamed a short time before, and when converted into joint-stock companies, were saddled with such an enormous capital, that it was impossible they should continue to pay.

contrary, sold his establishment twice over, of course at an advanced price the second time, whereupon the first purchaser called in the assistance of the law. Establishments of a second or third rate character had their turn too. Owners in difficulties or anxious to profit by the opportunity entered into communication with a banking-house or some famous creator, or placed the matter in the hands of an agent, who received a percentage from both parties. If the owner or agent wished to take the formation of the company into his own hands, he was obliged to obtain allies who were known on 'Change. Names had to be purchased and were far from cheap. A round sum of 10,000 thaler was offered to the head of a banking firm if he would put his name to a prospectus laid before him. But he replied with a quiet smile, that his signature was not to be had even at that price.

To enable him to reward his coadjutors, the owner of an establishment eligible for conversion into a company had, of course, to raise his price, and, consequently, the amount of the shareholders' capital. This was generally a million thaler, as otherwise the expense of getting up the company could hardly be met. In most cases the former head was retained as managing director with so high a salary and such a proportion of the profits that it was impossible to see how, in spite of the large sum paid to him as purchase-money, he had ceased to be the real owner of the concern. This fact indeed became clear enough by and by, when the promoters had withdrawn themselves and their booty, to the discomforture of the shareholders. Either the managing director did nothing and let matters take their course, or he did too much, began to build and enlarge, bought costly machinery, and squandered money in experiments and material, which he would never have thought of doing before. Many factory owners felt their appetite grow with what it fed upon and became eminent creators themselves, like Egells, Stobwasser, Schering, Webers, Schwendy, &c.

The complete process of getting up one of these companies being somewhat involved, we will, in order to render it comprehensible to the reader, illustrate it by an example from the countless creations of the period, altering nothing but the names.

The factory-owner, Flau, and the creator, Hecht, have been brought into communication. Flau wishes to sell his factory, the real value of which is about 250,000 thaler, but in consideration of times and circumstances he asks and gets 400,000 thaler. That is to say, he parts with the factory at this price to Hecht upon a contingent agreement. During the next six weeks the factory stands at Hecht's disposal for the said sum, and Flau is not at liberty to part with it to any one else, but Hecht is entitled to withdraw from the contract without paying any indemnity. With this contract in his pocket, Hecht arranges matters with his associates; the parts of creative committee, first signatories, council of inspection, and board of directors are distributed, and next, to satisfy the letter of the law, a series of comedies are acted. Hirsch and Wolf step forward as the creative com-

mittee. They enter into partnership to form a company, which they probably term "Cyclops," and register its statutes before a notary. They allege the acquisition of machine works or something of the kind as the object of their enterprise, the company's intentions being expressed as vaguely and enigmatically as possible, in order that they may be subsequently made to assume any meaning. On the self-same day, Hirsch and Wolf purchase Flau's machine works from Hecht for the sum of a million thaler, after the shareholders' capital has been determined in the statutes at 1,200,000 thaler. This surplus of 200,000 thaler is to serve as "working capital."

Again on the same day and in presence of a notary, the first so-called "General Constituent Meeting" of the "Cyclops" takes place. Those present are Hecht, Hirsch, and Wolf, with Fröhlich and Selig, Grün and Gelb—seven persons in all, as by law provided. These seven are the first shareholders in the "Cyclops," the first signatories who are to furnish the joint-stock capital of 1,200,000 thaler, but only on paper. Hecht puts down his name for 300,000 thaler, Hirsch and Wolf for 200,000 thaler each, Fröhlich and Selig for 150,000 thaler each, and Grün and Gelb for 100,000 thaler each. The seven shareholders unanimously sanction the statutes of the company submitted to them, the purchase of Flau's former machine works for a million thaler, and the payment of that sum to Hecht. Upon this, these seven elect the "Council of Inspection," which, according to law, must consist of at least three persons. Fröhlich and Selig are elected members, and Wolf chairman of the "Council of Inspection," by a large majority. By the same overwhelming majority, Hecht is made managing-director of the Cyclops, and Hirsch his deputy. The five dignitaries take their seats at the directors' table, and only Grün and Gelb are left sitting on the shareholders' benches. But the officiating notary has made a protocol and duly presided over the proceedings of the general meeting, has assisted the conclave with his legal advice, and has seen that all the sanctions, guarantees, and elections have been transacted according to prescribed form.

After this public drama, to which, however, no uninterested spectators are admitted, the remaining proceedings are carried on behind the scenes, and so secretly that neither public prosecutor nor judge has yet been able to investigate or prove them. As Flau has sold to Hecht, and he again to the committee of the company, an intermediate person has been gained, and the law evaded; for it is an incontestable legal principle "that any one may buy or sell at what price he chooses, and that the use made by the vendor of the purchase-money concerns himself only."

The whole of the shares for 1,200,000 thaler are then handed over for disposal to the banking-house of Israel Brothers, which is also connected with these speculators, but has kept aloof from the official transactions. The signatures first set down are merely nominal; Israel Brothers advancing the 10 per cent. of the capital, which is bound by law to be paid up, and the "Cyclops" is then placed on the Share Register. Within a few weeks or months, Israel Brothers succeed in forcing the shares on the public, partly over and partly under par. They deduct their percentage, which is about 16⅔ or 200,000 thaler, and hand over the remaining 1,000,000 thaler to the chairman of the "Cyclops," Herr Hecht, who now divides the plunder.

	Thaler.
Grün and Gelb, mere automata, receive 10,000 thaler each, making...	20,000
Fröhlich and Selig have greater claims, having put down their names for larger sums, and also officiated as members of the Council of Inspection; their share is 20,000 each, making ...	40,000
Hirsch and Wolf are Hecht's cronies, all three taking a part in creations in which any one of them is the chief actor. In consideration of this, their signatures, and their influential position as President and Vice-President of the Board of Inspection, Wolf and Hirsch receive 50,000 each, or	100,000

	Thaler.
Thus Hecht pays his confederates in all	160,000
And having received from Israel Brothers	1,000,000
There remains	840,000

From this sum must be deducted the 400,000 thaler with which the business was purchased from Flau, and the working capital of 200,000 thaler, making a total of 600,000, so that Hecht makes a net profit of about 240,000 thaler. It may, however, be safely assumed that he has made private arrangements with Flau, and has not paid him the 400,000 thaler in full, but 350,000 at the most. He manages equally well with the "working capital" of 200,000 thaler, the fate of which rests completely in the hands of Director Hecht and his deputy, Hirsch, and generally melts away in the first business year of the new company, like snow in spring. Is it surprising if the "Cyclops" shares, introduced on 'Change at par, soon fall to a sixth of their nominal value, and that within a year the "Cyclops" is struggling for existence, has to borrow money, or is even in liquidation, without the shareholders receiving a farthing? These proceedings and these figures are no fancy picture, but based on facts again and again repeated.[1]

In order to be secure against loss and depreciation, and to divide the risk as much as possible, several companies were often formed in succession. An experienced, successful man of business, united with several friends in November, 1871, to form a company for an "artistic" enterprise. After the prospectus appeared, the first company sold the shares to a second at the rate of 75, upon which a third took them at the rate of 85, and made them over to a fourth at 93. The latter at length brought out the shares on 'Change at 110, and disposed of them at that price. The clever creator was connected with all four companies and in fact stepped forward four times in succession, being both vendor and purchaser, and of course making a double profit each time.

In the early days of the creative period the prospectuses were mostly finished and artistic productions, the proposed subjects for investment being depicted in those roseate hues with which the late George Robins used to envelop his announcements. Take for instance the opening paragraph of the introduction to that polysyllabic enterprise the "Erste Altenburger Zuckerfabrik, Kohlenabbau und Landwirthschaftliche Industrie-gesellschaft."

"Amongst the most favoured spots of the German Fatherland may be reckoned the eastern division of the duchy of Saxe-Altenburg. The pre-eminent fertility of its soil is universally recognised. But it likewise hides the most precious subterranean wealth, a singularly rich layer of peat paving the way for an industrial development in this district, which only awaits a helping hand to attain a rapid and lasting prosperity."

This attractive description of the property was followed by a still more fascinating "Calculation of Profits." Shareholders were continually promised such superb returns, that it seemed incomprehensible how the owners could part with such valuable and remunerative properties. The prospect of a large dividend

[1] *Der Börsen und Gründungs-schwindel in Berlin*, von Otto Glagau.

was always held out and frequently solemnly guaranteed. But in reality the prospectus, carefully drawn up under legal advice, promised everything and bound the creators to nothing, the latter rarely leaving themselves liable to be called to account for any statement contained therein.[1] The dividend guarantee was either an empty promise, or, if the vendors really furnished the stated sum, it was swallowed up in preliminary expenses and included in the capital, so that it was really paid by the shareholders themselves. The prospectus was inserted in twenty or thirty newspapers which with other advertising expenses necessitated an outlay of at least 10,000 thaler. The advertisement was first sent to all the money market reviews, which sprung up at that period like mushrooms, then to the chief political journals, and sometimes to widely circulated local papers.

In these companies everything real and important was transacted behind the scenes, whatever was made public being merely designed to delude the outside world. With the prospectus painting the new enterprize in glowing colours and promising the shareholders large percentages appeared a notice that on such a day and at such a place the whole or part of the shares would be offered to the public. Thither at the appointed hour people flocked in crowds. They blocked the street, besieged the house, and when the doors at length opened rushed in like a torrent. In a few minutes the subscription list was covered with signatures. One put down his name for 100 thaler, another for 500, a third for 1,000, a fourth for 3,000, a fifth for 10,000. "Taken up three or four times over" was the announcement made in all the evening papers. "The allotment to each signature will have to be greatly reduced."

All this however was generally nothing more than a farce got up by the promoters. The people who pressed to the place to put down their names were the clerks or messengers of friendly or

[1] The "Berlin-Charlottenburger Bauverein," one of Herr Richard Schweder's enterprizes, put forward a profit of 13 per cent. as an established fact, which enabled the shares to be brought out at 110, but they have since fallen to 35. Egell's machine works promised 15 per cent. even in unfavourable years; its present rate is 28. Schwerdtfeger's calico works offered a certain dividend of 17½ per cent.; its shares stand at 50. Herr Naumann calculated an annual profit of 113,000 thaler for a period of 120 years from the "Altenburger Zuckerfabrik, &c.," already spoken of, acquired by the shareholders for 700,000 thaler, but the shares stand at 4! Baron von Werthern promised 19 per cent. from the "Vereinigten Oderwerke," a bed of clay with a brick kiln, bought from him for 162,000 thaler; present rate 0. Herr Leuffgen guaranteed a minimum dividend of 10 per cent. for five years from the Albertinenhütte Glass-works purchased from him, spite of which the shares have fallen to 19. Herr Schöller and Herr von Alpen guaranteed 10 per cent. for five years from the "Aachener Tuchfabrik," the shares introduced in consequence at 105 have long since disappeared from the list. Shares in the Berlin "Bergbrauerei Hasenhaide," where an 8 per cent. dividend was guaranteed, are quoted at 1¼.

confederate houses, or commissionaires put into frock coats and tall hats for the day, with perhaps some idlers and busybodies. Sometimes amongst them was found a deluded private individual who blinded by the rush put down his name for some shares and who in spite of all "reductions" was certain to receive the full number he applied for. The *Neue Börsen Zeitung*, which undertook to protect the public, censured the Disconto-gesellschaft which on the issue of the Hungarian Railway Loan and the Aix-la-Chapelle Discount Company, only opened its doors to subscribers as a formality, to close them again immediately. "But some determined characters," added the paper, "made such an energetic demonstration that they succeeded in obtaining an allotment from the private treasury." Even this was a mere advertising manœuvre to send up the shares in these two enterprises. A private individual anxious to obtain shares would not have applied personally, but through his banker, who, like the rest of his *confrères*, would have merely sent his orders through the post the day before.

For the shares of every new company the papers announced a surplus of applications, but actual instances of shares being applied for in excess were very exceptional and were owing to speculators who, without any consideration as to the value of the enterprise, had special confidence in the luck of its promoters. No company created a greater furore than the "Vereinigte Königs- und Laura-hütte." Applicants for shares ranging from 200 to 2,000 thaler received only a single share of 200 thaler, for from 2,200 to 8,000 thaler two shares, and for larger amounts only 5 per cent.[1]

The "subscription" was followed by the introduction on 'Change, though in many cases, especially when swindling was at its height and the Börse ready to take anything without examination, prospectuses and subscriptions were dispensed with and the new shares brought into the market at once. A few days previously there appeared in the editorial columns of the papers, a tolerably uniform notice which described the enterprise briefly, but of course favourably, and ended by announcing that on Tuesday next the great house of—say Itzig Meyer & Co.—

[1] In this instance the applications were no doubt considerably in excess of the number of shares to be issued, as amongst those interested in floating the company were Gerson-Bleichröder, Wilhelm Behrens and Baron von Westenholz of Hamburg, Jacob Landau of Breslau, Privy Councillors Krienes and von Carnall, Count von Hatzfeld-Wildenburg, Karl Egells, the mill-owner; the Altenburg minister, von Gerstenberg; and Herr von Kardorff-Wabnitz, a leading speaker of the Liberal-Conservative party in the Reichstag, and an authority on questions of finance and political economy, as well as in the creative domain. The company's dividends from 1871 to 1873 were 12½, 29, and 20 per cent. respectively. Its shares became a mad gambling stock on 'Change, and kept rising till they stood at 270, when they fell below par, and to-day are not likely to yield any further dividend.

would bring forward the shares of the "First German General Glue Boiling Establishment."

Itzig Meyer & Co. who are to dispose of the shares in the "First German General Glue Boiling Company" have previously provided themselves with a circle of associates, constituting a kind of mutual assurance, such as is formed by Life and Fire Assurance Companies, in order to divide their greater risks. Such a union is usually formed by 10, 20, 30, or more, bankers stockbrokers, speculators, &c. on 'Change. They take the shares of the "First German General Glue Boiling Company" in allotments of 5,000, 10,000, 20,000, or even 100,000 thaler, at a fixed rate, which, in this case, may be about 70. At this price Itzig Meyer & Co. may, in case of need, call upon their confederates to take the shares, but are not themselves obliged to part with a single one unless they choose, and do not let them go out of their hands for the present. Success depends mainly on the choice of the fitting moment. The Börse must be in good humour and not shy, exhausted, or even flat, else the "introduction" will be a failure, and is best postponed. Tuesday arrives, and appearances are favourable on 'Change. "All Israel is bright and joyful." The all-important moment arrives, and the head of the noted house of Itzig Meyer & Co. enters, surrounded by the confederates who form his suite, and by a mob of the lowest class of jobbers, who live from hand to mouth, and are to be recognised by their greasy coats and tattered trousers. These are the *claque.*

General attention is directed to Itzig Meyer & Co., the entire course of business being suspended whilst the shares in the "First German General Glue Boiling Company" are brought on the scene with a grand uproar. In consideration of the high standing of Itzig Meyer & Co., they are introduced at 102½; merely at par would not suit the house's prestige. "Glue Boilings" are in great request and are rapidly taken up. But by whom? For the present merely by the board of associates, their friends, adherents, and agents. One fat representative with an extraordinary development of nose, shouts, "I take Glue at 103;" "Glue at 103," roars the mob behind him. Every one in the room know that these latter neither want "Glue" nor will get it, that they have only a few shares allotted them by Itzig Meyer & Co., and perform in return the services of criers, but their shouts take effect, they resound in the money columns of the newspapers. These "criers" are not indeed of much value, but they might shout against the scrip; so they are bought over, and appear as necessary to the "creators" as *claqueurs* are on the Continent to a great actor or singer. "Glue" goes up to 105 to-day; to-morrow it may be 107, and the day after 110. The confederates buy and sell amongst themselves at these rates, so the brokers are obliged to quote them, though they may be only sham purchases, in spite of which the broker gets his profit. By degrees genuine purchasers appear, the public is attracted by the newspaper reports and bankers' recommendations; and now the rate of "Glue" flutters gently from 112 down to 98, till the shares are all happily disposed of, when it soon experiences a rapid fall to about 70 or 60. Not a soul beside the unfortunate shareholders troubles himself henceforward about "Glue," only Itzig Meyer & Co. balance their accounts with the board of confederates.

Say that the shares were sold on an average at	105
From this have to be deducted broker's commission, bonuses to bankers, douceurs, gratuities, and other expenses, amounting to ...	15
Leaving	90
The rate at which the confederates took "Glue" was	70
Thus they have made a profit of	20

Which on allotments of 5,000 or 10,000 thaler makes a pretty little sum, and on those of 50,000 or 100,000 a very considerable one. The criers too have

their pickings. The stout leader of the choir makes 400 thaler out of the 10 shares allotted to him, while the others each pocket 200 thaler. Not a single share is really handed over to the body of confederates, for Itzig Meyer and Co. might in this case be forced to buy back "Glue" from their own assistants at a higher rate. In the event of the shares not being taken up the confederates are pledged to accept the assigned allotments at the price originally arranged, which they sometimes strongly object to do. In the case of the Dannenberg or Liebermann Calico Mill shares the introduction of which was delayed until the issue proved a complete failure, the body of confederates who had gone hand in hand with the promoter in many "creations" and made large profits by each, refused "Calico" with indignation and disgust. When the matter came into court, the judge in consideration of the peculiar circumstances gave a verdict in their favour, and the Preussische Boden-Creditactienbank had to keep all the "Calicoes" itself.[1]

Introduction[2] was a short and convenient mode of proceeding, but required powerful confederates, for the shares being almost always introduced above par instantly attracted the "bears" who make it their business to speculate on their fall, and to bring them down by every means in their power. The shares in the "Producten und Handelsbank," for instance, were introduced at 116, a piece of gross imprudence as the bank was not even opened. So thought the bears, and began to gamble in the shares in question, selling one batch after another although not possessing one. But they had reckoned without their host. The creators stood firm and accepted the blank sales, and when the last day of the month came and the shares had to be delivered, the bears only escaped by forfeiting 7 per cent. In this instance, the promoters, being sole owners of the shares, might, if they had pleased, have imposed a far severer penalty.

One of the first things on the creators' programme after the war was relief from the dearth of houses. The political economist Wiss had shortly before published a series of articles in the *National Zeitung* on this subject, all of which culminated in the cry that the only remedy lay in the colonisation of the district round Berlin. The creators saw their opportunity, and many of their first enterprises were building societies—few of which built anything. The Building and Building Material Companies brought on the Berlin Börse represented altogether a joint-stock capital of about a hundred million thaler, most of

[1] *Der Börsen und Gründungs-schwindel in Berlin*, von Otto Glagau.

[2] The *Berliner Börsen Courier* in February, 1873, denounced "introduction" pure and simple on the ground that, though the prospectus was generally entitled to little credit, and "subscription" was a somewhat hazy operation, the two did furnish some slight guidance for the public, whilst "introduction" gave the promoters the opportunity of "concealing a total failure." It therefore appealed to "the leading houses" to abandon this plan, or at any rate to publish a detailed prospectus in advance. But all these revelations and communications in the shareholders' reviews and this zeal to protect the interests of the public were merely designed to throw dust in people's eyes, and were generally connected with some adroit puff of one of "the leading houses."

which has been idly squandered and is lost for ever to the shareholders in some of the most swindling creations of the swindling period. The creators invariably paid artificial dividends as a bait, in order to dispose of shares as yet unallotted or justify an increased issue. The dividend thus paid out of capital was never really made nor indeed could it be. Even when a company succeeded in parting with a number of plots, it was still hampered with the larger part of the land bought through the promoters at far above its value, and usually perfectly unsaleable as building sites. Most of this property is encumbered with mortgages, and as many of these remain in the hands of the promoters, and the sums advanced exceed the present worth of the land, it will ultimately revert to these gentlemen.

Herr David Born, an insignificant political economist, led the way. In May 1871, he stated that "a large landed proprietor" had placed at his disposal an area of forty acres at a very moderate price and on very favourable conditions, which however were only to be taken advantage of by a building society, the proprietor stipulating that no "factories, many-storied houses to be let off in flats, or poor cottages" were to be built. Herr Born, therefore, invited officials, clerks, fundholders, teachers, artists, &c., to combine "for the purpose of securing residences and suitable gardens at a price not exceeding the rent they now pay annually." A company calling itself "Landerwerb und Bauverein auf Actien" was formed, and commenced operations with the modest capital of 10,000 thaler, and in six months paid the colossal dividend of 40 per cent. The capital was quickly raised to 400,000 thaler and larger estates purchased. Next year a dividend of 8½ per cent. was paid, of which half was made from the interest on unexpended capital, and in 1873 and 1874 there were no dividends, the enterprise having degenerated into speculation and swindling. The colony formed at Friedenau consists of building sites and about forty-five finished houses, most of them let off in apartments and belonging to speculators and stock-jobbers. The unsold plots are let as arable or pasture land; the shares, sent up by the help of the first dividend to 200, stand at about 22. Herr David Born, who left as soon as this dividend had been declared, next "directed" another building society, the "Lichterfelde Bauverein." This, however, only yielded a 9 per cent. dividend, and the shares, once at 120, are now worth about 14, the balance-sheet for 1874 showing a loss of 328,000 thaler, owing to "depreciations."

The noble-minded landowner who assisted Herr Born with building land, was Herr Carstenn of Lichterfeld, who had similar generous impulses when he parted with a piece of land to the "Land und Baugesellschaft Lichterfelde," and not only received a good price, but stipulated for 10 per cent. on the company's net profits. The shareholders received a dividend the first year of 25 per cent., the next 5 per cent., and the third nothing, the shares, once at 155, being now quoted at 25. Herr Carstenn joined Herr Richard Schweder and several others in promoting the "Berlin-Charlottenburger Bauverein," introduced on 'Change at 110, with a guaranteed dividend of 13 per cent. The "Berlin-Charlottenburger Bauverein" certainly did great things in laying out streets and squares, including a monster street nearly four miles long, and of magnificent breadth, staked out from Steglitz to Charlottenburg, and called the "Kaiser-strasse." But there are no houses along it yet, and the building plots with the maze of cross roads intersecting them are for the present let out as pasturage. The shares have fallen to 25, the Building Offices, at Berlin and Wilmersdorff are closed, and the "Council of Inspection" and Board of Direction are in hiding, like Adam and Eve after the fall. Their Eden recalls that of Martin Chuzzlewit.

The great Herr Quistorp also distinguished himself in building speculations. His first attempt, "West End," brought out in 1868, was a failure, till the advent of the swindling era, when he suddenly paid a dividend of 16 per cent. for 1871, and raised the capital from 100,000 to 1,100,000 thaler, the new shares, issued at 150, being sent up to about 225. An additional 450 acres were purchased and named "New West End," together with the Schloss and Park of Ruhwald, whence it was proposed to form a continuous street, eight miles in length, to Berlin, beside which Herr von Carstenn's Kaiser-strasse would have been a mere infant. Quistorp induced the staff of authors and political economists, by whom he was surrounded, to write up "West End" as the most charming and healthy spot in the world, paid a dividend of 17 per cent. for 1872 to the shareholders, and something like 55,000 thaler to himself, and promised mountains of gold in his report issued January, 1873. Nine months later the company was insolvent. Coevally with the increase of the "West End" capital, he founded the "German Central Building Association" with a capital of 1,200,000 thaler, which was not to erect villas, but small and moderate-sized dwelling-houses, and also to "conduct the building enterprises of the West End Company, in return for a provision suitable to the circumstances," a union that afterwards made the one follow the other in insolvency, and produced a monster trial, causing the hair of both bankruptcy judge and liquidator to stand on end. The "German Central Building Association" went to work, buying, parcelling out and building, and the first business year closed with a dividend of 15 per cent. In July, 1873, in the midst of the "crash," Quistorp brought forward a proposition to increase the capital to four million thaler, but within three months the company failed for a million. The land entered on the books for several millions has depreciated to one-fifth of its nominal value, and the shareholders have lost everything. While this company was being wound up Herr Quistorp founded a new one, "West End Berlin," and tried to effect a combination. The court, however, refused to ratify this, on account of the peculiar manipulations of this gentleman, who had bought building sites himself, sold them at once to the "West End Company," and then disposed of them in its name to the "German Central Building Association," of course raising the price considerably each time.

A number of building societies and building banks paid dividends incredible in comparison with the present value of the shares, as is shown by the subjoined examples:—

	Dividend paid per cent.	Former price of shares.	Present value of shares.
Central Bank for Buildings	43	420	45
East End	11	120	14
South End	15⅜	125	9
Land and Building Union	40	200	23
Lichterfeld Building Association	9	120	15
Land and Building Society of Lichterfeld ...	25	155	25
Berlin Building Association Bank	11	110	30
Berlin-Charlottenburg Building Association	12⅝	115	25
Birkenwerder	11	115	15
Thiergarten	20	140	9
Königstadt	12	115	25
West End (Quistorp)	17	225	12
German Central Building Association ...	15	165	2
North End	22	140	0

The present value of the shares is, on the whole, below the mere dividend formerly paid upon them, the shares now averaging about 17¾, while the latter averaged 19.

Other building companies are in an equally bad plight. Shares in "Middle Class Dwellings," at Weissensee, formerly sold for 80 thaler, are now worth about 10. Shares in "Johannisthal," introduced at 102½, are quoted at 10.

"Berlin-Tempelhof" paid 7½ per cent. the first business year, and to-day are quoted at 9. "Friedrichshain," introduced at 103, average 40. "Thiergarten, West End," stand at 10. "Charlottenburg," introduced at 105, at 6. "Nieder Schönhausen," introduced at 102, at 0. Three thousand provisional shares in the "Residenz Baubank," with 40 thaler paid on each, were forfeited by their holders, who preferred submitting to this loss to paying up the remaining 60 thaler, the 100 thaler share then standing at 10. More than a third of the capital of the "Allgemeine Bau und Handelsbank," about 362,000 thaler, was forfeited in the same way. The shares with only 40 per cent. paid up came on 'Change at 106, the fully paid up ones now stand at 25. Other building banks show even worse results—"Nordbaubank," sent up to 209, stand at 0, and so does "West End Potsdam Baubank," the auditors and directors of which have disappeared altogether. The trifling sum of 5,000,000 thaler was paid for the building estate purchased from the proprietor, Klau, by the "German Dutch Building Association," and, according to a pamphlet which appeared in 1873, the "creators" made 3,500,000 thaler by this transaction. The preference shares which were to receive a fixed interest of 6 per cent. up to 1883, now stand at about 25.[1]

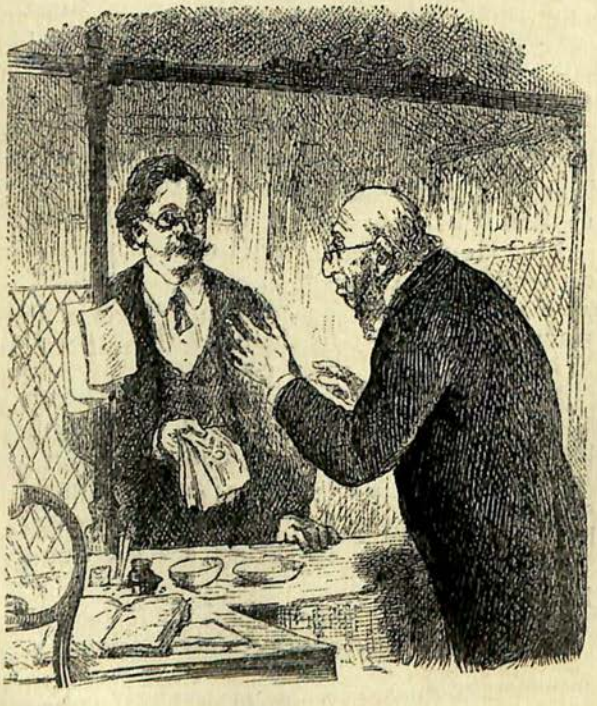
At length the crash, which was bound to come sooner or later made itself felt. A premonitory symptom was the charge of corruption levelled in February, 1873, against the Minister of Commerce, Count Itzenplitz, and some other high officials, by Herr Lasker, in the Landtag. Some time before, a law imposing restrictions upon the granting by the State of railway contracts to speculators had been passed. A few days before it came into operation the minister conceded several contracts of the very character it was designed to put a stop to, to a combination of speculators, of whom Herr Privy Councillor Wagener, already noted in connection with the Gewerbebank, was the principal. With two other Pomeranians, Herren Schuster & Oder, he obtained three railway concessions in his native province, and the triumvirate formed themselves into a board of administration, induced the shareholders to vote them a most liberal remuneration, and the Minister of Commerce to inscribe their company on the register, and then set to work to rig the market. Other concessions obtained by Herr Wagener were turned over by him for a pecuniary consideration. Amongst those thus favoured by him were Prince Biron and Prince Putbus, who proceeded to make their lines upon principles imparted to them by their associate Dr. Strousberg. They organized their company, and as the State turned over its funds to the "Administration," known as Putbus and Biron, the "Administration" turned over the hard work to the "Committee of Construction," known as Biron and Putbus. Thus they received a considerable salary as principals, whilst drawing large sums from the State to pay to themselves as contractors, the loss to the State being several hundred thousand thaler.

The whole of these facts were exposed, and the "Strousberg system" of railway making denounced by Herr Lasker in the

[1] *Der Börsen und Gründungs-schwindel in Berlin*, von Otto Glagau.

Landtag in February, 1873. His attack on the Minister of Commerce, an old Junker favourite of the King, was levelled to prove that the Count was ignorant of, and unable to fulfil the duties of his office as concerned the most important technical department of the State. Herr Wagener happened at the time to be ill, and Itzenplitz's defence was simply "Non mi ricordo." He could not remember whether he had granted concessions of an undesirable character, just four days before the promulgation of the new law expressly designed to render them impossible. A commission of inquiry was appointed, and in spite of the endeavours of the Government to throw a cloak over the parties implicated, they were obliged to retire, covered with shame, from office. But even the new law has proved futile to put a stop to trickery, for the stiff Prussian officials are unable to penetrate the sinuosities through which the flexible speculator can contrive to wriggle.

Finally, in the autumn of 1873, the real crash came. It was the reaction of the terrible crisis in Vienna, which completely crushed business in Austria and rudely dissolved the countless castles in the air reared during the Exhibition period. At first, whilst Austrian finance was shaking to its foundations and the shares of one of the leading Viennese banks had fallen in a week from 213 florins to 7, it seemed as if Berlin would escape without substantial injury. One or two small brokers and bankers failed,



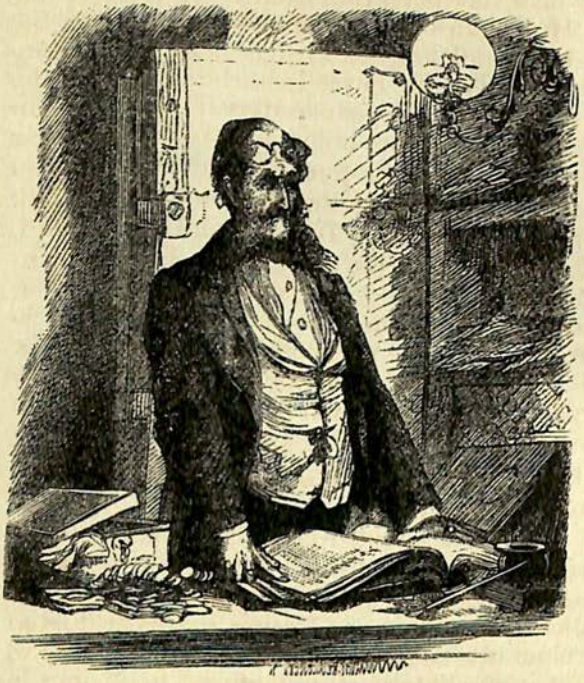
the new building and other companies' shares went down fifty, and, in some cases, sixty per cent. below the fictitious value they had attained during the winter, and then the hapless public began to hope that the worst was over and that things would slowly mend. But the hope was vain. Speculative shares, even of companies

enjoying the greatest meed of popular favour, steadily declined in value, despite all the financing appliances had recourse to to prop them up, until at last there were no buyers whatever for them. Still it was uncertain who would be the first victim, for many notable enterprises seemed in an equally shaky condition, though there was no doubt that, whichever went, the unfortunate confiding public would be the chief sufferer. Finally, on the 12th October, Quistorp's Vereinsbank failed, dragging down numerous other concerns with which it was connected, and giving the signal for many more to topple over in swift succession like a row of houses of cards.

The immediate cause of Quistorp's downfall was the decline in the value of all speculative enterprises coupled with his large investments in real estate not only at Berlin, but in the provinces. When threatened with ruin, the Prussian Bank, appreciating the practical utility of most of his enterprises and more particularly the havoc that would be wrought amongst the public by their failure, came to his aid with large sums. This proved however insufficient, and on the bank refusing further help he boldly appealed to the Finance Minister, Herr Camphausen, for assistance from the State, on the ground that if he were driven to suspend payment some 15,000 hands would be thrown out of employment, and might, especially as the elections were at hand, cause considerable embarrassment to the Government. The minister refused to help him, and the next day the great company and the various concerns that had grown out of it, failed. The amount of shares held by the public in Quistorp's enterprises represented something like ten million thaler. The Queen Dowager is said to have lost 700,000 thaler, and another member of the royal family a yet larger sum.

Countless other failures followed in swift succession, and countless families were ruined. The business of the Börse began to slacken visibly, bankers cut down their staff of clerks, manufacturers reduced their number of workmen, building enterprises everywhere came to a sudden stop, and the comic papers published cartoons of speculators blowing out their brains at the foot of posts bearing the inscription, "This land to let." The effect extended to every branch of manufactures and commerce, producing a general feeling of insecurity.[1] The very trade in New Year's gifts, so flourishing at the close of the previous year, fell almost to nothing. The general misery was heightened by the fact that it was the accumulated savings of years that were thus swallowed up. The Prussians, as already noted, have always been a thrifty race. The gold that had vanished into thin air

[1] The annexed table from the *Börsen Zeitung* shows that the depression has continued, more especially as regards manufacturing and commercial enterprises, with the exception, however, of the older trading companies. Even the railways, which, in 1872, paid an average dividend of 6·05 per cent. paid in 1875 only 4·70 :—



had been gathered together coin by coin, by the hourly practice of cheese-paring economy, handed down as a tradition from generation to generation. It had been drawn forth by the feeling of confidence inspired by the arrival of the French milliards, and there was some truth in the remark of the Berlin banker, "If France had had to give us ten milliards instead of five, there is not one of us that would not have been ruined!"

A greater than even Quistorp has since fallen, namely, Strousberg, whom his admirers had hailed as "the railway king of Germany," and one of "the heroes of civilisation." Strousberg was born at Neudenburg in East Prussia, where his Hebrew forefathers had resided for some generations. At his father's death, Baruch Hirsch Straussberg went to his maternal uncle in England as a Polish Jew boy of twelve, to return to Prussia twenty years after as Doctor Bethel Henry Strousberg, a member of the Christian Church. Quitting his uncle's office, he tried journalism, started and wrote almost the whole of the *Merchants' Magazine*, bought *Sharpe's London Magazine*, married an English lady and would, as he tells us, have flourished on the "not inconsiderable income" of £1,500 a year, had not his "generosity and hospitality forbidden economy." The formation and amalgamation of insurance companies proved more remunerative, and the Doctor returned to Berlin with £10,000 and much practical knowledge,

Joint-Stock Companies.	Number.	Dividends per cent. in 1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.
Banks, old	48	10·75	7·15	6·83	5·47
„ new	95	10·46	2·52	2·89	2·10
Iron and coal, old ...	26	15·69	19·23	9·96	4·15
„ new ...	58	10·80	7·02	2·91	1·52
Trading Companies, old	25	7·92	6·24	5·88	5·76
„ „ new	225	8·40	3·32	2·03	1·36

to enter on a career which has been the wonder of Europe and the envy of Jewry. He began by being an insurance agent, but soon found a more congenial and extensive field in railway making. His first railway was the Tilset-Insterburg, his last the Paris-Narbonne and in the fourteen years' interval between them he constructed, in the aggregate, more mileage than even Thomas Brassey could show. He united in himself the attributes of financier and contractor, and people in Berlin soon began to look upon him as a combination of Hudson, Brassey, and Rothschild, with a dash of John Law, and a *soupçon* of Sidonia. Count Itzenplitz, a well-meaning but short-sighted man, preferred negotiating with Strousberg, who understood how to make everything so plain and easy to him, and became so much enamoured of the "Strousberg system" that he made over the most remunerative lines to private enterprise. "The minister," says the Doctor in his version of the affair, "got rid of troublesome people by telling them to go to Strousberg, not to favour me, but because I was the only man who had done anything."

His rise was rapid, but not without difficulties, for the Börse treated him with great mistrust, whilst, despite the practical nature of many of his enterprises, he was anything but a favourite with the general public. The railway and other shares he floated were taken up with reluctance, and he was obliged to dispose of them at any price—but immediately manufactured fresh ones in still larger quantities. But he made money, and with money came everything else. People scoffed at the bold adventurer, but the best society accepted his invitations and ate and drank with him. His balls and dinners were each a nine days' wonder, and he it was who first set the example to his brethren of the Börse of erecting a palatial residence adorned with the finest obtainable specimens of modern art. Men and women of all ranks flocked to him for advice as to how they should invest their capital, and accepted the lightest word that fell from his lips as an oracle. To float his enterprises, to extend his connections and to gain the Government concessions, the "Wonderful Doctor," as he was styled, had but one maxim, which never failed him. "A golden key opens every door, and an ass laden with gold can climb over any wall." He found friends and patrons in every government office and corporate body who gave him information and fought for the interests of "the Man who buys Everything," for such became his title. He paid literary men of every grade, made presents to journalists, started a paper of his own, the *Post*, and thus gained over the press. From that time every paper had paragraphs about the great Doctor, his luxury and liberality, his plans and undertakings. Bismarck had to submit to figure cheek-by-jowl with Strousberg in photographers' windows and newspaper columns, and one journal gravely propounded the question which was the greater, the

"Iron Count," or the "Railway King"? Strousberg became a daily topic of conversation, and the greatest celebrity in Berlin.

The Doctor was at the height of his commercial prosperity and credit at the beginning of 1870, when the total capital of his enterprises amounted to seventy millions sterling, and despite a few losses he was worth, at least, three millions. Besides railways, mines, iron-works, locomotive factories, &c., he had invested largely in landed property, partly with a view of providing an estate for each of his seven children, and partly out of compassion for involved noblemen owning the land. He was actively engaged in constructing the great Roumanian Railway network, the North Eastern Railway of Hungary, the Brest-Grayevo Railway, in Russia, and the Halle-Sorau, Hanover-Altenbeken and Berlin-Posen lines in Germany. He had established a large engine-works near Hanover "for the sake of giving an example of the way in which the interests of employers and employed might be united," and built the Berlin cattle market and market halls "to supply the public with the principal articles of food at the lowest prices," benevolence and not profit being, as he tells us, his sole motive. He had also bought the southern citadel at Antwerp from the Belgian Government, paying 3,500,000 francs deposit, and was preparing to cover the site of the fortifications with houses. There is a story, that during these days of prosperity and magnificence, a Highness of some kind was taken to one of the receptions of this Prussian Aladdin in his palace in the Wilhelms-strasse. "Herr Doctor," observed his Serenity, "I have wished for some time past to make the acquaintance of the financier who has carried out such colossal and incredible enterprises. I marvel how, with such labours and anxieties resting on your shoulders, you can possibly get any sleep." "Your Highness is very kind," rejoined the irrepressible Doctor, "I sleep tolerably well; my only wonder is how my creditors can manage to do so."

The war which, with its accompanying indemnity, proved the philosopher's stone to so many, by enabling them to convert the most worthless schemes into solid gold, was, strange to say, the primary cause of Strousberg's ruin. Works had to be stopped, and much sunk capital became unproductive, hands were swept off into the army, the markets sealed. He managed by desperate exertions to complete several of his railway lines, and to carry on the rest, but as he was paid in shares which, during the financial depression caused by the war, could only be disposed of at a frightful loss, he saw the millions he had counted upon vanishing in his very grasp. When peace was restored he essayed higher flights than ever, committing himself to undertakings which required, not only prodigious sums of money, but almost boundless credit. He had, however, no longer the prestige

of unbroken success, nor the means which had formerly acted like a magic solvent to so many obstructions.

One of his important "creations" had been 65,000,000 of 7½ per cent. Roumanian Railway Bonds, brought out on 'Change at 71, as Foreign Stocks, though issued merely by Strousberg and his coadjutors, the Duke of Ujest, the Duke of Ratiber, and Count Lehndorff. These "Roumanians," disposed of mainly through the prestige of his aristocratic helpers, ruined many thousands. At the beginning of 1871, Strousberg ceased to pay the guaranteed interest, and the making of the line was suspended owing to difficulties with the Roumanian Government. From that moment all his efforts to check his downward career were unavailing, though to the outer world of Berlin the same ostentatious magnificence was displayed. "Roumanians" sank to 40, and were then converted into 5 per cent. shares. It is calculated that by this operation the Doctor pocketed, at least, 10,000,000 thaler, and that almost as much more was wanting to balance the accounts. A company was formed later on by the deluded creditors, and the rooks were called upon to disgorge about 25 millions of their booty, but Strousberg would only concede six millions, which the victims were forced to content themselves with.

By 1872 he had mortgaged his Bohemian estates and his German mines, sold his works at Neustadt, Dortmund, and Hanover, ceded his Hungarian line, and forfeited enormous sums deposited as caution money for several of the other railway concessions which he found himself unable to go on with. Railway making was still a comparatively profitless occupation, owing to the continued depreciation of shares. Moreover, many of his railways were so abominably made that it was found impossible to work them, and most of them will not pay a dividend this century. The Roumanian lines which broke down so utterly during the Turko-Russian war, to the great delay in the advance of the Muscovite troops, were specimens of his handiwork. He himself pleads that he never undertook any line in Prussia without being convinced that it must ultimately pay, but that he was mistaken in his calculations as to the period of development, and that his lines suffered through want of official favour.

He sought to recover all he had lost by developing his Zbirov estate, an extensive property in Bohemia, abounding in iron, coal, and timber, which he had bought "solely out of gratitude to a friend who would have had his credit involved through advances made to the bankrupt owner of the property." He purchased some coal mines in Bohemia and Silesia, and established at Zbirov an enormous rolling stock and locomotive factory, a Bessemer steel-works, and a number of puddling and rolling mills and blast furnaces. To connect all these he laid down thirty-five miles of railway on his own property and built a perfect town for the workmen. Fate was, however, against him. His

universal solvent—money—had been distributed too freely, and high Prussian officials were implicated. The Austrian and German press, which had for some time been yelping at his heels, fell with one bound upon the "Wonderful Doctor," the Berlin journals that had been wont to cringe to the "Man who buys Everything," turned and trod him under foot. And in February, 1873, Lasker denounced the "Strousberg System," as an arrangement for making railways whereby all the profits fell to the contractor, and all the losses upon the shareholders. Strousberg declared, that apart from some remarks on the way in which some officials had been favoured in obtaining concessions, a criticism of Herren Wagener, Schuster, & Co.'s commercial conduct, and some unfounded aspersions on himself, derived from information supplied to Lasker by personal enemies, the speech contained nothing but empty, pompous rhetoric. He ascribed its origin to the fact that during the three years he had sat in Parliament he had voted as a Conservative. "The consequences of this speech," he remarked, "were so fatal to me because my losses had not only weakened me immensely, but created me many enemies. This speech followed me like a spectre in my credit, in my efforts after fresh business, and in my commercial position, crippling me in everything, and working my destruction, and I struggled against it in vain." Resolving after this terrible *exposé* to try his luck entirely in "fresh woods and pastures new," Strousberg sought, in the spring of 1873, to gain a footing in England, but was suddenly recalled to Berlin by several stoppages and the Vienna crisis, and had to face fresh financial difficulties. The Belgian finance minister cited him for the non-fulfilment of his Antwerp contract, and he hastened to sell that concession. Berlin then witnessed, with sagacious head-shakings, the sale of his celebrated picture-gallery for 800,000 thaler. Still he managed to carry on the Zbirov iron works and to open branch establishments at Prague, Dantzig, Neustadt, and St. Petersburg. His connection with the Moscow Commercial Bank, which ended so disastrously, dates from an advance made by it on some debentures in 1874. The bank, Dr. Strousberg explains, was "considerably in arrear, so that the expectations it entertained from a connection with me made that connection appear to it a desirable thing, whilst I employed the opportunity to borrow as much as was possible for the execution of my projects. It is true that for this purpose I made presents to one of the directors. But this is an everyday occurrence in Russia upon large transactions, and it was part of my nature to be grateful and to be splendid in my gratitude."

He still continued to undertake the construction of railways, but with unfortunate results. The shares of the Mehltheur-Wida line which he held to the amount of 1,700,000 thaler turned out mere waste paper, and he failed to procure the admission of

the Waag Valley debentures on the Vienna Exchange. His last concession was for the Paris-Narbonne line, shares in which to the amount of 3,750,000 francs he mortgaged to the Moscow Commercial Bank, together with other securities of far more doubtful value, these transactions being favoured by the influence he had acquired over the managing director, Landau, a native of Breslau. Finding his difficulties increasing he sought to turn his Bohemian mines and iron works into a joint-stock company, with a capital of 37,000,000 marks, but failed, and proceedings in bankruptcy were commenced at Prague, in October, 1875. The bank at once telegraphed for him to come to Moscow, and on his arrival he was arrested and lodged in the nobility quarter of the debtors' prison, and the bank closed its doors.

Proceedings in bankruptcy were at once commenced at Vienna and Berlin. In the latter city, in addition to a large quantity of building land, he owned a mansion containing furniture and works of art estimated at 104,690 marks and a library at 60,000 marks, the relics of his former splendour. His real estate in land, &c., in Germany, was estimated at 17 million marks, but being mortgaged to the extent of 14 million marks, the prospects of the 750 creditors were far from brilliant, the official report of Herr Dielitz, the special commissary, issued in January, 1876, setting forth that at the end of a liquidation, occupying four or five years, they might expect to receive a trifling fraction of their claims. Strangely enough, Strousberg's arbitrary arrest produced quite a revulsion of feeling in his favour in Berlin, national self-esteem being touched by the fact of his having been arrested under a law seldom or never enforced against native Russians. From being the butt of the Berlin comic papers, he was suddenly placed upon the stage as the hero of a melodramatic piece, in which he figured as the most wonderful and beneficent genius of the age. Possibly, however, his Berlin friends may have inspired these changed sentiments.

Meanwhile Strousberg, detained in durance vile at Moscow, devoted his enforced leisure to writing a book about himself and

his work, drawing a fascinating portrait of himself as the beneficent capitalist, bent upon developing the hidden resources of an ungrateful world, regardless of his own immediate profit. He attributed his bankruptcy to his arrest in the midst of his efforts to settle matters. "I am not," he exclaims, "to be measured by the ordinary standard, I am to be compared with myself, with what I have done and the means by which I have created all that owes its existence to me, and being thus measured, I maintain that all the works and other resources at my disposal at the time of my bankruptcy would have been duly carried out by me, and that I should thus have acquired the means of standing higher than ever. At all events the retrospect of my past career and achievements justified me in believing in myself so far, and I am therefore morally exonerated."

This self-exoneration was, however, far from satisfying the public prosecutor, who, when the trial came on, on the 14th October, 1876, fiercely denounced Dr. Strousberg as a man "bent upon cheating the honest Russians," and charged him with bribing certain directors of the bank to advance him money on insufficient security, though bribery has long since become an accepted motive power in the Russian social system, and corruption as universal as original sin. Nineteen officials of the bank were included in the charge, the result being that Strousberg, Landau, the managing director, and Schumacher, chief burgomaster of Moscow, all three Germans, were absolutely found guilty; one director, Polyanski, a Russian, received the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and the other seventeen defendants, all "honest" Russians, were acquitted.

Since his release the indefatigable Doctor has come forward with a gigantic project for making Berlin a seaport, by connecting it with the main streams of the Elbe and the Oder, and converting these rivers into deep canals downwards to their junction with the North Sea and the Baltic respectively, where Hamburg and Stettin would serve as *entrepôts*. According to Dr. Strousberg the engineering difficulties would not be great, and the cost might be covered by a sum of 8,000,000*l.*, which would earn 10 per cent. interest. But between the canalisation of the Elbe and the Oder, and the raising of Berlin to the position of "a dominant commercial, manufacturing, and military centre on the Continent," as Dr. Strousberg prognosticates, there may be a much wider interval than the sanguine imagination of the author of the project realizes.

XII.

THE COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF BERLIN.

BERLIN has a more considerable trade than might be supposed, and holds a high position amongst the manufacturing towns of the German empire. When at the close of the Seven Years' War, Friedrich II. sought to restore the financial and material prosperity of Prussia, and to develop commerce and manufactures by means of "continual subventions and donations, guidances, encouragements, commandings, and prohibitions, wise supervision, and impulsion," it was hardly likely that he would leave his capital in the cold, and many existing industries may be traced back to his exertions at this epoch. Indeed, it is during Friedrich's campaigns that we obtain a glimpse of an article of Berlin manufacture in high favour with satirical writers in later years, namely, those Berlin gloves which are supposed to be indispensable to the "get up" of the improvised greengrocer-footman, and the policeman in full dress. When Haddeck, the Austrian commander, laid the city under contribution in October, 1757, he exacted, in addition to the trifle of 27,000*l.* in hard cash, two dozen pairs of the best Berlin gloves, destined for no less noble digits than those of the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa. These were delivered by the Berlin civic authorities in due form, while slyly chuckling to themselves, they having arranged the gloves should all be for the left hand.

Other sovereigns continued the policy of the monarch who cultivated his kingdom like a farm, "and diligently sowed annuals into it, and perennials into it, which flourish to this day." The Gewerbe, or Industrial Academy, lately reorganised and liberally endowed by Government, the Landes Oekonomie Collegium, at the head of which is the Minister for Agriculture, the Royal Iron Foundry, the Mining Academy, and several other like institutions have all tended to develop the commerce and manufactures of the city. And, moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that Prussia took the initiative in commercial liberty on the Continent by rejecting

from 1818 the prohibitive system, that by means of the Zollverein she removed the barriers existing between German States, and that by her abolition of the guilds and corporations of the Middle Ages, trade and industry are no longer checked by superannuated privileges. For there was a time when the butcher's, baker's, grocer's, and mercer's trades were anything but free, and when the barber was not allowed to cut hair, nor the hair-dresser to shave. But however much Berlin may be indebted to State patronage and encouragement, there is truth in the boast of one of her sons that the Prussian capital has flourished in a sandy waste because her citizens have shown themselves more industrious than those of more favoured localities.[1]

The political events of the last few years have proved, on the whole, beneficial to Berlin, from a commercial and industrial point of view, though the feverish animation consequent upon the advent of the milliards was followed by a corresponding depression, from which the city is only now recovering. Prior to the French war the feeling that such a contest must, one day, inevitably ensue, and the sense of uncertainty as to its result, weighed like an incubus upon the commercial and industrial development of the Prussian capital. The outset of the contest, too, affected Berlin somewhat unfavourably by putting a temporary stop to many enterprises, checking the consumption of sundry articles, causing a fall in the value of some classes of manufactured goods, and inducing a corresponding rise in the cost of coals, transport, and raw material, and in the general rate of discount. The manufacture of woollen and cotton goods and ready-made linen, and the trade in woollen goods in general, dye-stuffs, and drugs were much affected. On the other hand, individual trades, especially those supplying the wants of the army in the field, were benefited by the continuance of the contest. Corn, cattle, leather, cloth, blankets, canvas, locomotives, and railway rolling-stock—the two latter most important products of Berlin—were in great demand, though transactions were seriously hampered by the difficulty of transport. Other branches

[1] According to an English Blue Book published in 1867, the chief imports of Berlin were raw cotton, cotton yarn, dye-woods, saltpetre, sulphur, pig iron, oil-seeds, raw hides and skins, foreign woods, colonial produce, oil, resin, coals, and cattle. The exports were cotton goods, chemical produce, iron and steel ware, glass, hardware, beer, brandy, paper, pottery, porcelain, woollen goods, zinc, and printed books. In 1870 the value of goods exported to North America was 4,036,900 thaler. The most important items of this were woollen clothes, 1,621,173 thaler; fancy goods, 361,397 thaler; lead, zinc, and baryta, 245,393 thaler; zephyr wool, 232,946 thaler; glass buttons and trimmings, 186,318 thaler; books, paintings, and works of art, 177,997 thaler; gloves and stockings, 158,406 thaler; chemical preparations, aniline dyes, &c., 120,885 thaler; paper, millboard, &c., 117,780 thaler; and sundries, 225,101 thaler. The Staple-house (*Packhof*), situate in the rear of the new Museum, and decorated with a fine relievo by Kiss, from a design by Schinkel, receives merchandise either on its arrival at Berlin or its expedition abroad.

of industry were favourably influenced by the fact that France was partly compelled to suspend production, and that Paris could neither manufacture nor export its specialties, and large orders for furniture, carpets, silks, confectionery, artificial flowers, and similar articles of luxury, were received at Berlin.

The successes of 1871 brought about a tremendous reaction, and on all sides it was proclaimed that Prussia's destiny was to become, not only the greatest military power in Europe, but one of the foremost commercial and industrial nations on earth. Though, in consequence of the occupation of French territory, many skilled hands were kept away, and the means of transport still remained very inadequate, Berlin largely participated in the great commercial development manifested throughout Germany. The necessary replenishment of the exhausted army stores, the sudden brisk demand from re-opened markets, and the resumption of many railway enterprises, interrupted at the commencement of hostilities, produced an abundance of orders.[1] Old establishments were enlarged, new ones formed, and the sudden demand for workmen of all kinds caused a rapid rise in the rate of wages.

The Berlin manufacturers during this period of activity, made no distinction between casual demands and permanent requirements; they arranged their factories and workshops as if the enormous consumption of the moment was to continue for years. The receipt of the war indemnity, moreover, opened an unlimited credit for all industrial enterprises, and money was never so cheap. Countless establishments were transformed into joint-stock companies which successively collapsed as the demand for the goods they supplied slackened. This began to be the case towards the latter half of 1873. The "crash" had ruined thousands of consumers and producers; and the purchasing power of the entire city being considerably diminished thereby, all trades suffered alike. France had regained possession of the markets from which she had been temporarily excluded. The exhausted stocks had been replaced and the supplies for the army re-established on their former footing, whilst the immense increase in the rate of wages obtained by all classes of workmen and their unwillingness to return to a reasonable standard when the reaction set in, rendered all manufactured goods dearer, but in no degree better. The annual reports issued by the Chambers of Commerce of the principal cities of Germany, such as Berlin, Dantzig,

[1] In North Germany alone 4,000 miles of railway have been added since the war, and capital raised for this purpose to the extent of 85,000,000*l.*, yet many of these railways have never been brought into a paying condition, besides which their progress seriously affected the older lines by raising the price of labour, coals, and iron to a most extravagant standard. A decisive fall in these three items and in the many industries dependent upon them has been the final result.

Königsberg, Breslau, Frankfurt, &c., furnish ample proof of this, confirming, as they severally do, the enormous diminution in commercial transactions during 1874, the general slackening of business, and the rapid dying out of numerous manufactures.

The Berlinese call the neighbourhood of the Oranienburg and Hamburg Gates the "Feuerland," on account of there being so many iron factories belching forth smoke and flame in that direction. Fixed, portable, and marine engines, locomotives, trucks, railway carriages, railway plant, girders, bridges, boilers, &c., are all produced here, for home consumption and for export to Russia, Austria, and South America. The most important establishment is that of Borsig, the "Locomotive King," as he is styled, situate just outside the Oranienburg Gate. Borsig's father came to Berlin a poor workman, and the factory was originally, in 1836, nothing but a small saw-mill, in which horses supplied the motive power. It was transformed into a factory, and gradually extended, until at present every kind of railway plant, locomotives, bridges, turntables, rails, axles, pumps, iron roofs, &c., are turned out from it. The first locomotive was completed in 1841, in 1848 two hundred had been produced, by 1859 a thousand, by 1867 two thousand, and by 1872 three thousand. The counting-houses, designing offices, and stores for raw material occupy an immense range of two-storied buildings. In the centre is the foundry with its colossal steam-engine, and all around the different workshops. The din of hammers and the thunder of machinery in motion is heard throughout the day, chimneys belch forth incessant clouds of black smoke and the fire of huge furnaces renders the temperature quite torrid. In one direction molten iron is being cast into a multitude of forms, in another copper and zinc are being mixed to make brass, whilst elsewhere planing, drilling, and slotting machines are cutting and slicing metal as if it were wood. Burly fellows with bare arms and beards recalling those of Barbarossa, many of them wearing on their heads landwehr caps, abound on every side, there being, on an average, no less than two thousand hands employed. The hygienic precautions taken with a view to preserving their health are not the least striking feature in this establishment. The immense workshops are all ventilated in the most perfect and scientific fashion, and baths and lavatories are distributed throughout the building. Although locomotives are Borsig's specialty, he casts cannon here as well, when these articles are in demand. Branch works established close to the Moabit Bridge, and somewhat inferior in size to the parent foundry, are chiefly occupied in the production of steel in various forms. During the rage for joint-stock companies, Borsig was offered fabulous sums for his works, 12,000,000 thaler, according to one version, and indeed he could have had whatever he chose to ask, but he was too wise, if not too honourable, to be thus dazzled.

Berlin has always enjoyed a high reputation for its metallic castings, a circumstance mainly due to the sand by which it is surrounded being admirably suited for moulds. This branch of industry was fostered by the government by the establishment, in 1804, of the Royal Iron Foundry in the Invaliden-strasse, an institution which turns out about 600 tons of cast iron-work, much of it of an artistic character, per annum. In common with the entire iron trade of Germany, this branch of industry suffered severely by the reaction due to the over-production which took place in 1871, 1872, and part of 1873, not only in that country, but in England, Belgium, Austria, North America, and France, and by the enormous increase in the rate of workmen's wages. The copper and brass manufacture of Berlin is of some importance, there being a considerable trade with all parts of Germany, Russia, Sweden, Holland, and Switzerland. Zinc castings of statuary, friezes, and other ornaments for the external decoration of houses as well as the manufacture of zinc for water pipes and the roofing of buildings, are carried on at Berlin on a large scale.

In 1871 the metallic industries of Berlin included about 50 foundries and factories for the production of articles in various kinds of metals, minerals, and chemicals, comprising cast and wrought iron, steel, brass, copper, tin, nickel, zinc, antimony, vitriol, &c. The number of hands employed was 10,889. From the returns of the factory inspector for 1874, it seems there were then 104 machine factories, employing 14,737 workpeople, and 38 telegraph plant and sewing-machine factories, giving employment to 2,788 hands. There were also 243 copper and bronze foundries and lamp factories which employed 9,074 workpeople, and the former turned out in the course of the year 6,350 tons of rolled copper, and 3,300 tons of rolled brass.

The building of locomotives and railway carriages, for which the Berlin factories are famous, has latterly shown a considerable falling off. For instance, the "Actiengesellschaft für Eisenbahn Betriebsmaterial," a company for the construction of rolling-stock, which, in 1873, employed 1,813 workmen, could only give employment to 601 at the commencement of 1874. It was much the same with the largest, "Wagenbau Anstalt," the dealings of which sank from 4,122,897 thaler in 1873, to 2,463,589 in 1874, whilst its workpeople decreased from 1,529 to 744. The manufacture of gas-pipes, water-pipes, and gasometers, due to the rapid extension of Berlin, was one of the few branches of the iron manufacture that maintained itself upon its former footing during 1874. In this year 20,000 tons of iron ore were imported into Berlin against 25,000 in 1873. Sewing-machines were in pretty brisk demand, 7,439 being turned out in the course of the year, but the trade in domestic iron-ware was insignificant, the exports to Russia and Sweden falling off, whilst the demand for safes naturally stopped after the Börse crisis threw so many second-hand ones on the market. The manufacture of electric telegraph material appears to have maintained itself.

As regards the more artistic class of manufactures, Berlin is noted for its bronze and iron castings, although the former are very inferior to the high class productions of Paris. Nevertheless, since the war, this branch of industry has received considerable impetus. The most important manufactures of gold and silver in Prussia are at Berlin, and are fondly supposed by the natives to rival those of Paris and Vienna. They produce chiefly stamped and embossed objects, which go principally to Austria, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Southern Europe. Since the latter half of 1873, however, there has been a marked falling off in the value of the exports.

The Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Berlin, founded in 1761, by the banker, Ernst Gotzkowski, and purchased by Friedrich II. two years later for 225,000 thaler, has a European reputation. It employs about 800 workmen, and produces annually some 8,000 pieces of china, chiefly remarkable for the brilliancy of its colouring, and the solidity of its gilding. Berlin also contains several large potteries, producing not only the usual domestic and culinary utensils, but a quantity of architectural requisites and ornaments,

such as Messrs. Doulton have introduced in England. Of late years an improved artistic feeling in architectural decoration mainly due to the effort of the Gewerbe-institut, has sprung up in Berlin. Moulded ornaments figure on all the houses erected in the new quarters, and artificial stone, terra-cotta, tiles and metal castings, are brought largely into use for decorative purposes, by architects who have not at their disposal the stone employed by the Parisians. The glazed earthenware stoves abounding in Germany are also manufactured to a large extent at Berlin. The artistic feeling above-mentioned fails to display itself in the stoneware and earthenware objects of everyday life, articles for use and not for show being far inferior in taste to those produced in England. The impulse given to the manufacture of china and stoneware in Berlin and its neighbourhood after 1870 met with the usual reaction in 1873-4, especially so far as the production of the more valuable articles was concerned. There was also a notable decrease in the manufacture of pottery, stoves, terra-cotta, and building ornaments, the production of 1874 being only one-half of that of 1873, whilst prices fell one-third.

Though "Berlin wool" is a household word throughout Great Britain, those familiar with the substance are most likely not aware that the greatest wool-market in Prussia is held annually at Berlin, and that the city has long been renowned for the preparation of fleecy yarn. The working of wool has been established in Prussia for centuries, and the woollen products of the country find a sale all over the world. A company entitled the "German Central Fair for Cloth and Wool at Berlin," has obtained leave to acquire the ground situate by the Janowitz Bridge and belonging to the king, on which wool stores comprising 600 combing-houses, a post-office, a telegraph office, extensive dining and refreshment-rooms, and a bank are to be erected. The Berlin Wool Fair, the most important in Germany, hitherto held in the Alexander-platz in the month of June, was, in 1872, transferred to the New Cattle Market. The dealers formerly arrived in caravans, the little inns were crammed, and a merry life was the order of the day. Singing, eating, and drinking, went on all through the week, which was as impatiently looked forward to by the venal beauties of "the capital of good morals," as that devoted to the cattle show is by their London sisters. Now there is no more laughter, no more songs, no more lavishing of thaler. The 1875 fair showed a considerable falling off from 1874, when about 7,500 tons of wool were offered for sale, although business was very slack, and prices ruled from 4 to 8 thaler per cwt. lower than the preceding year, while the imports of foreign wool had increased from 37,000 to 40,000 bales. There appears to have been a general depression in the wool-trade throughout 1874, the total quantity of carded yarn of all kinds produced being estimated at 2,900 tons. The Berlin wool of English fancy warehouses continued, however, in pretty brisk demand and was largely exported.

At Berlin, as in most German towns, the weavers' guild was one of great importance and had special rights and privileges, the trade having first made the city and country celebrated. It was largely developed by the Royal Weaving Establishment, set up, as Mr. Carlyle has it, "not on free-trade principles," by Friedrich Wilhelm, in the Lager Haus, and which manufactured both fine and common cloths, especially those for military use, and helped to spread information amongst the other factories. At Berlin the manufacture of cloth suffers from the system pursued. Spinning, dyeing, and dressing, are not carried on in the manufacturer's establishment but are so many independent operations. He has no actual factory, and if looms exist on his premises they form but a very small proportion of those he employs, and are usually occupied merely in experimenting with new ideas and designs. Most of the goods are woven by independent workmen in the city or suburbs, the usual plan being for the manufacturer to provide the yarn, have the hanks cut, and give them, with the necessary weft and the pattern, to the master weavers who generally have them worked on their own looms, and receive an agreed price per ell or per mètre.

All attempts to set up power-loom weaving on a large scale at Berlin have failed. The monotony of the occupation, moreover, is found distasteful by the bulk of the operatives, from the city presenting so many other kinds of employment. The great drawback of the Berlin system is the want of control and supervision on the part of the manufacturer over the various stages of production and a consequent difficulty in maintaining an even quality in his goods; hence the constant fluctuations in the trade, and the unenviable reputation acquired by Berlin of producing the cheapest and poorest woollen goods. Many manufacturers go so far as to maintain that no good work in any branch of industry can be expected from the existing class of workmen, and that the only hope of improvement is to be looked for in the growth of a new generation.

The manufacture of cloth and heavy woollen goods was favoured by the war, and shared the general briskness of trade which afterwards followed, still the business done in 1873 and 1874 was only of a medium character. Japan takes a large quantity of Berlin broadcloth, the Prussian military cloth having been selected by the government of the Mikado for soldiers' uniforms. North America is Berlin's best customer, the exports to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, and Switzerland, which now manufacture the kinds most in request, yearly decreasing. In 1874 the number of large spinning and weaving factories at Berlin was 43, giving employment to 2,918 workpeople, of whom 1,574 were women, and 144 children.

The manufacture of blankets is rather important, and has continued to flourish like that of plushes, a specialty of the textile industry of Berlin. The city was formerly the head-quarters of the manufacture in Germany of the so-called Utrecht velvet, woven from English mohair yarn, and used for covering furniture. It has, however, been to some extent supplanted by other places, chiefly in the Rhine provinces, where labour is cheaper and greater care is bestowed upon the dyeing and dressing of the goods. The production of plush and velveteen dress materials, in various qualities of cotton, wool, and mohair, is nevertheless, on the increase, Paris having become an important purchaser of many of these goods. Some 40,000 or 50,000 pieces of what are called satin double cloths are turned out yearly at Berlin. Large quantities of mixed fabrics, both light and heavy, and both for ladies' and gentlemen's apparel, are also produced, a great deal being sent to America, still this branch of industry suffers considerably from competition on the part of the Rhenish provinces.

The weaving of woollen shawls was another important branch of Berlin manufacture, but the popularity of the shawl has waned before that of the mantle, and the trade is falling off in Europe. The cheaper qualities are still largely exported to North and South America, but Berlin has formidable competitors in Saxony and Northern Bavaria, and only holds its own by the superiority of its designs. The manufacture of embroidered shawls suffered from the changes of fashion and competition with France and Austria, in addition to which, the increased rate of wages offered a great obstacle to production.

The carpet manufacture of Berlin is important, having been carried on for years in several large factories. It has had, however, to suffer from English competition, and has lately exhibited symptoms of decline, to check which efforts are being made to introduce better designs and improved work.

At Berlin the fancy hosiery trade, as it is styled, and which comprises besides woollen stockings and socks, jackets, vests, caps, hoods, shawls, &c. tamboured, knitted, and frame-made, is very extensive. It gives employment to some 20,000 women and girls, many of whom adopt it as a means of adding to their income and bring to bear upon it a certain amount of taste and intelligence. The articles are mainly exported to England and America.

The manufacture of linen and cotton goods has suffered severely, from competition on the part of the establishments in the newly acquired provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, though some three thousand bales of cotton twists are

still produced annually at Berlin. A like falling off, and from the same cause, is to be found in the case of cotton prints. In 1873, the Berlin factories turned out 450,000 pieces of printed goods, but in 1874 the number fell to 370,000. Formerly the whole Zollverein only contained 174 printing machines for cotton stuffs; to these 124, representing an annual production of 1,500,000 pieces of 56 mètres or about 60 yards each, have been added by the annexation of Alsace.

Silkworms were introduced into Prussia by Friedrich II., and though their culture has latterly been much neglected, a cocoon market has been established in Berlin, and societies formed in many provinces for encouraging this branch of industry, by the distribution of worms and plants, either gratis or at low rates, amongst the poor. The competition of the Rhenish provinces has, however, inflicted a serious blow on this branch of industry. Silk dyeing is an important industry in Berlin, though this also exhibits a falling off. In 1874 there were 220 tons of silk dyed, of which 60 tons were for textile fabrics, and 80 tons for embroidery and trimmings, the remaining 80 tons being for sewing silks.

The trade in made-up articles of apparel for ladies is extensive, the exports being chiefly to England, Russia, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and, especially, Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. By far the greater number of ready-made dresses that one sees in London shop windows come from Berlin, where the production is most extensive. This industry has called into requisition a special class of girls called "fitters," that is, girls of different figures and sizes, to whose figures the dresses in question are fitted, These girls make a regular living by going from shop to shop for the purpose of having dresses tried on them. The dresses thus made are exported in batches, say two dozen for a short stout figure, two dozen for a small thin one, three dozen medium, one dozen extra stout, and so on. The French, however, maintain their superiority as regards this class of goods, and many Berlin ladies find it preferable to order apparel of the better kind from Paris. In 1871, about six thousand hands, chiefly women and girls, were engaged in this branch of business at Berlin, and it was estimated that the value of ladies' clothing produced, amounted to 10,000,000 thaler.

Berlin is the largest leather market in Germany, and the trade in articles manufactured of this substance has been steadily developed. The business done in raw hides of all kinds in 1874, represented 11,000,000 thaler, and in tanned leather 16,000,000 thaler. Hides are largely imported, and much of the leather is dressed as morocco, for which there is a great demand both in Germany and abroad. As regards the manufacture of fancy leather goods, photographic albums, frames, carved woodwork, &c., Berlin is doing its utmost to compete with Paris and Vienna, the trade being mainly an export one to England, Norway and Sweden, Russia, and South America.

More than half of the Prussian manufactories of gutta-percha and India-rubber goods are in Berlin. The trade there, too, in pipes, cigar-holders and other articles for the use of smokers, is considerable, though the local manufacture is not important, owing to the proximity of Leipzig, where they are produced in profusion. The manufacture of artificial flowers and feathers and straw hats has declined of late. The siege of Paris drove England, Holland, Belgium, and America, to the Berlin market, the cheapness of which has conduced to the retention of a portion of their custom. But the exports to England and America, though still large, have diminished, owing to Parisian competition.

The manufacture of paper and paper-hangings, although both industries have suffered since 1873, is extensively carried on at Berlin. In 1874 the city also reckoned 98 printing establishments, giving employment to 3,620 hands, and including that of the Deckers, founded in 1713, and the Government printing-house, which chiefly produces bank-notes, government bonds, cheques, stamps, stamped envelopes, &c. As regards the manufacture of furniture, it has been found this can be made in Paris so cheaply that French goods are offered for sale in the German capital below the price of home-made articles. In the course of 1874, Berlin turned out no fewer than 10,000 pianofortes, two-

thirds of which were for export. The pianoforte and harmonium factories employ 1,198 workpeople.

The cigar manufacture of Berlin is very extensive, rivalling that of Hamburg and Bremen, whilst a considerable quantity of tobacco is prepared for smoking in other forms. About 12,500 tons of common and fancy soaps were produced in 1874, the greater part of this being exported. On account of the increased consumption of petroleum the manufacture of tallow candles—which go chiefly to Posen, Pomerania, and Silesia—and of composite candles, has greatly declined. The production of chemicals in Berlin is likewise falling off. Of eight chemical manufacturing companies established there at the end of 1874, one was in liquidation, four did not pay any dividend, two paid 1 per cent. and one 4 per cent. on the capital subscribed.

The brewing trade of Berlin is of considerable importance, the city containing, in 1874, fourteen large joint-stock breweries, in addition to numerous private breweries. During the same year duty was paid in Berlin on 41,375 tons of malt, of which 27,298 tons were destined for conversion into Bavarian beer, and 14,077 tons into white, brown, bitter, and other beers. The brewing tax produced 588,407 thaler, or about a seventh of the amount yielded by the entire kingdom of Prussia. The quantity of beer annually brewed at Berlin is estimated at 26,400,000 gallons of Bavarian, and 13,750,000 gallons of other beers, or a total of 40,150,000 gallons, representing a value of 9,300,000 thaler.

Large quantities of spirit are distilled at Berlin. At the beginning of 1874 the production was very active, though it subsequently fell off, owing to the large export of potatoes. The stock in hand in June had sunk to 572,000 gallons, though in former years it had averaged from 1,540,000 to 1,760,000 gallons. The Berlin trade suffers from competition with Russian spirit, which is largely imported through Hamburg, rectified and sold as of German manufacture.

The activity of the Berlin building trade may be judged by the fact that in 1874 there were 2,647 houses, 105 factories, and 3,223 small buildings erected, and 581 houses repaired.

Rape seed oil is largely imported into Berlin for industrial purposes, and the amount of petroleum brought into the city increases annually. The firewood imported in 1874 amounted to upwards of 15 million cubic feet and 1,000 tons, the peat to between 18 and 19 million cubic feet, and the coal and coke to 32 million bushels. Of this nearly 22 million bushels came from Upper Silesia, the imports from England being very trifling.

The latest issued returns of the imperial statistical office of Berlin show that since the termination of the French war the balance of trade has been against Germany in the following ratio: In 1872, 47,000,000*l.* sterling; 1873, 72,750,000*l.*; 1874, 64,500,000*l.*; 1875, 63,000,000*l.*; 1876, 71,500,000*l.*; total in five years, 319,000,000*l.* sterling, which, allowing for interest and possible errors, leaves Germany with an excess of imports over exports amounting to considerably more than the entire amount of the war indemnity exacted from France. In the foregoing estimate the results of 1877 are not included, the returns not being completed. The excess of imports during this year would probably be between 70,000,000*l.* and 80,000,000*l.* sterling, as the year was an exceptionally bad one for German manufactures in all branches of productive industry. The prospects for 1878, according to financial and commercial authorities, are gloomier than ever.

What is most remarkable is the contrast offered at the present

moment by the victim of the victorious despoiler. The defeated, humiliated, and plundered country is apparently richer than ever. The victorious country, the *Pays des Milliards*, the recipient of the indemnity, appears to be not only none the richer, but absolutely the poorer for the transaction. The feverish excitement caused by the influx of so much wealth has given place to a reaction in which all commercial transactions are involved and general gloom and distress prevail. In a Berlin comic paper it was suggested as a remedy for the general distress in Germany, as compared with France, that Germany should again declare war against France, that it should again march its armies to Paris, again defeat those of France, but, in making peace, in lieu of imposing an indemnity of five milliards of francs on France, it should agree to pay that amount to the conquered nation. By that means alone, it was humorously suggested, would Germany secure to itself the prosperity which France was enjoying.

If, spite of its advantages as the chief city of the new German Empire, and the favourable geographical position which some writers claim for it, the development of Berlin into an immense commercial centre is exceedingly problematic, its financial operations are unquestionably of great extent and importance. Till quite recently, however, its banking and discount business was comparatively trifling. The Discount Association was as yet unknown either in its philanthropic origin or plutocratic design, and the Banking Association was only in its infancy. In the Royal Bank of Prussia, only two or three clerks were to be seen standing behind a moderate sized counter, now and then discounting a bill in a calm and leisurely manner. In those days, when no money-changer would have dreamt of dressing his window with thousand thaler notes and double Napoleons, and putting merely a sheet of plate glass between the wealth of Peru and the avarice of a hungry outcast, the little speculation indulged in was all in material articles. Mercantile business too was mainly confined to the three days of the week on which the post arrived, carriers and shippers throve, and the heads of Berlin firms despatched presents of Teltower turnips to their foreign business connections, and sent direct to Breslau for the cloth for their overcoats or to Grüneberg for the champagne with which they treated their friends. But all this is changed now.

The foremost establishment for the transaction of financial business in Berlin is the Imperial Bank of Germany, which has recently succeeded to the position occupied by the Royal Bank of Prussia, an institution founded in 1765 by Friedrich the Great with the view of promoting the circulation of money through the kingdom, aiding trade and commerce, and preventing usury. The Bank of Prussia was a Government enterprise, acting as a deposit bank, making advances on merchandise, public securities, and the

precious metals, and discounting bills. Its working capital consisted of money deposited by the Government and by private persons, and the deposits of the law-courts, churches, schools, and other public institutions. The Bank of Germany is a private company, with a share capital of 6,000,000*l.*, but in return for the Prussian Government having ceded to it its interest in the Bank of Prussia, it is subject to State management and control, has to transact the business of the Imperial Government gratis, and is bound to divide with it all profits realized after the shareholders have received a dividend of 4½ per cent.

Another important institution is the Seehandlung, or Sea Trading Society, also founded by Friedrich the Great in 1772 with a view to advance inland commerce and industry, and commerce with foreign parts. It is under the superintendence of the Minister of Finance, a president, and two directors. Many of its former branches of business, such as the equipment of vessels and transmarine commerce, have been abandoned, and the present transactions are chiefly restricted to monetary affairs. It is, as it were, the counting-house of the Government, especially as regards foreign business. It receives deposits, and is in immediate connection with the management of the national debt, and also seeks to influence the state of the money market, and prevent violent disturbances, though, as late events have shown, with little success.

Of the enormous increase of banking business since the war, the affairs of the *Bank der Berlin Kassenverein*, especially established for the support of commerce and industry, afford a striking example. The financial transactions in 1871 amounted to 4,296,241,704 thaler as against 2,473,841,991 thaler the preceding year. In 1872 the amount was raised to 9,013,259,787 thaler, the greatest transactions in one day representing 60,371,800 thaler. The funds at its disposal in notes, deposits, bills, shares, and specie amounted to 666,386,000 thaler and 741,841,000 thaler at the end of 1871 and 1872 respectively, specie figuring for 158,103,000 thaler in 1871, and for 184,413,000 thaler in 1872. In the course of 1872 twenty-two new banks, with a total capital of 50,400,000 thaler, were entered on the Handels-register, or Register of Commerce, in addition to 144 other joint-stock enterprises, with a total capital of 121,000,000 thaler, the latter representing an increase of 60 companies and about 41,000,000 thaler of capital.

Some idea may be gained of the amount of business done by one important institution from the Report of the Berlin Discount Company for 1872, according to which the four proprietors of the company received altogether 1,000,234 thaler, or about a quarter of a million apiece, sixteen members of the staff receiving 196,446 thaler between them, and making altogether 1,196,680 thaler divided amongst twenty persons. As a contrast, it may be noted that the sum total of the salaries of the four State ministers, four State secretaries, fourteen directors of ministerial departments—in fact, of the entire 161 chief and 543 subaltern ministerial officials—amounts to only 1,114,950

thaler. This comparison shows that twenty members of a private concern draw 81,730 thaler a year more than these 704 Prussian government officials, and for infinitely lighter labours.

Speaking of the financial situation at Berlin in 1873, the *Städtisches Jahrbuch* remarks that the effects of the Viennese crisis were severely felt. Vast numbers of newly-created companies came to grief, and the fall in the value of railway shares alone resulted in the loss of 100,000,000 thaler of solid capital. A sudden dearth of gold also took place, and gold rose to 9 per cent. premium. Nevertheless, of 154,000,000 dollars' worth of American paper placed in Europe during this year, at least one-third was taken up in Germany. In 1874, however, there were an immense number of limited liability undertakings, commercial and financial, building societies, mining companies, railway lines, joint-stock factories, &c., under liquidation in Berlin. Next year, in consequence of the financial legislation, money became less an accessible commodity to the manufacturing community than formerly, state notes had been superseded by imperial notes but to the amount of twenty millions less than the notes they replaced, and bank notes had been cut down to a figure corresponding to the lowest circulation of former times, all notes in excess being subject to a tax rendering them too dear for many purposes. Private banks suffered more particularly from the new obligation of cashing notes if required—a drawback which, with the tax upon notes, caused the circulation to be reduced.

Dr. Strousberg is very loud in his denunciations of the system pursued by the Berlin bankers. The grudge he owes them doubtless influences his views to some extent, still there appears to be a certain amount of truth in the chief accusations which he levels against the system :—

"In consequence of the business done by the Imperial Bank no field is left for the other banks in actual banking business in the sense of discounting bills and supporting commercial activity, excepting with regard to matters which this institution has rejected. This is all the more the case as, according to the views of the banking world of Berlin, it does not become a banker to get rid of his discounts through the chief bank. Thus the Berlin banker has no field of operation but arbitration, commission business, and stock jobbing and the only real source of gain open to him is from State loans, 'creations' and stock jobbing. Banking, and all connected with it, as practised among us, serves simply false purposes, excepting as regards its Foreign Exchange, Stock Exchange, and commission business. Our banking and mortgage institutions, and discount and commission houses are nothing but incentives to speculation, and a means of usury and legalised deception. The fault lies with our laws, with our national bank, the principles now prevalent, and the system resulting from them.

"The position of the large Berlin bankers and banking-houses places them beyond criticism, and enables them to commit errors of management which cost millions to many, dissolve companies, reduce capital, and occasion every imaginable complication, without their reputation suffering. The halo surrounding the word 'banker' is the Golden Calf of our days, to which all render obeisance. The statesman is advised to retain the confidence of the

capitalist, for as long as the banker is the channel through which public money has to flow, and the public does but follow the impulses of the banking world, so long will undeserved authority and false prestige attach to this calling. However rich a private individual may be, he plays no part in the money market, but the banker's store appears inexhaustible, and thus he takes possession of many an enterprise which has no connection with banking, which he does not understand, and nearly always spoils, and which has no relation to his own means; this, however, does not trouble him, for the public pocket is always open to him when there is an opportunity for investing capital. This state of affairs has one great disadvantage, inasmuch as many enterprises which are actually required, but are not objects for speculation, cannot be undertaken because they meet with no support from the bankers who rarely understand anything about the real wants of commerce. Out of many hundred instances I never found a single industrial enterprise conducted by bankers to be properly managed.

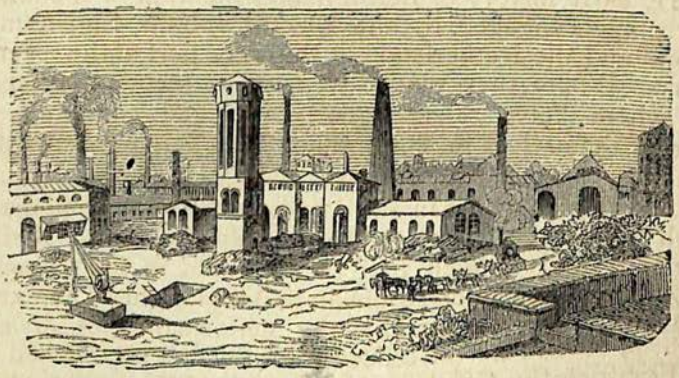
"I have in my mind's eye the head of a banking-house, who created banks, tramways, money-changing businesses, factories, &c. He had a legal adviser always by his side to point out the line of demarcation between his acts and the public prosecutor. He seldom appeared on the surface, he had his government councillor, his retired assessor, and others, to nominally preside over the enterprises which he himself ruled, and he made use of their real and apparent respectability to get his chestnuts out of the fire. He employed a well-organised staff of assistants to dispose of his shares, and to buy them in again at a lower rate. The public prosecutor cannot touch this man, who is now in possession of several millions. Another banker, who retired from business a wealthy man, played, in joint-stock enterprises, during the creating period, the part of accoucheur, physician, sexton, and executor. He first made money out of the creations, then managed affairs so that the company could not continue in existence, dissolved it, and frequently acted as liquidator.

"The business of stock-jobbing, especially in new companies, gives noted bankers and banking firms legitimate means for robbing the public. It is true that these means are described as essential to business, as connected with the principles of modern political economy, &c., but, for all that, the entire affair is a systematic deception of the public, though, excepting during a speculation mania, it can only be practised by the first firms, and it is generally these who lead the dance. I detested the Berlin banking system from the bottom of my heart, and all my endeavours have been directed to render the banker, as he exists in Prussia, unnecessary to commercial men and to the public in my various transactions. This was soon perceived by these gentlemen, so they have continually persecuted, and finally vanquished me."

Dr. Strousberg, who may certainly be regarded as an authority on railway matters, also complains very bitterly of the way in which the railways are managed in Prussia, and of the check given to all commercial enterprise by the bureaucratic spirit prevalent throughout the country and its institutions.

"In Prussia, the Minister for Commerce rules as a despotic lord as regards railways, both in granting concessions and supervising matters, excepting when the ministry for war has the right to speak for strategical reasons. Even in private interests, affairs affecting districts and towns, questions arising with Government officials and relations with other railways, he is the sole, first, last authority, and the court of appeal as well. The Minister for Commerce alone decides and interprets the law according to his convictions. In England there is a right of appeal from a Government authority to a court; but of individual personal rights in contradiction to official, of private inde-

pendence within the limits of the laws, there is no feeling or comprehension in Prussia. The entire administration of our authorities rests on a distrust of individual capacity and honesty; on that account the official mixes himself up with everything, usurping rights to which he is quite unentitled. These are the causes which keep our railway system in swaddling clothes. In consequence of the bureaucratic character of our railway boards, no provision is made for the wants of the public that bears any comparison with the capacity of the lines. Sea-fish, for example (which in England forms an important article of food), is not to be had with us, mainly because our railway boards, which form a part of our bureaucracy both in national and private railways, do not understand the wants of the people, and cannot be instructed or compelled by competition. A preference for Government management is now predominant in the railway world, and its supporters declare with pathos that the railway system is not to be considered merely as a means of gain, and that a uniform tariff should be introduced to benefit the public. Public opinion follows this inspiration, forgetting that public interests have never been considered so little as where the Government board has had no competitors, as in Upper Silesia. Both in our chambers and in our public life, people try to appear as if they had no connection with any business interests; a real mania exists for fettering the activity of the individual and closing the way for private material progress. Where does this course lead? Naturally it increases bureaucratic management in every domain, and no comprehension of the material interests of the country can be expected from such diseased views and such representatives."



BORSIG'S WORKS IN 1860.

XIII.

BERLIN THEATRES.

THE early history of Berlin makes mention of a company of players engaged by the Elector Johann Sigismund from England and the Netherlands in the early part of the seventeenth century. Where they played we have no record, neither do we know where Peter Silvertingen's privileged company weekly disported themselves in pantomime. But King Friedrich I. had a small opera-house fitted up over the riding-school in the royal mews, of all places, and in his day Saxon court comedians and French comedy and operetta companies flocked to Berlin, and Eggenberg and Schuch had their booths in the Neue-markt. In 1771, five years after Döbbelin had replenished the exchequer of his strolling company by the performance of *Minna von Barnhelm*, Koch received a licence for the first established theatre from Friedrich the Great, and on the 5th of December, 1786, four months after that monarch's death, the Royal National Theatre, subsequently known as the Schauspiel-haus, was opened and managed from that time forward on behalf of the crown.

Prior to the year 1848, which brought about not only a political, but a social revolution in the Prussian capital, there were only three public theatres in Berlin, the Opera House, the Schauspiel-haus, and the Königstadt Theatre. The interest taken by the public in theatrical matters, was, however, quite out of proportion with the number of playhouses. In the intervals of peace the theatre had formed the main subject of conversation in society during the reign of Friedrich Wilhelm III., and in the early part of that of his successor Henriette Sontag was the

most celebrated woman in the city, and the advent of a new play at the court theatre an event to keep all Berlin in suspense for the time being. After 1848 circumstances changed, the theatres multiplied almost every year, and were all well attended, still the interest felt in political matters almost banished theatrical and æsthetic topics from conversation, and though people eagerly flocked to see a new comedy, they soon forgot all about it in the graver excitements of the day. The number of Berlin theatres was further increased by the long-desired free concessions introduced when the Zollverein was established.

The Berlinese of to-day are steady playgoers, and pass much of their time at the theatres, which, on Sunday evenings especially, are filled to overflowing. The *répertoire* of one of these high-class theatres is very extensive, though most of the dramas performed, with the exception of the stock German classics of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kotzebue, &c., are adaptations, or translations from the French, English, Italian, Latin, and Greek, a circumstance much favoured by the great wealth and elasticity of the German language. Shakespeare is as great a favourite at Berlin as elsewhere in Germany, and three theatres will sometimes be simultaneously performing his works. In 1874, at the Schauspiel-haus there were no less than fifty-five performances from Shakespeare, against eight from Lessing, sixteen from Goethe, fourteen from Schiller, and seven from Kleist. The modern playwrights are mainly fruitful of the lighter and more ephemeral order of pieces, though Adolf Wilbrandt, Mosenthal, Paul Lindau, G. von Moser and Bauernfeld occasionally add to the list of higher class productions. The highest dramatic tribunal of which Berlin can boast, namely, the judges appointed to award the Schiller prize of 1,000 thaler—founded about sixteen years ago by the present king—virtually announced the death of the German drama, when they declared that from 1871 to 1874 no original play had been produced in Germany to which they could conscientiously award the prize.

Politics on the stage are rather the rule than the exception, especially in the pieces of the day, and great statesmen not only do not mind being mentioned by name, but are to be seen laughing at the impersonations of themselves. A piece entitled *An Hour with Bismarck*, had a most successful run at one of the popular theatres in 1872, and after the Kissingen affair the dramatic authors seized on Kullmann. Ex-Marshal Bazaine, too, was presented on the Berlin stage, and the speculative mania, of course, was not neglected. A Christmas piece, produced in 1873, and entitled *Golden Dreams*, set forth the career of Don Fernando de Milflores under the protection of the fairy Milliarda. The fairy lavishes her treasures upon him, and with the gold he receives he founds a bank in Spain, becomes the Rothschild of the Peninsula, attracts millions from all parts of the world, and

gives magnificent banquets, enlivened by lavishly-mounted ballets. In the end, however, all his speculations fail, his ships are wrecked, his cashier bolts off with what remains in the bank coffers, and Milflores finds himself plunged into the abyss of ruin, like Quistorp, Strousberg, and other speculators, whose temporary successes every now and then dazzle the world. The piece was filled with countless local allusions, and proved a great success. Since then Strousberg's striking career has furnished materials for a drama in five acts and seven *tableaux*, bearing the axiomatic title, *All that Glitters is not Gold.*

As to pieces based on incidents in the recent war with France their name is legion. *We Barbarians*, a play turning on the wooing and winning of a French baroness by a Prussian lieutenant, quartered in her château, not only made a tremendous hit at its first production, just after the war, but ran for 200 nights when revived in 1875. The aim of the author was to prove that the Prussians were not the barbarians the French pretended, and more especially as regarded the fair sex. A Parisian critic, however, amusingly observed that the triumphant warrior was made to carry off his bride, *justement comme si elle était une pendule.* Its revival, with new verses appropriate to the existing state of things, called forth the remark that "Alfonso XII. with English neutrality and the inevitable Herr Majunke (a leading ultramontane, and editor of the *Germania*) are the butts of the performance. No one is more chaffed and insulted upon the Berlin stage than poor Alfonso XII. What the present king of Spain can possibly have to do in a piece, the action of which is supposed to take place in 1870-71, is a secret known only to the Berlin playwright, whose works are usually as soporific as improbable." It must be remembered that though satire on the Berlin stage sometimes attacks the administration it always seeks inspiration from the supposed views of the Government, and it is even whispered that the press bureau exercises its influence over the minor Berlin theatres.

Of the ten old theatres three belong to the court, and are supported by an annual subsidy of about 30,000*l.* from the king's privy purse. These are the Opera House, the Schauspiel-haus, and the stage in the concert room of the Schauspiel-haus. They are under the control of Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Royal Theatres, chief official of the annexed theatres of Hanover, Wiesbaden, Cassel, and Frankfurt-on-the-Main—to which the Prussian Government still continues the customary subvention—and the possessor of other dignities, offices, and orders too numerous to be catalogued. He is one of those fortunate gentlemen upon whose shoulders royal favour has laid so many burthens that it is wonderful how they can all be borne. When only an officer in the guards—for like almost every other Prussian official, he has worn the silver sword-knot

—Herr von Hülsen displayed considerable theatrical talent and aptitude at the small dramatic representations at court. This led to his being entrusted with the superintendence of the royal theatres, though the Berlin press showed its displeasure for years at the peaceful interests of art being entrusted to a soldier, till at length it grew weary of the fruitless struggle. It was he who made the discovery that the drama can only be enjoyed without music between the acts, and that all internal decorations of a theatre are apt to distract the attention of the audience, thanks to which the interior of the Schauspiel-haus has been toned down to meeting-house simplicity.

Herr von Hülsen is reported to have a keen judgment, for the exercise of which, however, his multifarious offices would seem to leave him no time, since the little fresh talent he from time to time secures fails to satisfy the public expectations. He has, in fact, too much to do to have leisure to attend to details, and when one reads daily of his hurrying backwards and forwards between Berlin, Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden, his exploits recall those of the familiar "Courier of St. Petersburg," riding half-a-dozen horses at once, which, though a sensational, is scarcely a useful or even a satisfactory mode of progression. A triumph of personal management, such as this, can hardly conduce to promoting the cause of dramatic and lyric art. Moreover, as the intendant of a royal theatre, Herr von Hülsen is bound by tradition to aim at level mediocrity rather than the encouragement of "star" actors, who are known in Germany as "matadors." This is, in fact, a theatrical canon, though an often violated one in Germany, where the theory is likewise held that no theatre can be of permanent value to public taste and dramatic art unless it be conducted on principles wholly independent of the question of pecuniary success. Amongst Herr von Hülsen's edicts, issued after the "crash," was one addressed to the actresses of the royal theatres, requesting them to abstain from too great a display of luxury in their toilettes on account of the feeling of uneasiness, coupled with the actual want prevailing at that particular moment.

Most students of history are aware that Napoleon drew up the regulations for carrying on the Théâtre Français amidst the flames of Moscow. History in this instance has, as usual, but repeated itself, for Friedrich the Great supervised from afar the planning and erecting of the Berlin Opera House during the turmoil of the first Silesian campaign, and within five months of the signing of the treaty of Berlin he was present at its formal opening on the 7th of December, 1742, on which occasion Graun's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was produced. The opera was a pet child of the flute-playing hero, whose musical predilections are well known. Voltaire, the following year, saw *Titus*, written by Friedrich himself, "with the important aid of Graun," notes Mr.

Carlyle, who, whilst mentioning that this operatic hobby cost the monarch heavy sums, and that "a select public, and that only," was admitted to the performances gratuitously, does not allude to the circumstance of the Potsdam grenadiers forming part of the public in question, and standing as stiff as if on parade, at the back of the pit, stifling their yawns behind their bushy moustaches.

The ballet also engrossed much of Friedrich's attention, and we find him prudently noting down that he wanted "something that would amuse, and at the same time would not cost much," protesting, too, that he would spend nothing on the ballets, and ordering a dancer and his wife, "not worth six sous," to be sent off at once. He, moreover, seized on a Venetian ambassador's luggage to induce the Republic to compel the Barberina to keep her engagement, and come to Berlin, which the said Republic did, by packing her off in a postchaise, under military escort. Friedrich ruled singers and dancers with a rod of iron, routing one out of bed with his crutch, and after having her brought to the theatre by an escort of hussars, placing a couple of sentries behind the scenes, till she opened her mouth and sang in tears, which moved the house to raptures. He paid them fairly, but regulated their applause like a fugleman, and he, the hero of Rosbach, descended into such managerial detail as to decide that "Thisbe should be dressed as a pastoral nymph, in flesh-coloured satin and silver gauze with flowers."

The Opera House was erected under his special directions by Baron von Knobelsdorf after the model of the Pantheon at Athens, the inscription, "Fredericus Rex Apollini et Musis," on the main front, revealing the idea that had inspired the king. On the stage of this somewhat gloomy building all the celebrities of their day were seen and heard in turn. From it the victories of Friedrich II., and the birth of Friedrich Wilhelm II. were announced. Here was celebrated the splendid festival instituted in honour of Queen Luisa, by Prince Ferdinand and Prince Augustus. From this stage the Russians were welcomed as the deliverers of Berlin, and the victories of the Allies were read out to the audience, and here a brilliant fête was held after the ceremony of homage, on the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., in 1840. The first Opera House was burnt down on the 19th of August, 1843, after the ballet, *The Deserter through Love*, had been given. A new edifice rose, phœnix-like, from its ashes, within fourteen months, for the old walls within which the great captain of his age, wearied with work and victory, was wont to take his pleasure, now listening with ravished ears to the notes of a Mara, now watching the twinkling feet of the charming Barberina, and now jesting beneath his mask and domino at one of the masquerades, were still left standing. It is true that the former solid internal magnificence of marble, bronze, and Gobelin

tapestry has only been replaced by pasteboard and canvas, still the present aspect is far gayer and brighter, and the splendour of the opening day when the court and all the *élite* of the city flocked to witness *The Campaign in Silesia*, a libretto by Rellstah, adapted to an opera of Meyerbeer, is not likely to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

THE OPERN-HAUS.

The principal façade of the Berlin Opera House is decorated with a Corinthian portico, surmounted by the statues of Apollo, Euterpe, and Terpsichore, and retains Friedrich's inscription dedicating the edifice to the Sun-god and the Muses. A spacious concert hall with its walls lined with polished marble, is connected with the Opera House, but is only used on extraordinary occasions, and then generally as a ball-room. The interior of the Berlin Opera House has been compared to that of the theatre at Versailles, in which the French Assembly recently gave their dramatic representations. The decorations are gold upon a white ground, the ceiling a work of considerable merit, due to the pencil of Schoppe, representing the arrival of Apollo among the gods. The royal box is a gorgeous structure of majestic proportions, with eight Corinthian columns, and is placed immediately in front of the stage. But though the decorations of the building are tasteful and rich, and the interior arrangements admirable, the seats are uncomfortably narrow, the temperature by the time the first act is over has been fittingly compared to that of the heated chamber of a Turkish bath, and odours, far removed from those of Araby the Blest, are apt to prevail. The native portion of the audience do not, however, go to be amused, but to be instructed in the cultivation of a musical

taste and are, therefore, altogether above such considerations as mere personal comfort. The ladies appear indifferently in evening dress or walking costume, whilst among the gentlemen, white ties and swallow-tails are altogether in the minority. As long as one is respectably dressed there is nothing in the way of costume regulations to cause admission to be refused. Therefore, despite the presence of royalty and the court, of the foreign ambassadors, and numerous other dignitaries for the most part in uniform, the scene is scarcely so brilliant as might be expected; and anything like an elaborate toilet on the part of a lady usually becomes the *point de mire* of hundreds of opera glasses. It may be mentioned that at the Berlin Royal Theatres officers are not allowed to show themselves in the pit, their usual resort at other places of public entertainment, but are relegated to the second tier, where, if the prices are no higher, they have the privilege of occupying a more elevated situation. The pit at the Opera and the Schauspiel-haus is mostly abandoned to the richer middle classes, representatives of commerce and finance, amongst whom, as we have before mentioned, the Hebrew element is very pronounced.

"The audience of the Royal Opera House," remarks one who knows Berlin well, "is an insolvable puzzle, full of contradictions, anomalies, and eccentricities. With one exception, perhaps, it is the most highly instructed body, musically speaking, in Europe; and yet it is more than tolerant of systematic untunefulness in the performances supplied to it by his Excellency the Royal General-Intendant. To atrocities, as well of omission as of commission, which would be greeted by hisses from the overwhelmingly decorous and stoically unimpassioned audiences of Covent-garden or Drury-lane, and would elicit showers of minor vegetables from the auditorium of a sixth-class Italian provincial

theatre, the Berlin public grants its approval (on the principle that 'silence gives consent')—ay, frequently its applause. I have often heard a leading *artiste* of the royal company sing his whole part through, from beginning to end, a quarter of a tone flat; nor did the long agony which every musical ear in the house must have suffered under such torture extract a single sign of disapprobation, or one murmur of remonstrance. The *artiste* in question is an accomplished musician, a good actor, endowed with a noble voice, and moreover utterly unconscious of the defect in his physical organisation which incapacitates him from singing in tune, or renders his doing so at rare intervals the strangest and most unforeseen of accidents. But all his positive and negative qualities, admirable as some of them are, could not avail to maintain him in the position he now holds and has held for years past, were it not that the Berlin public bears with him. It does more; it likes him and virtually endorses his discordances. How it is that the Berlinese—unless a long course of Wagner have put their ears out of tune for good and all—stand a man who throws every concerted machinery with which he has to do out of gear, and whose solos cry to Apollo for vengeance, is past my comprehension. No less perplexing is their admiration of a *prima donna*—also a good actress—whose voice is of a singularly unpleasant character, and whose ear is almost as defective as that of the respected *basso profondo*. Their worship of a tenor, though even a finer player than either of the above-mentioned *artistes*, who has torn his voice to tatters by shouting, and undermined it by excesses, so that, although his intonation is frequently correct, his huskiness and scratchiness of tone are infinitely painful to listen to; their philosophical endurance of indifferent *contralti* and bad *baritoni* in the filling-up of secondary parts, coupled with an extravagant glorification of an orchestra which, whilst it plays Wagnerian overtures and accompaniments quite admirably, exhibits much coarseness and carelessness in dealing with the works of Italian and French composers—these are characteristics of the Berlin Opera House public which, considered in conjunction with its self-claimed æstheticism and self-arrogated excellence of judgment, as well as with its undeniable instructedness and inborn proneness to criticism, furnish material for psychological studies of no little interest to art-loving foreign residents in this city."

The *personnel* of the establishment is indeed open to serious criticism. The companies of the court theatres are regular state officials, having titular prefixes, rights to retiring pensions, and all sorts of privileges, that induce them to cling on to their profession until extreme old age. There are plenty of singers, some of whom walk about doing nothing for half the year. Whether they have any voice left is a matter of indifference; they are, or have been at one time, first-rate singers, but usually, just as they have lost the last remnant of voice, they get engaged for life by

the Opera House authorities, and have no need to trouble themselves about the future. For example, the Royal Intendant engages a tenor who is enthralling the public with his voice, and who has still a year's engagement to finish at another theatre. The said tenor makes his appearance at the Opera House, opens his mouth and shocks the public, for his voice is gone. The Intendant claps his hand to his forehead in agony, and the public, as may be supposed, refrain from clapping theirs at all.

Pauline Lucca for a long time filled the *rôle* of *prima donna*, and became the idol of the Berlinese, and, to show her gratitude, learnt the Berlin dialect. But her great success engendered in her a species of chronic petulance, which usually developed itself in the shape of sore-throat. Performances innumerable were altered, and postponed at the last moment, on account of this mysterious malady, which also required to be combatted by leaves of absence of longer or shorter duration. On one occasion she came on the stage in the *Huguenots*, singing before the conclusion of an aria which one of her colleagues was warbling. The public, weary of such presumption, hissed their capricious favourite, whereupon Herr von Hülsen felt compelled to lecture them on their unmannerly behaviour, requesting them "not to disturb the good tone which had hitherto prevailed in the royal theatres, and to protect the actors from insults and rudeness," and concluded by reminding them that "once before the royal kammersängerin, Frau Lucca, was insulted with hissing on her entrance in the *Nozze di Figaro*." [1]

The *prima donna* had got her head full of whims, so to make her gracious again an engagement for life with 8,000 thaler, and four months' annual leave of absence were given her. She misunderstood the reason of this liberality, thinking her whims were being paid for and not her voice, and when taken to task by the public, began to inaugurate a series of fainting fits upon the stage. A Berlin paper excused itself from expressing sympathy on one of these occasions by asserting that it had heard at noon that the lady was to faint that evening. Finally, to the despair of the Berlinese, the capricious Pauline threw her con-

[1] The tumult referred to occurred in February, 1872. Pauline Lucca appeared on the occasion conjointly with Fräulein Mallinger, with whom she was on terms of bitter rivalry, *à propos* of their respective successes as Gounod's *Marguerite*. The partisans of both ladies were in force, and cheers and counter-cheers, hisses and counter-hisses, increased in fierceness from act to act, until it became impossible to carry on the performance. At last the fair Pauline stepped forward to the foot-lights and rated the public soundly, telling them that if they kept on in that style she would leave off singing for them altogether. Fräulein Mallinger, less courageous, had meanwhile sunk into a chair and was shedding floods of tears. The public grew quieter, and the performance was brought to a close, but several champions resumed the dispute outside the house, with such ardour that the police received orders to clear the streets.

tract at the feet of Herr von Hülsen, and fled across the Atlantic. Instantly all the Berlin newspapers bitterly bewailed her loss. The comic journal, *Der Ulk*, came out with a cartoon, headed

"She flies away and sings no more," in which the fair Pauline is represented as a bird of Paradise just escaped from its cage—the Berlin Opera House—and flying towards a net to which Brother Jonathan, in the guise of a bird-catcher, entices her by the attractive bait of some bags full of dollars, while the manager of the Opera House, holding the door of his cage wide open, coaxingly appeals to the "dear bird" to return. The *Figaro* also had a cartoon, entitled "The Deserter," in which Pauline, far fatter than fair, was shown stepping off to New York with a knapsack at her back and a contract in her hand; while

Figaro, addressing the Berlin public, exclaims, "She goes away, and sings no more!" Since her departure the frequenters of the Königliches Hof Opern-haus have had a melancholy time of it, having for the most part to fall back on the antiquated indigenous element, who, as before remarked, possess a faculty for singing out of tune unrivalled in any other country in Europe. Niemann, the tenor, has been ruined by singing Wagner's music, and Fräulein Mallinger is getting worn out. Fortunately, Herr von Hülsen eventually succeeded in securing Miss Minnie Hauk as *prima donna*, and she has worthily filled the place left vacant by the flight of Pauline Lucca.

The orchestration is, with occasional exceptions, perfect, the costumes are artistic, and the *mise-en-scène*, as a rule, is irreproachable, so that the strongest possible contrast is afforded by the singing. As a performance is given every evening, certain of the artists have a far harder time of it than in cities where a less extensive *répertoire* is required.[1] Wagner is an especial favourite, and his *Lohengrin* is usually given on state occasions, whilst *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, and the other compositions of the author of *Das Judenthum in der Musik* are so many stock operas. On March 20, 1876, *Tristan und Isolde*, this self-pronounced masterpiece, was performed here for the first time. All the world went, and fabulous prices were paid for tickets, but the impression produced was a very mixed one. The indecency and insipidity of part of the libretto exhausted the patience of even indulgent critics, whilst the music out-Wagnered all the examples that had hitherto been heard of the Music of the Future. At the Berlin Opera House novelties are always quickly placed upon the stage; and Verdi's *Aïda* was produced here in 1874 long before its appearance on the Paris or London boards.

Indeed, despite all drawbacks, the opera at Berlin enjoys a popularity that is fully exemplified by the great difficulty in obtaining tickets, without bespeaking them some time before, even under ordinary circumstances. When a favourite opera is announced, and a favourite singer is cast for a good part, all the tickets are at once snapped up by speculators and retailed at four and five times their original cost. Under such circumstances a decent place for anything worth hearing cannot be had for less than four or five thaler. Passing down the Linden on a summer evening one is often assailed by oleaginous Israelites proffering opera tickets at three hundred per cent. premium. There are in fact a number of seedy-looking old men always hanging about the building, who make a living solely by buying up these tickets and

[1] During a brief visit I paid to Berlin in the autumn of 1874, amongst other works performed were *Il Flauto Magico*, *Les Huguenots*, *Don Giovanni*, *Mignon*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Il Barbiere*, Nicolaï's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze*, Verdi's *Aïda*, and the grand ballet *Fantasia*.

selling them at an enhanced price. The office for the sale of tickets opens at eight in the morning, and the strictest impartiality is observed in the disposal of places. First come, first served, is the rule, and he who arrives first gets the pick of the places; for as the entry to the offices is through a long passage so narrow that two people cannot stand in it abreast, positions are secured according to the order of arrival, and any amount of pushing is of no avail. As long experience has taught these early birds to calculate to a nicety the probable demand for tickets they invariably take care to be at the door the first. However early you may go you are certain to find a batch of them already assembled, and when your turn comes round to select your place you will find yourself obliged to put up with a second-rate one. When *Lohengrin* and other popular operas are performed these individuals commence to gather round the door at three o'clock in the morning, so that by the time reasonable people are thinking of getting up, all the best places are gone, and fabulous prices have to be paid by those requiring them. A six-shilling ticket for a representation of *Lohengrin* has been known to fetch as much as thirty-six shillings. This was something remarkable; still, it is quite a common thing for tickets to fetch treble their original cost. Sometimes these men lose by their speculation, but this is no consolation to opera-goers. The practice is not only connived at by the authorities, but the men are even licensed, it being otherwise illegal to buy and sell opera tickets at Berlin. The ranks of these agents are mainly recruited from old actors, valets out of place, guides, and other individuals of the genus "loafer." Since the "crash," opera tickets have certainly been more readily obtainable at less exorbitant prices.

If the lyrical performances are often mediocre, they are more than compensated for in the eyes of the Berlinese by the perfection and splendour of the ballets. What is lacking in lungs is made up in legs, and a large stage and superb mounting enable the finest ballets in Europe to be here produced. Yet in this branch there is the same general complaint of veterans lagging superfluously on the stage, for, like the singers, the *figurantes* are also engaged for life. In allusion to the members of the royal ballet, a Berlin writer remarks: "Twenty years ago, when I was still going to the gymnasium, these houris had just the same bewitching smile, just the same pearly teeth (perhaps they have recently got a new set), just the same black sunken eyes, and just the same fairy legs. They had the same names they bear now, and it is my fault, not theirs, if I have grown older meanwhile. I will engage to present a quartette whose combined ages amount to over 200 years. Whole generations may pass away without our ballet suffering any change in its immortal sylphs. There are *premières danseuses* who have

seen three managers depart, and if I compare a playbill fifteen or twenty years old with one of to-day, I find on both the names of those, who were all in the bloom of youth and beauty when the old Opera House was burnt down, and who are in a fair way to see the new one burnt down too, if this should happen during the present century. Pity always rises in my breast when I see how some of these ladies try to hide the stiffness of their limbs with a smile, I seem to hear the rheumatism in them crying out for mercy. Poor creatures! necessity forces them to go on charming us until old age, for some of them have no property beyond fifty or a hundred thousand thaler, on which, of course, they cannot live, so they have to dance for us till they heave their last sigh in front of the footlights. We have a new ballet every year with new decorations and costumes, but the stiff old groups never vary. They have been assured of the right to die in this place by a former love-passage with a cadet who now sits unmoved in his box with a grey moustache and covered with orders."

The "ballet uncles," as the old *habitués* are termed, seem to have almost family relations with the antique and much experienced sylphs, and do not care to applaud unless they receive in return the stereotyped smile which they mentally connect with their customary reserved seat. The Berlin *corps de ballet* is known colloquially as the "Old Guard"—and the military precision of their steps fully justifies the appellation from a technical point of view—yet though its members may, alas! sometimes surrender, they never appear to make up their minds to die!

Taglioni, the veteran ballet director, recently celebrated his fiftieth year of service at the State theatres, and was overwhelmed with wreaths of laurel thrown to him by the audience at a performance of several of his productions given in honour of the occasion. His latest achievement is the celebrating anew of the victories of the French campaign, like those of King David of old, by the dance. In the grand ballet *Militaria*, composed by him, the *petite danseuse*, bearing the same name as the monarch of Israel, executed the most astonishing capers, raising her toes

to an incredible height "ad majorem Germaniæ gloriam." The scene is laid in Alsace during the German invasion, the heroes being the Prussian troops, represented by entire companies of infantry and jägers and galloping patrols of genuine uhlans. Nothing further was needed to plunge the audience into a kind of mad delight, and to overwhelm the ballet-master, who had devised it, with showers of wreaths. The Prussian deputy-sergeant Kurt von Eichenforst conquers by the mute eloquence of pantomime the heart of the daughter of the Mayor Herr von Bremont, much the same as his servant, Flink, does that of her maid, the persecution of the latter hero by his French rivals and his comrades affording much diversion. A fair in an Alsatian village furnishes the opportunity for a copious display of chorographic high art, and the camp of Francs-tireurs in a wooded valley finds itself greatly enlivened by the arrival of a body of Parisian damsels in the most extravagant of toilettes, and who celebrate their advent by the most outrageous of *cancans*. The mayor, whose tendencies are in favour of annexation, comes into serious contact with these warriors, and when about to be shot, is rescued by the Prussians, which leads to the deputy-sergeant being rewarded by the hand of Mathilde, and his servant by that of Anne Maria. A "scenic epilogue," representing the marching past of the allied German troops singing patriotic songs, was followed by an allgorical *tableau vivant*, in which Kyffhäuser and Barbarossa, Germania and Borussia, well-worn types that might be allowed to enjoy their well-earned repose, figured prominently in the centre of a grand *pose-plastique*.

The Königliches Schauspiel-haus, or Royal Playhouse, the Théâtre Français of Berlin, ranks as a theatre immediately after the opera, but the praise bestowed by the Berlinese upon its architecture is greatly exaggerated; for, although pompously styled a Grecian edifice, it is deficient alike in Grecian purity and elegance of style. The façade is decorated with an Ionic portico approached by a broad flight of steps, in front of which is a statue of Schiller, while, at the sides, are bronze groups by Tieck, representing genii with panthers and lions. The exterior of the building literally bristles with statuary—Melpomene, Polyhymnia, and Thalia, surmount the portico, the tympanum of which is decorated with a bas-relief of Niobe; Apollo in a chariot drawn by griffins prances above the principal pediment, and accommodation is likewise found for Pegasus and the remaining Muses, together with Eros, Orpheus, and Bacchus. The interior of the building is mainly remarkable for its painted ceiling, due to Wach and Schadow, the principal composition representing the triumph of Bacchus.

The Schauspiel-haus, which like the Opera House has a concert hall attached to it, is, like the latter building, the second of its name, the original edifice erected by Langhaus in the days of

Friedrich Wilhelm III. having been destroyed by fire in 1817. Schinkel was intrusted with its re-edification, but the narrowness of the stage—only thirty-six feet across—and the limited number of seats were due to the king who did not anticipate the development of the spectacular drama. An attempt to increase the accommodation has led to reducing the space accorded to each sitter to a veritable minimum, whilst the stage is surrounded by the proscenium, like a frame.

Unlike the opera, the national drama was far from receiving due encouragement from the early Prussian monarchs, and the public followed the example which royalty set them. Lessing's and Schiller's plays were harshly dealt with by court and critics, and it was not until Iffland assumed the reins of management towards the close of the last century that the Schauspiel-haus began in any way to rival the Opera in popularity. The *répertoire* of this Temple of Thespis is a very extensive one, translations having a recognised place by the side of original works, and Shakespeare being a notable favourite. Just at present, however, a preference is given to modern comedy over the strictly classical drama. Paul Lindau, an author of note in a new school of German playwrights, has achieved several successes here, more particularly with *Diana*, in 1873, and *Maria und Magdalena* in the year preceding. He aims at improving German comedy—which, as a rule, has much humour but very little wit, abounding in droll situations, but lacking refinement—by the elimination of the vulgar and boorish element, the infusion of French vivacity and repartee, and the adaptation to it of the tone of high society. In *Maria und Magdalena*, the heroine, driven from home by misunderstandings, goes on the stage, preserves her character amidst temptation and intrigue, and finally marries a nobleman. The German system of blackmailing actresses is sharply exposed, and the bureaucracy, moreover, are bitterly satirized in the character of Werzen, a privy councillor of commerce, vulgar, snobbish,

and pretentious, proud of his single decoration as a girl of her first doll, and ready to kneel down in the mud before a title. It is to the credit of the usually narrow-minded Berlinese that this daring attempt on the part of a young author to satirize a sensitive point in the national character achieved an immense success. Von Schlegel's adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*, and a translation by Bornstein of Dumas's *Demoiselle de St. Cyr*, the principal parts in each being sustained by Herr Ludwig and Fräulein Meyer, were quite as successfully represented as Schiller's *Fieschi*, Brachvogel's *Alte Schweden*, Rudolf Lindau's *Ein Erfolg*, Fresenius's *Ein gefährlicher Freund*, Putlitz's *Spielt nicht mit dem Feuer*, Kotzebue's *Die Unglücklichen*, and other native productions performed during my stay in Berlin.[1]

It is a general complaint against Berlin theatrical managers that they tolerate the lingering of actors and actresses on the scene of their triumphs long after the decay of their powers, but these cavillings appear to be somewhat unjust. Emil Devrient, Hendrichs and Crelinger, all had to submit to attacks for continuing to act at a time when age had done little if anything to impair their powers, indeed Emil Devrient rivalled Charles Matthews in perennial juvenility. As Alphonse Karr puts it, "man dies with his first grey hairs, but fortunately we die very slowly." The Berlin press simply echoed the sentiments of the Berlin public, who have a reputation for infidelity to old favourites, and have been known to hiss the slightest falling off on the part of an actor who has charmed them for years. There is no graceful consideration for any human weakness in this most materialistic of continental capitals. In the performances at the Schauspiel-haus, Theodor Döring and Frau Frieb Blumauer take

[1] In 1874 there were in all 615 performances at the two Royal Theatres, the Schauspiel-haus and the Opera; namely, 289 dramatic pieces, 198 operas, 42 ballets, 17 mixed performances, and 69 in French.

many leading parts, the former being an admirable exemplifier of character, both serious and comic. At the Berlin theatres that separation of the sexes which obtains in some German towns, where the ladies occupy the boxes whilst the gentlemen are relegated to the pit, is not enforced. Ladies, however, may be constantly seen enjoying the perpermance from their boxes unattended by members of the other sex.

If lyrical opera thrives in Berlin, those lighter musical productions which have achieved so much celebrity in France and England for Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq, are scarcely so well patronised. The only house where, what may be called, real *opéra bouffe* has been performed, is the richly decorated and splendidly lighted Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, in the Schumann-strasse, formerly the home of high-class comedy, and the stage of which was trod by Phelps during his engagement at Berlin. The owner and manager, Herr Deichmann, a knight of two orders, is a devout worshipper of Offenbach, but has never understood how to serve up the productions of his idol with Parisian elegance; besides which, it is evident that the beauty of his nymphs and goddesses, although these are mostly selected for plastic purposes, is neither transcendent nor immortal. On one occasion a singer made her appearance, whose beauty and voice threatened danger to too susceptible youth, and still more susceptible age. She represented La Belle Hélène, but was too modest to adopt the costume which Offenbach prescribes for his priestesses. The boxes were filled with officers, and some elderly Don Juans secured seats for the season. But the new singer proved a model of propriety and disinterestedness, and declined to associate love with lucre. Soon it became reported that she was engaged to one of the actors. The elderly Don Juans thought this kind of thing romantically old-fashioned, and got rid of their places at any sacrifice. The manager was in despair, and on the strength of the twenty-seventh rule of the theatre, which forbade the actors to visit the actresses in their dressing-rooms, discharged the offending comedian. The following day the singer also

disappeared, and the next news the manager had of the pair was in the shape of their betrothal cards sent to him from Hamburg. Infuriated at this piece of impertinence, he demanded payment of damages for breach of contract. The singer bound herself to hand over one-half of the sum claimed, and the director of the Hamburg theatre paid the other half by an act of barter, recalling some of the transactions in human flesh mentioned in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, namely, by despatching Fräulein Marie Slevogt, one of his own favourites, to his Berlin colleague.

During the summer of 1874, Berlin flocked in crowds to the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater to witness the performances of the troupe from the Hof Theater of the tiny state of Meiningen. The Duke of Meiningen, who, like many other princelets and dukelings, has found himself with little or nothing to do since the establishment of the German empire, devoted himself to the organisation of this theatrical company with astonishing success. It was not, perhaps, so remarkable for the power displayed by individual actors—the strict canons of German dramatic art being strongly opposed to the "star" system—but the harmony and success of the representations as a dramatic whole, and the subordination of everything to this object, together with the taste and magnificence with which the pieces were placed upon the stage, and the scrupulous accuracy with which scenery, furniture, weapons, dresses, &c. were made to conform to history, filled Berlin with amazement, and led to unflattering comparisons with regard to the dramatic capacities of the city, and to sneers at the character of the work accomplished by Herr von Hülsen. The tickets for the performances were all taken up beforehand, and the only complaints heard were from critics who contended that the marvellous accuracy of the mounting detracted in some degree from the effect of the plays themselves. *Die Fledermaus* (the Bat), a three-act comic opera by Johann Strauss, with an amusing libretto, from the French of Meilhac and Halévy, was brought out very successfully at this theatre, and in the autumn of 1874, *Das Strafrecht* (the Criminal Code), an amusing comedy of Grunat, originally produced in 1870, was revived with great success, thanks to the comic talent of Neumann, who played the part of a Berlin *rentier*, and of Patonay, who filled the *rôle* of a journalist.

The new Wallner Theater, the second of that name, has been erected in a capacious garden, towards which the audience portion of the house is turned. Wide corridors run round it, affording those facilities for smoking and beer-drinking during the pauses in the performance so essential to the comfort of the ordinary Berlin playgoer. At each fall of the curtain the audience here find tables crowded with glass mugs filled with beer all ready to be raised to their parched lips, while such as prefer imbibing the national beverage in the open air have simply to

pass through one of several glass doors to find themselves in a pleasant garden brilliantly lighted with gas, planted with spreading trees, and provided with arbours where, to the sound of some plashing fountain, the intervals between the acts, during the warm weather, can be agreeably passed, a bell giving notice when the curtain is about to rise again. Such a combination of theatre and garden is scarcely likely to be attempted in London; but it is singular that the Parisians, with their genial climate and their partiality for outdoor recreation, should not have seized upon the idea.

The Wallner Theater, the interior of which is resplendent in polychromatic decoration of doubtful taste, is capable of accommodating about 1,400 people, many of whom experience the disadvantages of the deficient acoustic properties of the house, and suffer from the prevalent draughts. Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, the most popular theatre in Berlin, being the special abode of local comedy and farce. These farces, or *possen*, although the embodiment of supreme humour, to a Berliner, are somewhat contemptible specimens of the dramatic art, and present the strange combination of an English pantomime with a French vaudeville. After a regular "rally," in which articles of furniture are thrown about, men bonneted, women upset, and the whole scene turned topsy-turvy, one of the actors commonly steps suddenly up to the foot-lights, and without any apparent cause proceeds to celebrate "the three hairs" of Herr von Bismarck in verses, as likely as not set to the air of "Champagne Charley," which appears to enjoy perennial popularity at Berlin. The ditties thus warbled are just now all in the Chancellor's praise, but during the period of his unpopularity, from 1862 to 1866, he was the object of constant attacks and insults on the Wallner stage, where such satirical allusions to political or municipal affairs as escape the scissors of the censor invariably succeed in bringing down the frantic applause of the house.

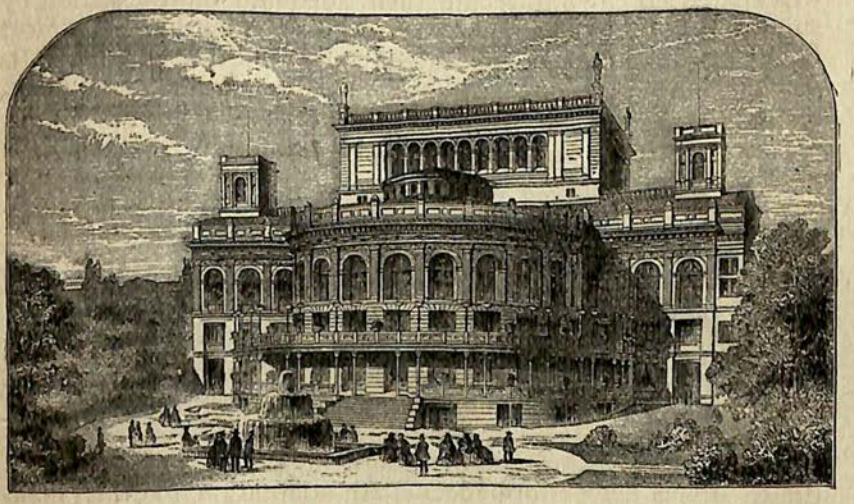
The popularity of these farces, many of which were written

for this theatre by such humourists as the late David Kalisch and Rudolf Löwenstein, is mainly due to the exertions of the manager, the illustrious knight of several orders, Franz Wallner, who spared no pains to secure their adequate representation by suitable actors. Chief amongst these is Helmerding, the most popular actor in Berlin, and indeed a veritable public idol. His genius is closely akin to that of our deceased Robson, combining as it does, deep pathos and broad humour with the utmost breadth, clearness, and force of impersonation. As the hero of *Mein Leopold*, he moves the audience to tears and laughter alternately, and Berlin comic writers are in the habit of fathering witty sayings upon him just as Harel did upon Talleyrand. Bismarck, who scarcely patronises any other theatre, greatly admires Helmerding, and on one occasion invited him, as we have already related, to dinner.

Popular as this theatre is, it cannot always count upon successes. A three-act comedy by Dr. J. B. von Schweitzer, entitled *Die Darwiäner*, devoid of originality of plot, and dependent upon a few pointless jokes concerning the anthropoid ape, met with signal failure during our sojourn at Berlin, and was withdrawn after a few performances. An adaptation, too, of Offenbach's *La Diva*, under the title of *Die Theater Prinzessin*, only ran for a brief period. On the other hand, a series of successes was achieved by Friedrich Haase, the popular Saxon comedian, in the parts of Bonjour, the commissionnaire, in *Wiener in Paris*, Arthur de Marsan, in Bahn's adaptation of *On cherche un Professeur*, and above all, as the Marquis, in Sandeau's *Mlle. de Seiglière*, translated by H. Laube. Since Haase quitted Berlin, a version of Goudinet's *Les Bureaucrates*, a very successful Palais Royal piece, has been produced at the Wallner without any striking success.

The Victoria Theater, erected in 1859, is another of these season theatres, as they are called in Berlin, and, like the Wallner, is situated in a spacious garden. It is of immense size, covering 34,000 square feet, and consists of two auditoria, built facing each other and having a double stage in between. One of these auditoria, looking towards the street, is made use of during the winter, the other, overlooking the garden, and provided with large openings through which the air circulates freely, is devoted to the summer performances. During carnival time stages and auditoria are thrown into one and balls then take place. Externally the building is of an imposing aspect. A lofty square structure, with a balustraded roof, surmounted at the four corners by statues and flanked by projecting wings crowned by square towers, contains the two stages. The divisions in front and rear set apart for the audience are semi-elliptical in shape, and profusely decorated with Corinthian pilasters, cornices and friezes, and have covered and uncovered balconies and veran-

dahs running round the exterior. The glazed corridor encompassing the winter theatre is fitted up with numerous small marble tables, which, during the performance, are spread with countless



THE VICTORIA THEATER FROM THE GARDENS.

mugs of beer. The instant an act concludes, the entire audience files out into the corridor, and in the twinkling of an eye, all the glass mugs are empty.

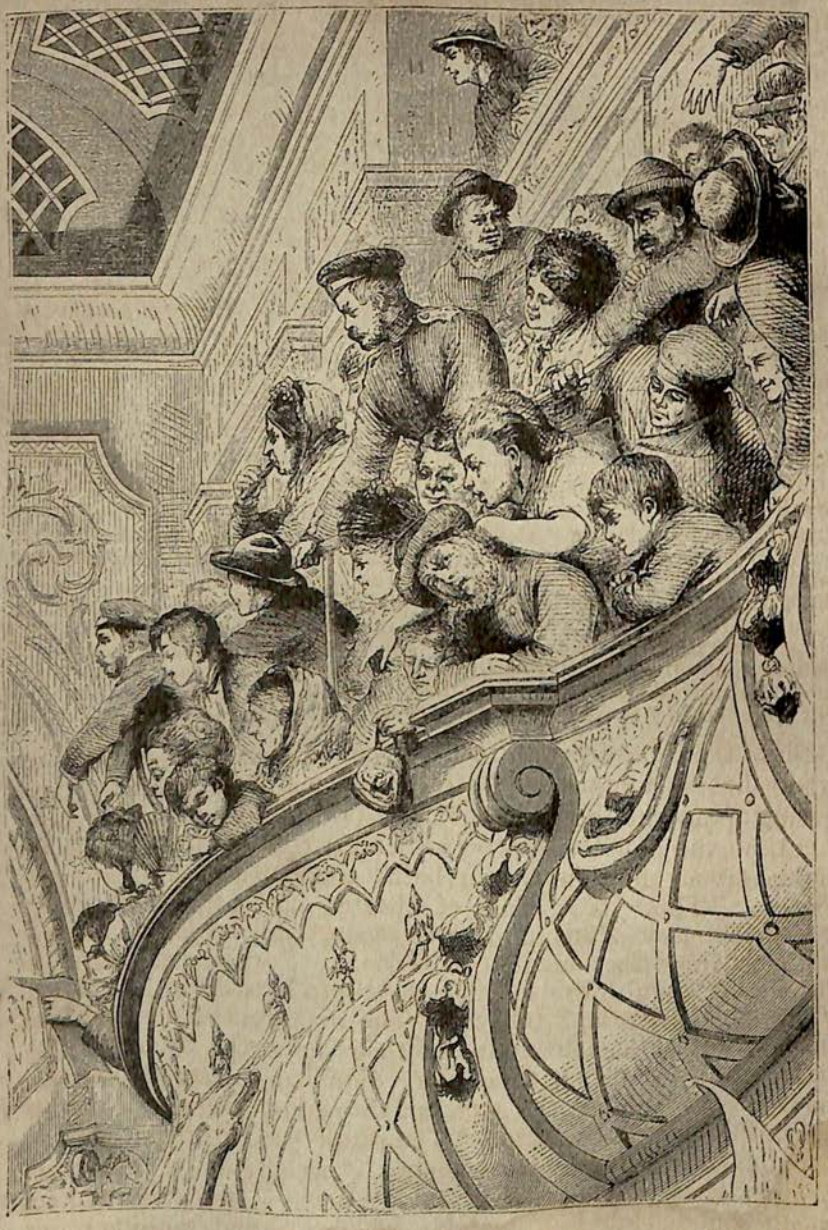
This theatre is the property of Herr Rudolf Cerf, regarded as a *rara avis* amongst Berlin managers, inasmuch as he is not decorated with any order, and is not a commissionsrath. His principal aim is to present French *féeries* with their radiant realms of rapture and bright bowers of bliss, graced by handsome feminine forms in all the attractions of flesh-coloured tights, to the admiring gaze of an appreciative public. A version of the famous Porte St. Martin spectacle, *La Chatte Blanche*, ran for several hundred nights, and when it was withdrawn, a piece similar in character, of indigenous origin, entitled *Die Sieben Raben*, was placed upon the stage with commendable taste and magnificence.

The Residenz Theater, a comparatively recent erection, after having given performances in various styles, apparently without any settled plan, in the hope of attracting the upper middle classes, suddenly discovered that its mission consisted in presenting pictures of French manners. Its first success was Sardou's *Fernande*, which had a lengthened run, and one of the last performances of which we have any account is the younger Dumas' *Monsieur Alphonse*, wherein the part of Adrienne was skilfully rendered by Fräulein Uebermasser, from Vienna. This piece was supplemented by *Tante Lotte*, an amusing comedy in the

low German dialect, by Julius Engel. During the engagement of Eleonore Wahlmann and Herr Reman, of Stuttgart and Dresden fame, *Medea* and *Graf Essex* were given. Since then the Residenz has essayed native *demi-mondaines* pieces, mounted in sufficiently grand style, until they have palled on the audiences, although at first a considerable section of upper class Berlinese crowded the theatre to witness them.

The National Theater, a spacious building capable of accommodating upwards of 2,000 people, has the disadvantage of being situated in one of the poorer suburbs of Berlin, still the energetic efforts of its managers have induced a large and respectable section of the population to interest themselves in the performances. The title National Theater formerly belonged to the Schauspiel-haus, but was dropped at the erection of the existing building and taken up by Guntau, who applied it to this theatre, raised on the site of the former Alhambra Hall. True to its name, its repertory chiefly consists of classic masterpieces of the severer type, though novelties of corresponding character are occasionally produced. At the close of 1874, Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, Schiller's version of *Othello*, and Mosenthal's *Deborah*, better known to English playgoers as *Leah*, with Fräulein Plähn in the part created in London by Miss Bateman, were alternated by Roderick Benedix's *Die relegirten Studenten*, and Rudolf Menger's *Manassar, der Jude von Toledo*. Emmerich Robert has achieved great successes here of late in classic drama.

The Stadt Theater, the speciality of which is tragedy, gives such pieces as Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, a translation of Calderon's *La Vida es Sueño*, and Gutzkow's *Uriel Acosta*, a



THE GALLERY OF A POPULAR BERLIN THEATRE. *Page* 257. II.

tragedy, the scene of which is laid at Amsterdam during the Spanish dominion in the Netherlands. This theatre, however, having been founded under ill auguries, has not yet proved a success.

"If any one applies for a licence to erect a theatre," says a Berlin writer, "and the authorities think themselves bound to grant it because the applicant is powerfully protected, the theatre may only be built in some distant corner of the city, either on its boundaries or else outside them, lest the revenues of the Royal theatres should suffer from competition. And the Berlinese will drive in perfect good humour for three-quarters of an hour in a wretched droschke to reach these theatres, which languish because they lie in the most remote corners of the city, and too often produce pieces which would not be tolerated in a small provincial town. What right royal treasurers have to look on the theatre as their exclusive domain, and to seek to force all the money I spend on the drama to flow into their coffers, I do not know. Every day one is not in the cue for seeing *Hamlet* badly performed, or a grand opera by a poor troupe into which the first good *café-concert* singer who could be picked up has been introduced, because the tenor was indisposed; still less am I always inclined to witness a ballet in four acts, and to descry in the army of dancers, blooming maidens who were already grown up when I went to school. Neither am I always in the humour to undertake a journey to amuse myself at the popular theatres which begin so early that I should have to set out at six o'clock to arrive in time, and thus the money which I should spend on them, if they were nearer, remains in my pocket. Thousands of others think with me, and by these thousands who are forced by the distance of the popular theatres to stay at home, these institutions would be rendered flourishing. But the royal treasury rightly calculates:—If people, who care to visit a popular theatre, are obliged to pay for a droschke there and back, the entertainment will cost them more than at the Royal theatre, so that they will prefer coming to us, even if we play with miserable companies."

Since the rapid increase in the population of Berlin, the foregoing has lost much of its force, as populous suburbs have sprung up around the theatres in question, besides which, in summer time, the popular theatres, with their cool gardens, are in far higher favour than the vapour baths conducted under state patronage. There is a class of theatre, however, which offers still further attractions in order to secure public support. Supper is a most important meal to a German, to whom, moreover, a thoroughly comfortable evening is only to be secured by the aid of perpetual beer and tobacco. The managers of the cheaper theatres, therefore, make sure of their audiences by supplying these articles, not, like their more dignified colleagues, outside the *Saal* and between the acts, but throughout the performances and in full view of the stage. The result has justified their anticipations, and on Sunday evenings, especially, these restaurant theatres are crowded to excess, and late comers—the performances usually commence at half-past six—will hardly find standing room, whilst no matter how bad the piece may be, or how indifferent the acting, every one appears highly contented. At a theatre of this description the receipts from the sale of beer are ordinarily triple the amount of money taken for admission, which is scarcely surprising, as all of the theatres where beer is the rule are intensely

apparently intentionally close, even in the coldest weather, doubtless in order to provoke continuous thirst amongst the audience.

On a Sunday evening I visited one of these establishments, situate in a street running out of the Landsberger-strasse, on the eastern side of Berlin. The day was chilly, and people wrapped up to their eyes and shivering with cold, were studying the "spectacle" columns which, until the positive arrival of ice and snow, daily put forward announcements of *Sommer-nacht* concerts and balls, in so-called *Sommer-gärten*, with the view of cheating the shivering seeker after pleasure into the belief that at the cost of a few groschen he could be spirited away to summer climes. Turning a blind eye to these illusions, we decided for the Königstädtisches Theater, a good type of a popular establishment, providing an afternoon's and evening's amusement combined, for the small sum of five groschen (*6d.*). It being somewhat late when we arrived, the house was already densely crowded, which probably accounted for there being no one to receive our money, and we passed along a spacious passage and up a flight of steps into the theatre without a check-taker, or any other official, detaining us. This privilege was attended, however, with no particular advantage, as little was to be seen, and nothing could be heard, while it was not entirely unprofitable to the proprietor of the establishment, as people circumstanced like ourselves were reduced to while away the tedium of their stay by continuous libations.

The interior of the house was not rounded off into the conventional horseshoe form, but presented the aspect of an immense square apartment, with wide galleries on three of its sides supported by massive columns, and connected with the roof by heavy arches of masonry. At the further end was a stage, looking so small that the figures on it might almost have been taken for marionettes, and their performances for mere dumb show, it being impossible to catch a syllable of what they said. The ground floor was packed with small tables and rush-bottomed chairs, the occupiers of which were huddled so closely together that their chair-backs grated against one another. Here and there, however, the traces of narrow zigzag passages, occasionally blocked up by the chair of some determined spectator, unable to find room elsewhere, might be discerned in the midst of the compact crowd. Hurrying as well as they could along these passages, were waiters in greasy dress coats and young boys carrying their scores of glass mugs of beer brimming over with froth to slake the thirst of the ever-droughty audience.

This consisted of people in various ranks of life, the majority being respectable mechanics and small tradesmen, with their belongings, and a good sprinkling of clerks and shopmen. The men were all smoking and drinking with steady pertinacity, each consuming at least half-a-dozen mugsful of beer—almost equal to as many pints—and the same number of bad cigars in the course

of the evening. Occasionally this somewhat monotonous occupation would be varied with drams of kümmel and snacks that tempted rather than satisfied the appetite. There were a fair number of women, arrayed in their Sunday finery, dipping their noses into the mugs of their male companions, for at Berlin the drinking out of another person's beer-mug is regarded as a pledge of love and friendship. There were work-girls and shop-girls with their sweethearts, matrons with their husbands and children, and family parties, falling little short of a dozen, of all ages, from the grand-parents downwards, jammed round the little wooden tables. About half the audience were seated in a manner completely at variance with established etiquette, that is, with their backs to the stage; still they glanced round occasionally to see how the performance was getting on, keeping up a conversation with their companions in a loud tone of voice meanwhile.

A corridor in the rear of the pit was occupied by additional tables, at which, owing to the proximity of the drinking bars, and to its being impossible for those here seated to see the stage, or hear a word that was being spoken by the performers, the consumption of beer was something fabulous. Crowds of men were gathered in front of the rude refreshment bars ranged at intervals near the wall, and at each of which several pairs of hands were busily engaged in serving perpetual nips of kümmel and countless butter-brödchen or drawing mugs of beer from barrels ranged on stands behind them, and which were being emptied at the rate of about one per minute. These bars, being for use and not for show, are devoid of the profuse decorations, animate and inanimate, regarded as so essential in England, and make no further display beyond a few bottles of kümmel and other spirits, amidst slices of sausage, ham and rolls, while the damsels who serve bear no kind of resemblance to the pert and haughty Hebes of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, for the best of all reasons, *mein Herr* being here to drink beer and having no time to waste in philandering. The sight up stairs was much the same, save that the chairs were replaced by long benches, divided into separate seats by iron rails and having a narrow shelf fitted to their backs, which served to sustain the refreshments of the occupants of the bench in the rear. There was the same odour of beer and bad cigars, the same number of waiters and boys hurrying about with glass mugs frothed up with beer, and the same crowds of men, women, and children, laughing and talking, and apparently highly contented, although barely three-quarters of them could see the stage, and certainly not more than one-half could follow what was going on.

After a considerable amount of pushing and squeezing we managed to wedge ourselves into a spot within hearing distance, just as the curtain rose on an operetta in one act, sustained by two people. The excitement caused by the French war had not

then died out in Berlin, and the managers, to satisfy public taste, continued to produce pieces illustrating episodes in the struggle. The scene of the operetta was laid in Alsace at the commencement of the campaign, and, as the curtain rose, a young lady, supposed to represent an Alsacienne, and attired in a costume of the scantiest proportions, so far as length of skirt was concerned, was discovered upon the stage bewailing the misfortunes of her country. As soon as she had finished, a Prussian soldier joined her and presented his billet without being in the least degree struck by the bewitching creature before him. For some time, indeed, he behaved in the most bearish manner towards his fair entertainer, but was at last sufficiently tamed to embrace her, and the piece concluded with a furious *cancan* danced with more energy than grace by the reconciled couple, to the intense satisfaction of an enraptured audience.

The Belle-Alliance Theater, in the street of the same name, although one of these restaurant theatres, has thriven so much under the management of Herr Wolf as to be entitled to rank with more legitimate houses. It varies popular old pieces with works by rising dramatists, and made its first hit by reviving Lessing's long-neglected drama, *Miss Sara Sampson.* A version of Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen* was also produced here. In the autumn of 1874 Albert Lindau's *Marino Falieri* obtained only a slight success, and for a long time the boards were occupied by Heyse's *Hans Lange,* a very entertaining piece, the scene of which is laid in Pomerania during the fifteenth century, and Dr. Carl Töpfer's five-act drama, *Die Brüder Foster.* In this last-named piece the audience are introduced to a variety of personages, including King Henry VI. of England, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, Sir Thomas Klingsporn, a dissolute knight, and a number of subaltern characters answering to the picturesque names of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

The Luisenstädtisches Theater, once the Alcazar, is a large but by no means handsome house, with a heavy and profusely ornamented ceiling, from the centre of which a weighty and remarkably ugly chandelier is suspended. The act-drop, as is usually the case with the Berlin theatres, even of the highest rank, is a far from pleasing combination of gold and carmine, with a huge gold lyre figuring in the centre. The floor of the house is divided into three by panelled partitions, chairs and tables being scattered in seemingly reckless confusion throughout the three divisions. On arriving, a quarter of an hour before the rising of the curtain, we found the famished audience eagerly partaking of refreshments, waiters with plates of viands, and foaming mugs of beer rushing frantically to and fro, and youthful pastry-cooks, clad in orthodox white, circulating, with their far from appetising *Kuchen,* round the crowded tables.

At one time operas were chiefly performed at this theatre, but

on the occasion of our visit, *Berlin unter der Erde*, a piece depicting life in the cellars with which the city abounds, was creating quite a furore. The play, which so far as plot was concerned might have been written by a lunatic, is replete with those pantomimic incidents in which the Berlin public take so much delight, such as love-sick heroes and heroines hiding themselves in water-butts, cupboards, and boxes, enraged papas assailing their daughters' suitors with pokers, and irritable masters belabouring the backs of their apprentices with leather straps, the whole being interspersed with songs on the topics of the day. Tillock, the keeper of a cellar lodging-house, has a charming only daughter, named Ida, who is secretly in love with an ingenuous baker's assistant, and is persecuted by a certain Herr Titus Abel, a gentleman extravagantly fond of the fair sex, and paying his addresses to old and young alike. Unfortunately for Herr Abel, who, attired in a dress coat with gilt buttons and a pair of eccentrically striped trousers, presents a most *distingué* appearance, his course of true love never once runs smooth. His ridiculous adventures in search of his ideal of maidenhood form the leading incidents of the piece, the villain of which is a certain Herr Bremsenstecker, a "social democrat by profession." The latter, on one occasion, forces the trembling Herr Abel to change clothes with him, and on another assists in the lynching of a "Herr aus Potsdam,"—the Potsdamer are the favourite butts of the Berlinese—in Tillock's cellar. Towards the close of the piece Tillock is ruined and his furniture has to be sold off by auction, which brings him into contact with the love-sick Abel, who, to escape the social democrat, takes refuge in an empty wardrobe, and is locked in by Tillock. On his release he accuses the lodging-house keeper of having robbed him, and in spite of the protestations of both friends and daughter, Tillock is dragged off to the police-station, where the summary manner in which the Berlin police deal with offenders is hit off in amusing fashion.

The piece concludes, most enigmatically, with a tableau entitled *Don Carlos in Berlin*, in which an actor, costumed like the Spanish pretender, and accompanied by a lady impersonating his spouse, struts on to the stage and menaces the assembled *dramatis personæ* with immediate execution. Donna Marguerita brandishes a tiny dagger, and intimates in the course of some melodramatic verses that it is with this pretty plaything she is in the habit of finishing her husband's wounded prisoners. At the conclusion of her outburst, Don Carlos makes an incomprehensible speech about Prince Bismarck, Count Arnim, the Ultramontanes, King Alfonso, and the desirability of German intervention in Spain, and finally concludes by pardoning his captives. A display of coloured fire follows, and the curtain falls. Some of the songs scattered throughout the piece were not without point, the best being that entitled *Berlin unter der Erde*,

sung by Tillock at the close of the first act, and another sung by his daughter after a meeting with the baker's assistant. Between the acts various ballet performances with the customary prodigal display of legs were given, to the extreme satisfaction of the audience, who smoke, gossip, and quaff their beer and munch their sausages and butter-brödchen, from the moment the curtain rises until it falls.

The Réunion, which holds a corresponding rank to the Luisenstädtisches Theater, is a somewhat smaller, but more tastefully decorated edifice, its gallery being supported by light iron columns and its glass roof having a brilliant effect when all the chandeliers suspended from it are lighted up. Two popular pieces belonging to its *répertoire* are the *Berliner Windbeuteln* and *Dienstmann No.* 113. The Windbeuteln are a couple of young fellows —an incipient composer and a journalist in embryo—who pass

their time in courting all and sundry of the fairer sex, including their neighbours' wives. At the close of the third act, however, the beardless journalist is solemnly betrothed to a rather hot-tempered young lady not entirely devoid of personal attractions, and possessed of a snug little dowry of 20,000 thaler, while the impecunious musician espouses a widow of forty-five, also in the

enjoyment of certain savings which will enable her new lord and master to live comfortably till the advent of the auspicious morning when he will wake up and find himself famous as a rival of Wagner. There is any amount of rough horseplay in this absurd farce, which abounds with songs introduced without the slightest visible reason about the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck, some of them referring to the Arnim affair, and one conferring on the Ultramontane deputy, Windthorst, the by no means flattering title of the "Prince of Demons."

There is rather more plot in *Dienstmann No.* 113. The Berlin Dienstmann or commissionnaire is one of the city's most curious types. He of the play is an idle ne'er-do-well, who, to oblige a love-sick assessor, consents to lend him his cap and jacket that he may go courting in disguise. Meanwhile he dons the assessor's garments, installs himself in the assessor's armchair, drinks the assessor's wine, smokes the assessor's tobacco, and to crown all, makes love to the assessor's cousin. But, as the French say, every medal has its reverse. The Herr Assessor happens to be in debt, so, whilst Dienstmann 113 is conning the *Fremdenblatt*, with his feet on the mantelpiece, a sheriff's officer makes his appearance and requires him to accompany him to jail. This is scarcely to Herr Dienstmann's taste, he swears he is not the assessor, but the officer will not accept his denial, and he is marched off to durance. Of course, all comes right in the end, the assessor marries the damsel he has been courting under the disguise of a commissionnaire, the Dienstmann is released and restored to his wife, who has been wondering what had become of him, and the assessor's cousin with whom he has been flirting consoles herself by marrying some one else. Amongst the minor characters are an eccentric coachman and a lady's maid, who wears a pyramid of false hair on her head, and attires herself in far more costly robes than those worn by her mistress.

Of all the minor Berlin theatres none are, perhaps, decorated in better taste than the Variété Theater, founded by Cullenbach. When Cullenbach gave up Hemming's Theater, in the Chaussée-strasse, he and his licence were banished so far out of Berlin that no one would visit him. He thereupon resolved to cater to the popular foibles, secured a plot of land in front of the Halle Gate, built a theatre capable of holding two thousand people, filled the pit with chairs and tables, engaged acrobats, gymnasts, and conjurors of all kinds, grouped nymphs and goddesses upon the stage in grand spectacular *tableaux*, gave farces and comedies in the intervals between these displays, poured out beer, sliced bread and butter, had steaks and cutlets grilled, and showed that there was no difficulty in making a fortune at Berlin if one only went to work the right way and ministered to the grosser appetites of the citizens. When I visited the theatre the popular *Milchmann aus Charlottenburg* was being played, a piece of a

slightly higher order of merit than those common to theatres of this class, but still belonging to the same school—rough pantomimic action abounding and comic songs on the topics of the moment being introduced into almost every scene. *Die Tochter des Gefangenen*, or the Prisoner's Daughter, a historico-military play, introducing the great Friedrich, *The Feast of Blood, or the Night of St. Bartholomew*, a historical tragedy by Dr. Lindner, and *Berliner Pillen*, a comic piece in the style of the *Berliner Windbeuteln*, were acted at this theatre on subsequent evenings.

The Woltersdorff Theater belongs to a manager of that name who is likewise manager of the Königsberg public theatre, and who opened his Berlin establishment in order to show the inhabitants what a popular theatre really should be. His notions of elevating the masses are, however, somewhat peculiar. One of the *Volksstücke* played here, entitled *Nobel Passionen*, and adapted from an old poem by Mannstadt, furnishes rather a droll satire on the passions of human nature, especially those of the sterner sex.

The much-talked-of Vorstädtisches Theater on the Wollank'schen Weinberg acquired great celebrity under the management of the Widow Grabert, who pandered to the lower class Berliner's weakness for weissbier, kümmel, butter-brödchen, and hot dishes, while his nobler emotions are subjected to the influence of dramatic art. Grand tragedies, French sensational dramas, and comedies are usually played here in preference to farces. *König Enzio*, a five-act drama, by Raupach, of which the scene is laid in Sardinia, and which relates to the doings of the Kaiser Friedrich II. and the Holy Roman Empire, is a favourite piece at the Vorstädtisches Theater, where the chief productions of Schiller, Iffland, Dumas, Salingré, Brachvogel, Jakobson, and Benedix, are frequently produced.

The Walhalla, the Amerikanisches Theater, the Bundeshalle, the Salon Royal, the Bellevue, the Saison, &c., are mostly music-halls giving acrobatic performances and dances by both sexes, with comic songs innumerable, set ballets, and the like, and recruit a considerable section of their audiences from strangers and members of the *demi-monde*, distinguished by toilettes more or less outrageous, and by a habit of piling such a quantity of false hair upon their heads that an unfortunate individual seated behind them might just as well be in the rear of a row of guardsmen in their bearskins, so far as his view of what is passing on the stage is concerned.

Herr Grosskopf, the proprietor of the Walhalla, who makes a yearly journey to France and England with the object of securing for his establishment the most striking novelties in the acrobatic and monstrosity line, is, moreover, terrible in his inventions of names. He bestowed on one of his attractions the Greek name of "Kalospinthechromokrene," which, after learned meditation, has been translated into "beautiful dripping variegated fountain." This unpronounceable Kalospinthechromokrene was in fact a fountain spouting out showers of brilliantly illuminated water, from which half nude female figures kept rising and sinking in succession, and gave no rest to the owner of Kroll's establishment until he had procured a similar one. At all these places of amusement the dances appear to attract most attention, especially when the *cancan* is given, which is all but inevitable. Great in this way was the performance of a French dancer and singer, who styled herself the new Thérèsa, and nightly attracted numerous lovers of loose merriment to the Tonhalle, where she sang and danced the *genre Thérèsa*, more properly termed the *genre Canaille.*

The review *Im neuen Reich* asserts that for many years past the influence of the Berlin stage upon social life in Northern and Central Germany, has been most baneful, and Herr Wichern, with a certain amount of exaggeration, declared that every evening the popular theatres of the capital trampled under foot marriage, morality, and religion, amid the exhalations of beer and tobacco and the laughter of the audience. "Look," said he, "at the popular amusements which by means of the *cancan*, and other similar obscenities, defy German, and indeed all other morality not in secret, but publicly, with resounding puffs, such as one can read everyday at the corners of every street in the capital. Their model and their master, Paris, is now surpassed. These are the tombs in which our young men are buried alive. The fierce cries of pleasure drown the exclamations of terror of those among the mothers who do not lead their children into this furnace of the festivals of Astarte. It is scarcely enough to say, that the greatest city of Germany annually offers up twenty million thaler on the altar of this unclean divinity. It is

deplorably true that all this is going on without any effort to check it on the part of those whose duty it is to watch over the people and their morals, and that by all classes, from the learned down to the lowest rabble, these turpitudes are frantically applauded."

One theatre in Berlin which is certainly free from all these reproaches is the monkey theatre of Herr Brockmann, where a troop of trained quadrumana, assisted by trick ponies, jumping sheep, and dancing dwarf elephants, delight the children of the capital during the winter months. The monkeys seem to have established themselves *en permanence* in Berlin, as their distant relations, the Christy Minstrels, have in London, since Vogt and Häckel took up the theory of Darwin. A Berlin author thus describes the entertainment :—

"We are all going to Brockmann's, including even little Kurt. We have a droschke ride, and ten minutes before the commencement we are sitting in front of that mystery, the stage curtain. Listen, there is something bleating behind. The excitement reaches its highest pitch. Will the music never stop. . . . The curtain flies up, and discloses a splendid landscape, the Bay

of Naples. In front is the monkeys' table. Yes, there sits her Grace the Princess Bitzeball, with her respectable company, just as she did years ago. The decorated mandril looks about him with the same bitter gravity. The other guests, too, are very little altered ; they still stretch out their hands to each other's plates in the rudest manner. Only the waiter has become far more refined. And what a charming little waitress that is tripping about

in a white cap and a tiny red bonnet. There is a great want of clearness in the dramatic action, and the fight is not brisk enough, but one thing is certain, the waiter gets dreadfully beaten, and the audience clap their tiny hands with delight and regret it does not last longer. 'Mamma, just look at the dancer on the tight-rope.' And there, too, are Schultze and Müller from the pages of the *Kladderadatsch*, in their well-known attitudes, and with stick and umbrella.

"Now the familiar poodle carriage drives on to the stage, and the distinguished travellers leap in with almost undignified agility, and meet with the very same accident they did in our day. The axle-tree of the carriage breaks and they are all upset, which plunges all the children into transports of joy. But what comes next. Ten minutes interval. Walter asserts in two minutes that it is 'an awfully long time.' Fortunately some piles of pancakes make their appearance at the back of the pit, and serve to fill up the interval until the curtain rises. The front of the stage has been transformed into a circus for ponies. Oh, pony! unattainable ideal of the boyish mind! How happy would your owner be, you charming, tiny, well-trained Hänschen, or yours, fiery, splendid, adorable, thoroughbred Peter. There would be room enough for you in the washhouse. Peter dances, kneels down, fetches and carries, limps, pretends he is dead, and even plays the hurdy-gurdy. Peter can do anything. And a monkey rides on his back. We are spell-bound. Black-eyed little Olga claps her hands with all her might. Alfred in his joy stretches out both arms to the splendid animal. Kurt is afraid when it rears so high. Sensitive fair-haired Marie, between her father's knees, pities Peter at every inevitable stroke of the whip. And Walter in front of her is wondering dreamily whether Herr Brockmann has children who are allowed to ride on all the ponies every day, Oh! if he only went to school with one of the Brockmanns, and could make friends with him!

It is a quarter-past nine. The children have not sat up so late since Christmas, and the dustman has already come to Kurt. But we must wait for Miss Zara, the African dwarf elephant, and see its musical and balancing performances. What a small, fat, clever creature. How it moves its monstrous ear-flaps, how comically it trips, it can stand on its head and play on the harmonica. There it ambles off. Bravo! bravo! bravo! The attendant comes and bows as if he had been applauded. But come along, children, we will dispense with the Man Fish. 'Do you think he can have fins?' 'Does he breathe through gills?' 'Only fancy, he smokes under the water!' Come, come, get into the droschke. To-morrow we will all play at Monkey Theatre.'"

At Berlin there are a couple of circuses for equestrian performances, a style of entertainment to which the Berlinese, like the Viennese, appear to be particularly partial. One of these, erected in 1855, in the Friedrichs-strasse, with its seats rising in the form of an amphitheatre, will accommodate an audience of three thousand. It is a substantial building, brilliantly lighted up and tastefully decorated with frescoes, depicting the horse in all the phases of his servitude. Renz's celebrated troupe, which is in the habit of traversing Germany from end to end during the summer months, performs here every winter. At the time of the excitement which followed the promulgation of the decree against the exportation of horses, the officials of a small frontier town in the north made, as they thought, a grand *coup*, by seizing a large number of these animals as they were traversing the town, evidently with the view of passing into the adjoining territory.

It turned out that they belonged to Renz's circus, which was about to extend the limits of its performances. In vain the proprietor assured the local authorities that his beasts were far too valuable for him to think of leaving any of them behind him when he returned to the Fatherland. They would not listen to him, and nothing less than a telegram from the highest authorities in Berlin, to whom he appealed, and who were acquainted with the purity of his intentions, procured their release, and enabled him to fulfil his engagements across the frontier. During the winter of 1874 Renz achieved a great success by the production of a Christmas spectacle, entitled *Aschenbrödel*. The Czardas, danced by twenty women attired in the national Hungarian costume, and the performance of Delmonico, the Negro Lion King, and his five four-footed subjects, were amongst the attractions.

Another circus, that of Herr Salamonsky, occupies a somewhat inferior position. It is in the Karl-strasse, and was originally a market hall, which the Berlinese, habituated to markets in the open air, could not be brought to patronise. Its audience comprises all classes, from the ladies of the Empress's court to the apprentices and errand boys who have managed to scrape together the half-mark needed to secure admission to the gallery. Salamonsky recently made a great hit by introducing eight trained elephants to the Berlin public, and has also a stock attraction in his clown, August, whose sallies of Berlin wit are always rapturously received by the delighted audience. The ladies here testify their admiration of the performers, and especially the juvenile ones, by throwing them oranges, an economical substitute for bouquets, eminently characteristic of the national frugality.

XIV.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

THE Berlinese, in common with the other inhabitants of the Fatherland, have a strong predilection for music—"the daughter of feeling, and hence the German's national art," as one of them complacently phrases it ; and to Berlin, Germany seems disposed to accord musical pre-eminence, not only among the symphonious cities of the new empire, but over Vienna as well. During the last and the early part of the present century, the reputation of Vienna ranked deservedly high, but to-day its music is condemned as being of too light an order, and for its general deflection from the classical standard. Munich is regarded as so imbued with Wagnerism, and its music as too one-sided for it to come into serious competition with Berlin, while Dresden has the character of being altogether behind hand, though many are disposed to rank it above Vienna, and second only to Berlin itself.

The Berlinese in their admiration for music have simply followed the example set them in the highest quarters, the majority of the Prussian sovereigns having been as musical as they were military. The Great Elector improved the choir founded by his father, by adding to it many skilful musicians, and his son's wife, Sophia Charlotte, evinced a passionate fondness for the art.

The relations subsisting between Friedrich the Great, the founder of the Berlin Opera House, and the musicians of his time, are well known. Friedrich Wilhelm II., who played on the violoncello as well as old Fritz had done on the flute, attached several men of note in the musical world to his court, and gradually the science of music became more and more cultivated in the Prussian capital. Foreign amateurs gave concerts there, a musical club was established, sacred music was performed in the Berlin churches on festive occasions, and the well-known Sing-Akademie was called into existence. To-day the Empress Augusta is a warm patron of the art, and at her Thursday concerts at the palace some of the first musicians, both native and foreign, in the Prussian capital, are to be found among the performers.

Spite of the opinion which the Berlin musical world affects to entertain with regard to Munich, there is no doubt but that a considerable section of it is equally afflicted with the Wagner mania. That music of the future of which Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has been described as the morning star, has awoke a sympathising echo in numerous breasts, and it is doubtful whether the large majority of Berlin musical professors and amateurs are not upholders of Wagner's theories. Heated disputes upon the subject are of common occurrence in Berlin musical circles, when the respective partizans with difficulty restrain themselves from coming to actual blows. The Wagnerites, we know, deny that music can properly be classic, and maintain that the germ of the art must go on developing. They refuse to regard it merely as the expression of sweetness or melancholy, but look upon it rather as a means of representing passion, and thereby necessitating the employment of frequent concords and powerful discords which are opposed to the recognised laws of harmony and the ancient restrictions of musical models.

Not only by the performance of the operas of *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, &c., but by innumerable concerts and musical *soirées* has the music of Wagner leapt into popularity at Berlin. The maestro himself conducted a successful series of concerts there in his accustomed energetic style, and since then Wagner Evenings have been constantly given at the more noted among the more popular concert halls, such as the Leipziger Halle and the Reichshallen. At the Berlin Opera House Wagner has been for some time past the hero of the hour; the other composers for whose works a predilection exists being likewise German, and including Meyerbeer, Weber, Mozart, and Beethoven, with his solitary opera. Cherubini is also an especial favourite with the Berlinese, with whom *Der Wasserträger* is the most popular of his productions. Verdi's operas are occasionally performed on off-nights, but Donizetti's are scarcely ever heard.

The finest Berlin concerts are those given by the orchestra of the Royal Opera House in the concert room of that establish-

ment during the winter season, and especially the six Symphonie-Soireen, or symphony concerts. This orchestra, say enthusiastic admirers of it, has simply to be heard to realise the great gap which exists between its performances and those of the very best orchestra of London and Paris. Its members are particularly noted for the excellence of their shading, and their knowledge of traditional *tempi* and readings. The *prestige* with respect to the latter has certainly passed from Vienna to Berlin, which has now become the great centre of musical tradition, occupying a position which Vienna so long enjoyed. Not only do the Berlin Opera violinists play like one man, but their bowing may be said to be of a piece, for every bow works in unison with admirable precision, which is perfectly unmatched elsewhere. The *crescendos* and *diminuendos* have all the delicacy of quartet-playing, and the wind instruments are always judiciously toned down and never blatantly uproarious, as you find them in most German orchestras, including Wagner's. This delicacy and precision is of course due to the performers playing constantly together night after night throughout the opera season, instead of occasionally meeting at rehearsals and concerts, as is the case with the majority of orchestras.

The recently-endowed Königliche Hochschule für Musik, over which Herr Joachim presides, is famous for its concerts and exercises great influence upon musical opinion in the most cultivated circles of Berlin society. It is here that the symphony and quartet, Germany's uncontested property, are in their highest perfection. Joachim's chamber concerts are in fact beyond all praise, and an enthusiast, in allusion to the stringed quartet executed by Joachim in conjunction with De Ahna, Rappoldi, and Müller, remarks that "the veriest prosaist cannot but feel a flash of inspiration stir his happily-balanced brain and send a tingling to his finger ends when those perfect tone-feasts present themselves to his memory, and constrain him to exhaust his vocabulary in their honour." Our enthusiast is forced to admit, however, that there can be too much of a good thing, and that the stately epics of Mozart, Schumann, Beethoven, and Haydn might be advantageously varied by a few selections from rising, if radical, musical talent. The influence which the Hochschule has exercised has certainly tended to stem the tide of Wagnerism at Berlin, Herr Joachim being a leading spirit of the school of Brahms, and the works of Brahms and Wagner constituting opposite poles of musical thought. One can conceive that the anger of the Wagner party was intense at finding this Brahms garrison suddenly planted in their midst.

High-class concerts, at which most of the leading artistes of Europe have in their day taken part, are frequently given at the Sing-Akademie, the audiences of which accord but a chilling reception to novices whose appearances are heralded by injudicious

preliminary praise. The institution is situate in the Festungsgraben, behind the royal guard-house, and contains two concert rooms, the Cäcilien-Saal for minor concerts and rehearsals, and the large hall with an orchestral accommodation for 300 instrumentalists for grand musical performances. The winter concerts given here by Herr Ullmann and Professor Grell, spite of the antiquated *morceaux* of which their programmes are invariably composed, are remarkably well attended. Notable, too, are the periodical concerts given by such artistes as Madame Joachim, best of Liedersängerin, Clara Schumann, Hans von Bülow, and Herr Joseffy, a rising pianist; and those which take place in the concert room of the Schauspiel-haus under the direction of Herr E. Basch, and the Symphonie-Soireen of the Royal Chapel Choir at the Opera House.

At the best Berlin concerts an evident preference is shown for composers of the modern school, including Gade, Litolff, Raff, and others, and the execution of this exceedingly difficult music may be pronounced perfect. Still the names of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, and more particularly of the two first, figure on the programmes of nearly the whole of these concerts. Haydn is drawn upon solely for his symphonies, while Beethoven and Mozart are selected for isolated movements as well. It is the established practice at Berlin concerts for quartets, quintets, and septets, &c., to be executed by the entire orchestra, and not merely by four, five, or seven performers. When this plan of assigning more than one performer to each part in a quartet was tried experimentally at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, it was warmly denounced by the majority of the musical critics. At Berlin, however, an altogether different opinion prevails.

The *élite* of musical connoisseurs may be attracted on certain

evenings by Joachim's classical chamber music, the concerts at the Sing-Akademie and the Royal Opera House; still Wieprecht from a very early date, and Bilse and Brenner for some years past, have been for the ordinary Berlinese the most popular concert conductors. Wieprecht is the grand organizer of military musical performances on the largest possible scale in this most military of capitals. As musical director of the Guards Corps, all the different bands of this immense force are at his disposition when he waves his bâton, and aided by that enthusiasm for the stiff national regimental music which every Prussian is brimful of from youth upwards, he has succeeded in bringing monster military concerts into fashion. The Berlinese appear to derive intense gratification at listening, as a rule, in the open air, to hundreds of drummers, fifers, kettledrummers, and cymbal players, simultaneously thundering and crashing, although the heavens themselves protest against the infernal noise by almost invariably opening their floodgates on these occasions.

There is nothing military in the aspect of the quiet, unpretending, square-built, red-nosed little man with the large spectacles, who makes his bow to the audience before the crash commences; still this only renders the transformation which he undergoes, when he takes his place, bâton in hand, all the more startling. Like the late M. Jullien, this military Orpheus summons forth the portentous sounds with the wildest of flourishes, grows positively taller as the drums and trumpets rise into one continuous thunderous roar, shrinks down gradually when the pianos come in, and bends almost to the ground at the pianissimo passages. Of one of these famous Schlacht-musik performances over which Herr Wieprecht so enthusiastically presides, a graphic description has been given. "An introductory *pot-pourri* of national airs, spiritedly executed by a military band, had not prepared me," remarks the writer, "for the report of cannon fired less than a dozen yards from my beer-glass, nor for the harsh sputter of musketry delivered in the most approved method of 'Schnellfeuer' by an infantry detachment close to my ear. Between the fast and frequent explosions of large and small arms might be heard bugles and trumpets sounding, signals only too familiar to one who followed the campaign of 1870-71. Presently the rub-a-dub-dub of the Prussian flat drum supplied a new element to the din; and a complete band of drummers and fifers, beating the quick march, entered the garden, and took up ground facing the orchestra. More cannon—a long rattle of 'Schnellfeuer'—and, at a given signal, whilst lurid red fire lit up the whole *entourage* of the inclosure into the grim mockery of a conflagration, the drummers struck up the angry, clamorous 'Sturm;' or 'assault,' which was beaten at Düppel, Spicheren, and many another scene of desperate emprise; whereupon the men of both bands burst out into that fierce shout, the 'Hurrah, Preussen!' which he

who hath heard it on a battle-field never will forget until the day of his death. What with the firing, the drumming, and the cheering, the illusion was strong for a few seconds, and I could have almost fancied myself back again with the Guard Landwehr at Bougival, or amongst the stubborn Saxons in blood-stained Brie and Villiers. To heighten the deception, some of the buglers told off to remote nooks of the garden sounded, from time to time, French infantry calls—while a section of the brass band, also hidden in a distant corner, interpolated a few bars of the 'Marseillaise.'"

Monster military concerts of this description are in high favour with the frequenters of the larger suburban beer-gardens; this martial music being not merely flattering to the national patriotic spirit, but almost the only class of composition that can be satisfactorily heard at these large assemblages. When performances of a less bellicose character are given, the hum of conversation and the frequent squabbles that mark the congregating together of the Berlinese render only the merest fragments audible to the bulk of the audience. The power ascribed by Congreve to music of soothing the savage breast does not appear to extend to Berlin, where even the votaries of Apollo become imbued with the reigning spirit of pugnacity. Not long since, on the occasion of a great Sängerfest, held in one of these suburban beer-gardens, the performers and public fell out, and a battle-royal, in which some thousands of persons took part, occurred, and was only quelled by the advent of a detachment of the Guards with fixed bayonets, the police having proved quite powerless to restore order. Two people were killed outright, and several hundreds injured.

If Wieprecht is the apostle of military music, Bilse reigns almost without a rival over that class of harmony associated at Berlin with knitting, roast veal, and prospective matrimonial engagements. He has, to a certain extent, taken the place formerly held by Liebig, whose symphony concerts, given in Sommers Salon, in the Potsdamer-strasse, for years formed an important feature in Berlin life. At these concerts numbers of young men resigned themselves to being parted for hours from their beloved cigars, sitting wedged in a crowd, while contemplating the object of their affection industriously plying her needles over some knitting or crochet into which many an expressive look and silent sigh was worked. A stranger visiting one of Liebig's concerts might have imagined himself in a workroom for the daughters of well-to-do citizens, or at the meeting of a Dorcas society with a musical accompaniment, and have come to the conclusion that half the stockings worn out in Berlin were there replaced. So popular were these gatherings that prudent matrons would send a servant or some idle member of the family to the hall in the afternoon in order to retain their places. Sad to relate, this

abode of harmony was at length disturbed by a pecuniary dissonance. Liebig and his band quarrelled on the subject of salaries, and whilst he was vainly seeking fresh musicians to supply their places, the troupe he had so long led ranged themselves under the direction of Stern. This schism in the institution where so many marriages had been concluded to the music of Haydn's "Creation," or the "Sinfonia eroica," led to the gradual dispersion of the once unanimous body of subscribers, some of whom went one way and some another.

Bilse is the recognised musical director of the ordinary middle-class Berlinese, to whom the periodical enjoyment of superior music is an absolute necessity. The regular symphony concerts at the Sing-Akademie, and the sporadic musical performances of native and foreign *virtuosi*, given sometimes there, and sometimes in the concert hall of the Schauspiel-haus, were placed by their prices beyond the reach of the average middle-class Berliner. The latter, moreover, likes to be comfortable at a concert, to have the the opportunity of sitting at a table with his family, and whilst following the music with enjoyment, and, on the whole, comprehension, to quaff his beer, smoke his cigar, and even partake of supper. At the new Concert-haus, therefore, in the Leipziger-strasse, where Bilse flourishes his silver-tipped ebony bâton, classical musical morceaux are alternated with smoking plates of *braten*. "The hall is spacious and extensive, tastefully decorated in green and gold, the lower portion of it being furnished with chairs and tables, while the upper consists of commodious boxes fitted up like small salons. The prices of admission range from five to fifteen silbergroschen, that is, from 6*d*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. The tables are largely occupied by family parties: mothers and daughters and aunts sit round huge workbaskets, and briskly ply their knitting-needles; the girls' lovers often joining the group, and helping to swell the wreaths of tobacco smoke that float overhead.

When the clicking of knitting-needles, the chattering of tongues, and the clink and clatter of knives and forks, plates and glasses, rise to an inordinate pitch, Königliche Musik-Director Bilse, whose breast is adorned with several glittering decorations, raps his desk somewhat energetically with his bâton to draw attention to the æsthetic element in the entertainment. Bilse leads his admirably-organised band with a simulated air of indifference, not without effect. He produces gay, effective music with the softest pianos, into which the fortes suddenly burst in thunder; or the strongest fortissimos, which sink suddenly or gently into the whisper of a zephyr. His plan of using the compositions of others as a canvas whereon to embroider his orchestral effects certainly heightens the effect of the ordinary concert pieces forming the main part of his programme, but leads him in more elevated productions to become rather the interpreter,

commentator, and manipulator, than the renderer of the composer's real meaning.

Nevertheless, with the aid of his highly-trained band of sixty performers, all skilful executants, especially famous for the remarkable precision of their bowing, Herr Bilse provides his audiences with some excellent music. While being judiciously classical, he is tolerant of all modern productions of intrinsic merit. Thus, on a single evening when we were present, the programme included the names of Mendelssohn, Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Strauss, Wagner, Verdi, Flotow, Gounod, and Kontsky. Occasionally he sins in his order of arrangement by placing a waltz of Strauss' immediately after a symphony of Beethoven's. His concerts, which take place mainly during the winter months, are given at times in the Kaiser Tonel, as well as the Leipziger Halle. At the latter he has introduced so-called virtuoso concerts every Monday during the season, at which the solo performances of Fräulein Jänsen on the harp, Herren Meier and Halir on the violin, Hoch on the cornet-à-piston, and Souvlet on the flute were greatly admired.

Musical opinion in Berlin is somewhat divided as to the merits of Bilse and his orchestra, in comparison with that of Brenner, known as the Berliner Sinfonie-Capelle. Bilse's is the most finished in its execution, and the individual artists are more skilful executants; Brenner's orchestra, on the other hand, plays the best music, generally giving a couple of symphonies a night, whereas Bilse's gives but one. The former chiefly performs in the summer, usually in the Sommers Salons in the Potsdamer - strasse, where Liebig once reigned supreme.

Bilse has another rival in Stern. When Liebig's band left him it was to follow Stern, and after several shifts they finally found a home in the Reichshallen on the Dönhofs-platz, where they have to a certain extent revived the Liebig Symphony Concerts. On the ground-floor of the building is an extensive but gloomy-looking and ill-lighted gothic hall, divided into five aisles by rows of columns,

and serving as a restaurant. The Concert-saal above offers a pleasing contrast, both as regards light and decoration. It comprises a lofty and spacious nave, and two side aisles with tiers of open boxes above. At the end of the nave is an immense orchestra with the organ rising behind, whilst in front is a projecting octagonal pulpit, seated in which Herr Stern directs his band. The floor of the hall is occupied by chairs and tables, after the fashion of the Leipziger Concert-haus. The pilasters, capitals, cornices, and mouldings are somewhat ornate in character, and from a range of pedestals supported by the pillars of the side aisles, twelve colossal statues of celebrated composers gaze down upon the scene below. The prevailing colours of the hall are pale drab and sea green relieved by silver bronze, and lavishly picked out with gold. The Reichshallen, which was opened in January, 1874, may now be regarded as one of the established institutions of the capital.

At Berlin, church music usually forms part of the service at holiday time only, and more especially at Christmas, the Dom-kirche and Friedrich-Werder'sche-kirche being the only two Berlin churches in which the liturgy is sung regularly every Sunday. The Domchor, founded by Niedard, is especially celebrated for its rendering of old church music. At Christmas time the Garrison-kirche re-echoes with the sublime strains of Bach's Christmas Oratorio executed by members of the Hochschule, and hymns and motets are to be heard in the smallest Berlin churches during the evening hours of Advent.

There are a very large number of vocal and instrumental associations at Berlin—Wagner-Vereins, Bach-Vereins, and the like—which give semi-private concerts from time to time. Of course where there is so much music, every kind is to be heard, and Offenbach, Lecocq, Strauss, and other composers of the music contemptuously styled ephemeral, enjoy their full meed of popularity. At the beer-gardens and other open air places of amusement, they hold the post of honour to the great disgust of the affected purists, one of whom complains that "even in such a place as the Stadt Park, which so far as outward beauty and elegance is concerned is *facile princeps* among the Berlin concert gardens, you hear an orchestra of perfect artists, who are fit for much better things, performing Offenbach's rhodomontades and Strauss's rubbish."

Musical instruction in Berlin is chiefly imparted through the medium of "Conservatoriums," of which the most celebrated are the Hochschule, Kullak's, and Stern's. Stern's is the oldest, Kullak's is a branch of Stern's, but more celebrated than the parent institution, whilst the Hochschule is the youngest of the three, and was founded and endowed by the Government. Besides the foregoing there are a score of others of more or less account. The instruction given in all the conservatoriums comprises, or

rather is supposed to comprise, the executive and theoretical knowledge of music, excepting at the Hochschule, which to all intents and purposes is purely executive, its pupils acquiring their knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, and æsthetics from the musical section of the Academy of Art. There is certainly a modicum of theory taught at the Hochschule, but it is extremely elementary. Although the Hochschule has not been in existence long enough yet to have shown any remarkable results under the direction of Herr Joachim, it is gradually winning its way to the first place as a school for piano and violin-playing, and except, perhaps, as regards singing, is most ably officered in all its branches.

Kullak's conservatorium is celebrated for piano-playing, its director, Kullak, being himself one of the first pianists in Europe, whilst Stern's is famous for singing, his niece, Fräulein Jenny Meyer, being the leading teacher of that art in Berlin. With regard to private musical instruction the most celebrated masters are Schumann, Barth, and Kullak for piano, Kiel and Rust for the theory of music, and numerous others, the general charge for an hour's lesson from a first-rate master being from six to ten mark, equal to as many shillings. Private instruction is, however, not much favoured at Berlin, where the conservatoriums offer musical education at a much cheaper rate, though, to judge from the experiences of a young Englishman, they certainly do not shine in the matter of imparting information. In a letter received from him he says—

"When I first came to Berlin I entered Stern's Conservatorium with the intention of studying music there for two or three years. I was admitted without any preliminary examination, except the merely farcical one of being asked to play any tune I liked on the piano, and was solemnly assured that at the end of two years I should be a musician of the first order. I took up the three usual branches, piano, harmony, and counterpoint. The piano lessons are managed as follows :—One hour is devoted to four or five pupils, who are all expected to be present at the commencement, and to remain till the end, each of them not only playing his own piece, but listening to the others playing theirs. Whilst the pupils play the master sits in a chair beside them—fast asleep. So it was, at any rate, in my case, and, from what I know and have heard, sleepy masters are the rule in Berlin. Dr. Ed. Franke, who is one of the lights of Stern's Conservatorium and of the musical world of Berlin, slept regularly throughout the lesson during the whole of the time I was there, which was half a year. Not one hint or particle of instruction did I get from him during the entire period, and a like fate befell all the other pupils who were supposed to be instructed along with me.

"With regard to the harmony classes, the highest begin with the elements of music—the notes, scales, &c., and at the end of six months, during which there was one lesson a week, I had advanced as far as common chords. The counterpoint was equally farcical. No one appeared to know what he was aiming at. Exercises were written and corrected, but as to the why or the wherefore of the corrections, the teacher never opened his lips. I expressed my surprise at this to one of the students, and was told that if I wanted that kind of thing, that is, an explanation, I must take private lessons. The same thing, indeed, was told me about the piano. Dr. Franke, I learned, was a

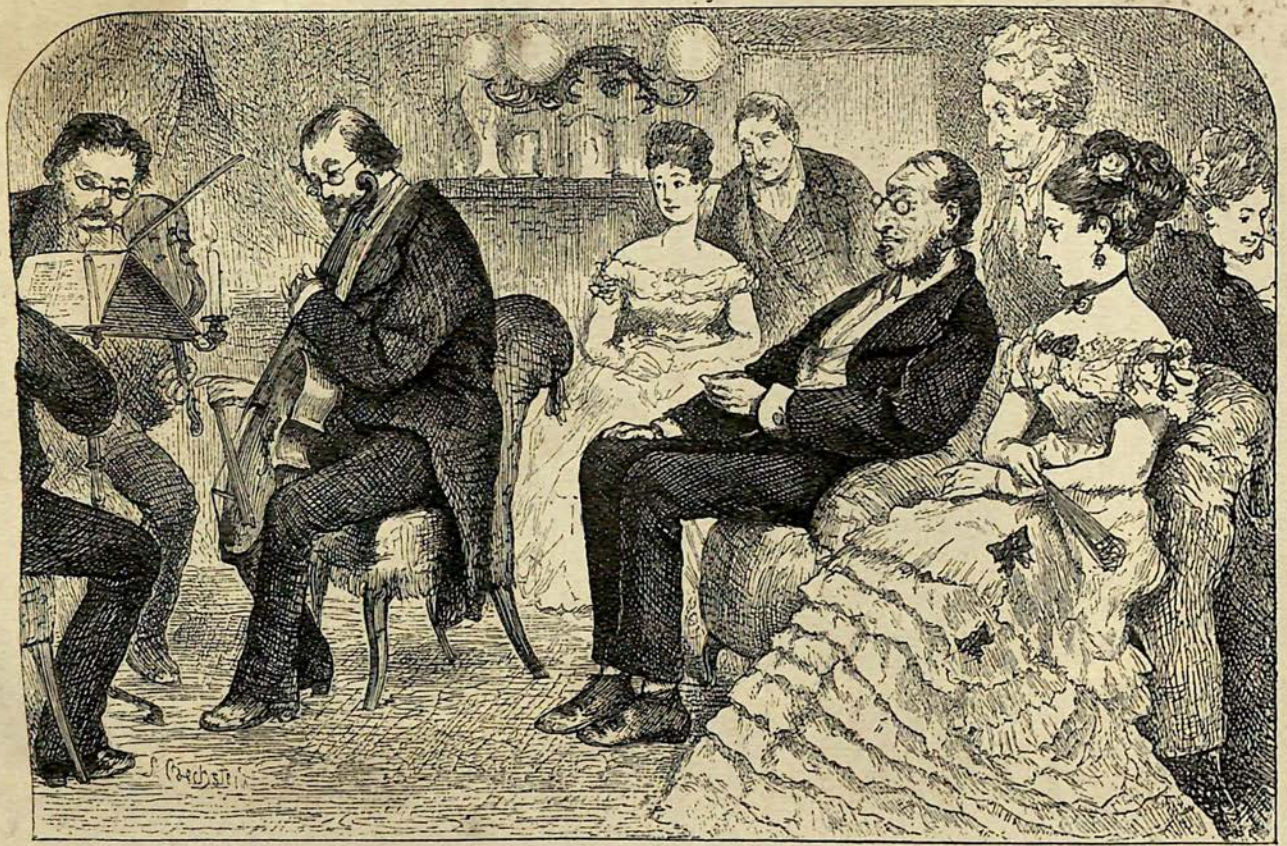
good enough master to his private pupils, though afflicted with such a singular tendency to sleep when in the Conservatorium.

"There was a most refreshing mixture of the sexes in all the classes, the number of young ladies exceeding that of young men by more than half. The consequence of this was a great deal of flirtation and a great interruption to work, together with a preponderance of dilettantism. Every other Sunday the pupils have what is called an Orchesterübung, that is to say, a pianoforte concerto or two, with some half-dozen violins to represent the orchestra; two or three songs, and a little innocent flirtation in a crowded and heated room. The half-dozen violins have to be directed and kept in control by one of the pupils, who by this means gets a lesson in conducting and managing an orchestra. Need I say that this feature of the entertainment is most amusing. The unfortunate young man is placed upon a conductor's dais, and grasps his bâton amidst the smiles of the assembled audience. He duly taps two or three times on his desk, to call his forces to attention, and then begins to beat. The orchestra shows its complete independence of the conductor by starting where it thinks fit, and taking its own time, which is not that of the gentleman in question. Occasionally one of the professors takes the bâton out of his hand, and shows him how to beat, or gives his shoulder a shake to make his arm move a little more freely. This produces intense amusement amongst the audience, so that between them and his refractory orchestra the conductor has certainly not the pleasantest time of it. It is the height of infatuation to imagine that conducting can be learnt in the conservatoriums, though they all profess to teach it, and to send out their pupils at the end of three years finished players, fair composers, and accomplished conductors. The real results of conservatorium teaching are not by any means so satisfactory, though the newly-established Hochschule bids fair to correct some of the existing abuses, both by precept and example."

The more intelligent Berlinese, whilst claiming that their native city possesses the most celebrated teachers of music in Germany and the best orchestra in Europe, are fain to admit that it has not hitherto attained a renown comparable to that which attaches to Leipzig, Munich, Milan, &c., as a place of musical education. They ascribe this to the want of anything like an organisation of its professional talent into one central conservatorium. The teachers of music, they say, have been obliged to strike out into paths of their own, and the consequence has been the formation of a number of small conservatoriums, instead of a grand musical school under government patronage, as is the case at Leipzig, Dresden, &c. It was to meet this complaint that the Prussian Government founded the Hochschule. Its foundation, however, excited great jealousy amongst the professional circles of Berlin, firstly, because Joachim, a Bohemian, was made director in place of a native Berliner; secondly, because he gathered round him strangers instead of natives as professors; and thirdly, and perhaps principally, because he is a leading member of the school of Brahms, whilst the majority of the Berlin musicians are Wagnerians. Professor Brahms is the most skilful and scientific tone architect of his day, his materials are irreproachable and his method of utilising them equally so; his orchestration is admitted by the first critics of Germany to be superior to Wagner's,

and he is not lacking in originality of treatment, however much he may be in originality of ideas. But, as we have already observed, Brahms and Wagner represent opposite poles of musical thought, and the two camps are waging internecine war. The followers of Brahms, however, are taking the most sensible course, for whilst the Wagnerians are wasting breath and ink over invectives and pamphlets, their opponents are working hard for their institution and bringing it vigorously into prominence.

Music at home is almost universal at Berlin, where there is no family in which some instrument, if it be only the concertina, is not played. Chateaubriand, writing from here in 1816, noted the universal practice of chorus-singing, and the existence of a spirit of harmony lacking in the French; but the coarse manners of the Berlinese of to-day would certainly seem to contradict his dictum that, "Partout ou il y a un piano, il n'y a plus de grossièreté." Pianos abound, and, moreover, form a very important item in the manufactures of the Prussian capital, but their constant strumming is by no means incompatible with an utter want of refinement. The example of private musical soirées set some years back by the painter Hensel, brother-in-law of Felix Mendelssohn, and the court printer Decker, husband of the once famous singer, Pauline von Schätzel, and the Thursday concerts of the Empress Augusta, have found numerous imitators. It sounds very pretty to read how in Germany "people who love music come together; play their trios or quartets; sing their duos and solos, madrigals, and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention, try it one way and another, and having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing." And certainly a feeling of envy may be roused on learning that "of the absurdity of gathering a crowd of unmusical people together, calling it a 'musical party,' and paying a professional person to bore the



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assembly, the sincere German mind is happily incapable." But listen, on the other hand to the wail of a born Berliner, who complains that "the mania for giving musical parties extends to all circles and has become a subject of the gravest apprehension. What," asks he, "are we not threatened with from the families of small officials in whose houses the daughters are proclaimed phenomena to all their relations, and who have to display their talents from time to time in a soirée, praise Kücken and Gumbert, and alas, murder Meyerbeer and Spohr. At these intellectual entertainments one is regaled with weak tea and uninviting bread and butter. A member of the chorus of the Opera House is generally the family idol, through whom they occasionally get tickets, when she has a small part in some obscure opera. One of the daughters of course attends the Sing Akademie, whilst the other traverses the streets at least twice a week with a portfolio full of new music under her arm." Finally it has been roundly asserted that the system of singing out of time which distinguishes the Berlin Opera House has its ramifications throughout the capital, that the object of the modern school with regard to the voice appears to be the development of power at the expense of quality, and that despite the numerous amateur Liedertafeln or musical unions, a Berlin young lady who sings perfectly in tune is a rarity.

XV.

CAFÉS-CHANTANTS AND TANLEZ.

BERLIN, which apes Paris in countless ways and especially in matters relating to public amusements—too often outstripping its model in the more objectionable direction — has imported the Parisian café-chantant, which appears to flourish there, however, on no very grand scale. The finer musichalls at Berlin are exclusively devoted to instrumental performances, and it is necessary to resort to certain of the cheap theatres or the café concerts if one wishes to listen to popular songs and the numerous songs current at Berlin, dealing with the topics of the day. Although there are notable exceptions, the Berlin cafés-chantants are commonly small apartments with low ceilings and the closest of atmospheres ; the admission, moreover, is only a few groschen—9*d.* sufficing to secure the highest reserved seats at the best of them. The audience generally consists of *habitués* living in the neighbourhood, with merely a moderate sprinkling of strangers, which accounts for the free-and-easy style that

predominates, and the boisterous and often uncalled-for applause —varied with conversations between the audience and the performers on the stage shouted from opposite ends of the apartment—which ensues upon the conclusion of each song. During the interludes, too, the female singers always make a point of mingling with the occupants of the reserved seats, and sharing freely in their refreshments.

One idle evening we were attracted by the illuminated sign of the so-called Salon-Variété in the Landsberger-strasse, which announced a combination of "ballet, komik, chansons und gesang." Strange to say no Parisian or even French pretended celebrity was advertised, but *en revanche* the names of two Englishwomen figured prominently on the large bills at the entrance to the establishment. Spite of their professed animosity against everything French, the Berlinese, like the rest of the world, are unable to resist the attraction of the magic word "Paris," and the manager of any place of public amusement who has been able to secure the service of a third-rate French provincial actress or some shameless Parisian nudity, is sure to advertise the fact of his new acquisition coming "*vom Paris*," in the very largest type.

The twin "stars" from over the sea, on whom the proprietor of the Salon-Variété was relying for attraction, were the "Berühmte Miss Emmy Grood und Miss Minnie Davis vom Grosser Pavillon-Theater zu London," which the poor deluded Berlinese of the Salon-Variété doubtless believed to be something between the Berlin Opern-haus and the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. On entering we found ourselves in a long room with a raised stage at one end, where some plump and pretty damsels of the type termed fine-looking were seated, attired in toilettes recalling the palmy days of the second empire—*robes à queue bouffante* and *décolletées* before and behind, and with narrow shoulder-straps covered with lace in lieu of sleeves. Several pieces in the programme were gone through before Miss Minnie Davis made her appearance in Highlander's costume, comprising the shortest of kilts and the pinkest of fleshings, the sight of either of which would have sadly scandalised our own Lord Chamberlain. She effectually "cracked the voice of melody," when singing "Champagne Charlie," which she supplemented by a Highland sword dance, frantically applauded and encored again and again by the audience. After this performance a few minutes interlude ensued, during which the High Dutch beauties descended from the stage and mixed with their male admirers in the reserved seats, fondly tapping them on the cheek, or stroking their blonde moustaches with their fans, blowing whiffs from their cigars, sipping their sherry cobblers, and even condescending to dip their own pretty beaks into the glass beer mugs of their especial favourites.

Many of these cafés-chantants go under the name of Tingel-Tangel, but the only way in which the latter differ from the ordinary entertainment is in the degree of familiarity between the audience and the performers prevailing at them. Originally they used to be given merely in the cellar bier-lokale, and were even more boisterous affairs than at present. Of late however they have risen above-ground, and have become rather numerous in the more populous quarters of the city. When the term Tingel-Tangel was a novelty and few understood its meaning, a Berlin writer volunteered the following explanation of it :—

"Tingel-Tangel," remarked he, "is a pleasure as alluring and captivating as its name. As the word Tingel-Tangel sounds sweetly and harmoniously to the ear, just so charming and insinuating is the idea which that word conveys to the mind.

"Tingel-Tangel is a concert, but not such a one as is conducted by Bilse or Stern, where you are compelled to listen to dull symphonies and overtures for your heavy entrance fee ; neither is it a concert in the style of the family Pfister from the Puster Valley. If you would realise what it is like, imagine yourself in a rather large room with the tables and chairs occupied by a tolerably respectable audience. In the background is a small stage with an entrance to it on one side. For decoration this has, say, seven ladies, young, younger, and very young. Their *toilettes* are rich, pinked tastefully, and scarcely concealing what is not usually permitted to the profane eye to see. In front of the stage is the orchestra, consisting of a pianoforte-player and a performer upon the violin. The first is still young and consequently full of illusions, has an ideal at heart, and takes intense delight in playing music. The latter is an amiable but neglected genius, who, when he is willing, fiddles like a Paganini, but sometimes he is not willing, and then he fiddles in a very different style.

"The orchestra plays the 'Piccicato' polka of Strauss, and, this concluded, an intriguing waiting-maid trips on the stage. Her name is Mary, and she is dressed in the costume of a country girl, and sings a ditty translated from the French, the Mirliton song.

"Mary,"—the writer is here apostrophizing the singer—"that is not a proper song for thee to sing. Thy hair is golden, thy eye too German, thy

breath too chaste for such things. I believe thou dost not understand the song at all, and, even if thou didst, thou wouldst not show it.

"Josephine of the fine figure and the thoughtful eye next makes her appearance, and sings with expression, 'I love thee heartily,' looking continually at me all the while. Last evening I heard the same song at another Tingel-Tangel, and there the singer also fixed her eyes upon me; but as one does not walk with impunity under palm-trees, I had to pay for a blade-bone with pickled cabbage for her, as well as for three pints of beer.

"Cilly now comes upon the stage, dark as the Kohinoor, with her large eye glowing, and fire in every action! She sings 'The Wanderer' of Schubert, in a voice that sounds like a bell, and swells and rises like a hurricane.

"During the interlude that now ensues, the ladies descend from the stage. I look longingly upon them, and they feel themselves incited to take a seat at my table. I offer them refreshment; they ask merely for a glass of red wine—one glass for all three! The singers of last evening generally drank grog, and every one of them had her glass to herself. To my regret the ladies soon had to resort again to the stage. After every second piece a collection was made, and I gave unremittingly as often as the plate came round. If I had gone to the Opern-haus, even to the proscenium-box, I should have come off decidedly cheaper, but I should certainly not have derived so much pleasure."

The entrance to the Schützen-strasse Tingel-Tangel is under a large gateway, a door on the right leading into a small room closely packed with chairs and tables for the accommodation of continually arriving guests. At one end stands the customary counter crowded with glass beer mugs foaming over with froth, while behind runs a long row of barrels. A couple of girls—*assez robustes*, as a Frenchman would say,—who with difficulty squeeze their way through the over-crowded room, keep carrying away these mugs of beer, seven or eight in each hand, and distributing them right and left. On one side of the apartment a portion of the wall has been knocked away to open a communication with a second room looking on to the street, and here the crowd is even more dense. Finding a vacant chair in a distant corner, we seat ourselves and glance around. Facing us at the further end of the room is a small platform overhung with a green baize canopy. This stage, which is reached by a few steps, is so diminutive that it seems intended rather for the performance of marionettes than of human beings. On the right hand side is a piano, upon which a young man with long yellow hair and spectacles accompanies the singers, and from time to time edifies the audience with a solo. Ranged across the room are long narrow tables, at which rows of men are seated drinking, smoking, and chiming in with the singers whenever they feel disposed.

When we entered, a florid-looking elderly man, with a beaming countenance, an ex-member of some good orchestra apparently, who had known better days, was performing upon a violin which he handled admirably. But it was not good music or careful execution that the audience desired, what they wanted was a pretext for laughing and making a riot, and the stout, flabby

comic singer, who followed the elderly violinist, suited them admirably. Rising from the table, at which he had been seated, and laying down his long clay pipe, he ascended the stage, hitched up his nether garments, and pulled down his waistcoat so as to make the two meet across his capacious paunch, and commenced his song while indulging in the most horrible grimaces, which called forth exclamations of delight and salvoes of applause from every part of the room. The singer was of the "Jolly Nash" school, and his song comprised a series of *doubles ententes*, which his hearers duly appreciated, as they were continually shouting out words of encouragement during the pauses in their fits of laughter. An interlude on the piano by the young man with the long light hair followed, and then Fräulein Alma, who was neither particularly handsome nor particularly ugly, took possession of the *estrade*. She affected the *étudiante* style, wore her hair *en negligé*, and apparently disdained the use of all cosmetics. A somewhat early *penchant* for beer, cigarettes, and late hours, caused her face to look a little old and fatigued, and this was not the only thing that had suffered, for her voice, which, when she came out a few years ago, was doubtless fresh and powerful, was now husky and weak. Her reception showed that she was a great favourite; still, on the principle that they who pay the piper should be privileged to call the tune, she was not permitted to sing the songs she wished, but only those called for by the company, and three or four popular airs were demanded with equal energy from as many different quarters of the room. At length, after much rioting, the audience consented to listen to the *aventures galantes* of a washerwoman, which the young lady sang with considerable gusto, the conclusion of each verse being marked by her raising her foot to the level of her chin, which as a matter of course secured her quite an ovation. Shouts of "Alma! Alma! wollen Sie mit mir trinken?" arose from the young lady's admirers, and a score of outstretched arms tendered her as many glass beer mugs.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, and Fräulein Alma was moving through the crowd, dispensing her smiles and collecting silbergroschen, the elderly man with the fiddle again made his appearance (for the *troupe* consisted of only three performers), and proceeded to sing a song of about thirty verses, the chorus to which consisted in imitating the cry of some animal, combined with suitable accompaniments upon the fiddle. The mirth and fun now grew fast and furious. First there was convulsive laughing, shouting, and snapping of fingers, then bumping of glass mugs on the tables, or rattling against them with knives and keys, beating time on the floor with the feet, and whistling. With all this there mingled in turn imitations of the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the bleating of sheep, the lowing

of cows, the roaring of lions, the mewing of cats, the barking of dogs, the hissing of serpents, the squeaking of guinea pigs, the gobbling of turkeys, the neighing of horses, the bellowing of bulls, the braying of donkeys, the quacking of ducks, the twittering of birds, the grunting of hogs, the cawing of crows, the cooing of pigeons, &c., until one was well able to imagine the kind of existence which Noah and his family must have passed while shut up in the ark. Opposite to us was a hunchback, who was quite an adept at imitating all these various cries, evidently from being an *habitué* of the place. With his very tall hat, and his head only just reaching above the edge of the table, he presented a most comical appearance: still he did not appear to give this a thought, but made himself the most conspicuous person in the room by his successful efforts to increase the riot.

Songs on passing events form an attractive feature at many of these so-called Tingel-Tangel, although the wit of them is very slight indeed. Slang words are liberally introduced, and whenever the subject admits of it, any deficiency of humour is made up for by gross indelicacy. The topics most frequently referred to in the popular songs current during my first visit to Berlin, were the meeting of the Emperors, hatred of the Jesuits and the priesthood generally, the dearth of houses and the arbitrary regulations of Berlin landlords, the French milliards, the wretched droschke horses, life by night at the Orpheum, the cancan, and the skirts of the Berlin ballet girls, the deceptions and tricks practised on country greenhorns, &c. The refrain of "Zum Tinglingling, Zum Tinglingling," was common to them all. A couple of verses which render the meaning, without any attempt to reproduce the jingling rhymes, will give the reader some idea of their quality:—

"Capital! yes, capital!
Bismarck indeed is great,
For what he now has done
Will bring him naught but honour.
Tinglingling, to the priests
He has given a stiff bolus,
Tinglingling,
Tinglingling,
Which they don't care to swallow.

"Yes, time indeed, high time it was,
Things having gone so far,
The knavish Jesuit choir
Were ever gaining ground.
Tinglingling, they sneaked about,
Wolves in sheep's clothing,
Tinglingling,
Tinglingling,
And prowled throughout the land."

One of the best of the songs satirized the new form of contract that had recently come into vogue between landlord and tenant, observing that apartments were no longer let for six months, but that one month was now the fashion, and representing the landlord as forbidding tenants cooking at home, and prohibiting the keeping of dogs, cats, and birds. The tenant, too, is obliged to take off his boots before entering the house, and to leave his umbrella below, while his wife is required to carry her train over her arm as she walks up stairs. The advent of a child is to render the agreement null and void; and coughing, sneezing,

singing, whistling, and kissing are equally forbidden. Every lodger has to be in by ten, or if not, will be locked out. Brushing any dust, or shaking any garment out of window renders the tenant liable to ejectment, and he is even required to knock out the ashes from his pipe off the premises.

Another song deals with the position of the fair sex at Berlin; laughs at the recent progress made by women in smoking and riding, ridicules their employment as post-office and telegraph clerks, and prophecies their speedy appearance in uniform and their serving in the army. "The Klapperjahn's song" advises people always to make their wills before travelling by rail; remarks that strikes used to happen when work was plentiful and wages low, but that now they take place when work is scarce and wages high; observes that German manners and German thought are said to run through every vein, but Bebel and Liebknecht do not believe it, and are threshing straw. According to it goods sent to Leipzig and elsewhere by the Berlin-Anhalt railway, arrive in the course of a year. It cautions people that if they hire a Berlin droschke, they must expect to help the horse drag the vehicle along, and winds up with references to the evil atmosphere of the pavilions behind Kroll's establishment in the Thiergarten and to the girls who are always knitting useless articles and never darning stockings. The song on "the Nassauer in Berlin," describes the pleasures of the city to a stranger as consisting in reading the advertisements on the Littfass-säulen, spending a sechser and chatting with the girls who sell soda-water, listening to a military band and flirting with nursemaids the while, chaffering for a pike in the fishmarket, dining for a groschen in the Volksküche, sleeping in the Refuge and enjoying the society of the sirens to be met with by night near the Gold Fish Lake and in the Friedrichshain, the whole entertainment, board and lodging included, to be had for the moderate sum of four groschen.

Dancing, like music, is a positive passion with a considerable section of the Berlinese, and public ball-rooms abound in various quarters of the city. Some few are well-conducted and harmless places enough, although the majority are but indifferent schools of morality for the youth of both sexes frequenting them. At the quieter suburban dancing-saloons attended by tradesmen of the neighbourhood and their families, breaches of decorum are the exception, possibly because the price of admission is as little as two-and-a-half groschen (3*d.*). The popular Königs-bank, situated in the eastern suburbs of Berlin, is an establishment of this description. We found the front of the building brilliantly illuminated with gas, the ball-room spacious, well-lighted, and handsomely decorated in the Pompeian style, with life-size figures of nymphs, in many-coloured, though scanty attire, disporting upon the walls. At the entrance was the usual refreshment

counter with those particular delicacies for which the German pork-butcher is distinguished portioned out upon numerous clean white plates, and a staff of men and women busy drawing beer into heavy glass mugs, for which a regiment of waiters in greasy dress-coats were waiting.

Above the buffet was a gallery devoted to the orchestra, the members of which, with a single exception, were in civilians' dress. The one in military uniform was very likely a fair enough performer on his own particular instrument, still he managed to produce only jarring, grumbling sounds, like those made by a heavy waggon in frosty weather, with his vigorous scrapes on the bass viol to which he was evidently not accustomed. At the opposite end of the room was a large stage where theatrical performances occasionally take place, but which was now occupied with chairs and tables at which exhausted dancers were regaling themselves. Extending along both sides of the ball-room were large alcoves crowded with more chairs and tables, and dangling against the walls were numerous cardboard notices, cautioning people not to leave articles of apparel lying about. At the lower end of the apartment was the door of the "Damentoilette," with a looking-glass in the upper part at which the fair portion of the company kept constantly arranging their hair with small pocket-combs, or occupied themselves in fixing some artificial flower or bow in its proper place, or reducing a rebellious curl to submission.

The dancers were numerous, and consisted for the most part of respectable young mechanics and small tradesmen of the neighbourhood with their wives and daughters, and a considerable sprinkling of shop and factory girls all evidently decked out in Sunday attire. With the young men, light grey coats with velvet collars and heavy watch chains were the rule, while the women on their part made no attempt at finery, a simple bow of some bright colour ribbon, with perhaps a cheap brooch or locket, being their sole adornment. The *beau sexe*, as is usually the case in balls of almost every class, and in almost every country in the world, were in a majority, still there was no lack of cavaliers, for the young Berliner commonly gives all the time which the Parisian devotes to billiards, to dancing. Occasionally some enthusiastic male dancer would complacently stand partner to more than one lady during a quadrille, consequently when a couple of ladies were seen waltzing together the natural inference was that this arose more from preference than from the want of a masculine arm to guide and sustain them.

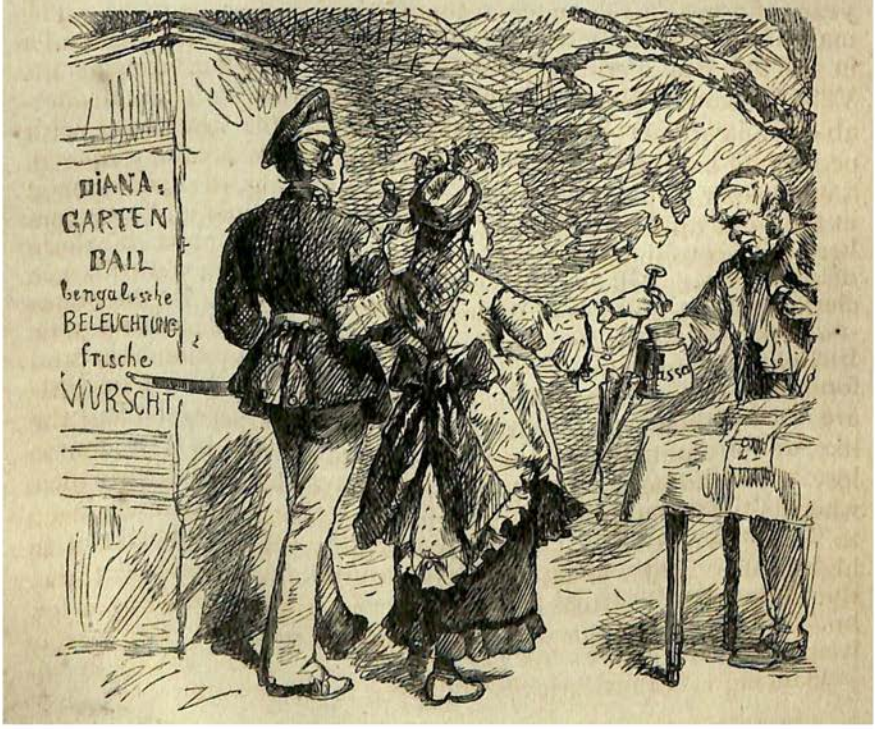
In the centre of the ball-room stood the youthful master of the ceremonies, irreproachably attired in evening dress, watching the couples as they whirled around him—

> "Round and round like mad they spin
> To the fiddle's lively din . . . .
> All into the set advance,
> Right they dance, and left they dance,—

Gowns and ribbons how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grow red, and faint, and warm,
And sink resting arm in arm.
Slow, slow, heigh-ho!
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!"

The same custom obtained here as used to be in vogue at the old *barrière* balls in Paris, the gentlemen having to pay a groschen for each dance in which they took part, or a lump sum of five groschen for the entire evening. There was no lack of fun and amusement, still everything was conducted in an exceedingly orderly manner, every one seeming to have come solely for the pleasure of dancing, and in this they indulged to their hearts' content. Husband and wife were often to be seen pirouetting together, almost as affectionate as doves, although their moon of honey had long since melted away. A son and mother, too, would occasionally do a quiet polka by themselves, and there were any number of lovers turning round and round in a waltz *à trois temps* apparently so intoxicated with happiness that they were constantly getting out of step and taking no note whatever of it.

Many of these suburban dancing-places have shady beer-gardens surrounding them, which makes them favourite places of resort during the fine summer weather. At those in the neighbourhood of the larger barracks the dark blue uniform of the



guard commonly preponderates over the ordinary habit of the civilian, these gallant sons of Mars being partial to escorting thither admiring Gretchens of their choice, out for their monthly holiday, and who, of course, are required to stand treat throughout the evening.

The Villa Colonna—thus named from the adjacent colonnade, by the Königs-brücke, and consequently in one of the most populous quarters of Berlin—is a dancing saloon of a very different description to the Königs-bank. The entrance to it is low and narrow, and few would imagine this leading to the handsome and spacious hall—enriched with mouldings and gilding, hung with crimson draperies and brilliantly lighted up with gilt bronze lustres —where the dissipated of both sexes of the Königs-stadt nightly love to congregate. The admission is ten groschen, and the doors open at 9 o'clock, but it is not until 11 that the saloon is at all filled. This is reached at the end of a long narrow passage and thence down a broad flight of stairs flanked by colossal statues. Arcades, with innumerable supper-tables spread beneath, bound the hall on both its sides, having above them a tier of boxes. The entire further end of the apartment is occupied by the orchestra, in front of which, the master of the ceremonies, in full evening dress and with an opera hat tucked under his arm, directs the dances, shouting out the different figures in French. The girls who thronge the place are nearly all young, sixteen to twenty years of age as a rule, none of them being over twenty-four. The majority are stylishly dressed, some few in ball, and the remainder in silk toilettes, merinoes and alpacas not being *en règle* at the Villa Colonna. Nearly the whole of them, too, make a considerable display of jewellery. Their partners, on the other hand, with occasional exceptions, are somewhat shabbily or coarsely attired, a new paper collar, or at most a shirt front, being all that is special in their get up for the evening. Still the male and female dancers here belong to much the same class of society. Most of these dissolute young fellows are mechanics or operatives ; some few are clerks and shopmen, and the remainder—the better dressed ones —*Louis* and *Bauernfänger*, in other words bullies and sharpers. Included among them will be a sprinkling of provincials and foreigners doing life by night in the Prussian capital. The girls are dressmakers, work-girls, factory operatives, servants, and the like, and are united by the common tie of having no character to lose. The homely clothes of the male dancers are their own, whereas the finery in which the girls are decked out, down even to their gloves, embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs and coquettish high-heeled boots, is hired for the night. At noon next day the Lehnfrau will fetch it all away, to return it, perhaps, a few hours afterwards, if the wearer should be able to pay the hire of it again in advance.

Dancing is enthusiastically indulged in by the more vivacious

frequenters of the Villa Colonna, where all the usual licence of the *demi-mondaine* ball-room prevails, the girls striving to outdo each other in wild and passionate movement. As the evening wears on loud laughter and shouting from carousing groups beneath the arcades mingle with the lively music, while clouds of dust and tobacco-smoke float above the heads of the flushed and frenzied dancers who surrender themselves to new extravagances as the finale approaches.

No European city, large or small, has so many dissolute dancing-places on a grand scale, "where the half drunk lean over the half dressed," as Berlin. It numbers fully half a score, all more or less magnificent in their appointments and seeking to outvie each other in the baits put forward to attract the vicious and the unwary. Every day the Berlin newspapers would advertise the Grosses Ballet and Cancan, and the Grosser Velocipeden Triumph-Zug of the Orpheum, the Grosse Tanz-Potpourri of the Odeon, the Bals des Débardeurs and Diables-rouges of the Ball-haus, the Kavalier Ball of the Villa Colonna, the Grand Bal paré of Streitz' Ball-salons and the Grosser Balls of Vauxhall—styling itself the rendezvous of the fashionable world—Villa Nova, Anton's Saal, the Flora-Saal and the Colosseum. At the head of all these establishments undoubtedly ranks the Orpheum, in Alte Jakobs-

strasse. "I don't know any European city which can boast of a dancing-place similar to the Orpheum; its ball-rooms would be an ornament to the most beautiful palace," naively remarks a Berlin writer, apparently oblivious to the fact that the institution is one to be ashamed rather than proud of.

The Berlin Orpheum corresponds in a measure to the Parisian Mabille, but far excels its foreign prototype, whether as regards its fairy-like illuminated winter and summer gardens, its grand dancing saloons—one of them furnished with a stage for opera and ballet—with their fountains, floral parterres and beds of tropical plants, their warmly-toned meretricious frescoes and cool decorous statuary, their luxuriously-furnished, dimly-lighted boxes and carefully-shrouded alcoves, their walls and ceilings resplendent with lamps and lustres, with gilding and with mirrors reflecting the garish scene beneath. The feminine frequenters of the Orpheum are by no means so charming by nature as the Orpheum itself has been rendered attractive in a certain fashion by art. If these Circes were only as beautiful and seductive as vice is commonly reputed to be, Berlin youth would run far greater risks of being led astray here. They are certainly gorgeously dressed—mostly in evening toilettes—and are very powerfully scented, and when engaged in pirouetting they take especial pride in parodying the nauseating Parisian hysteria, raising their eyes and legs simultaneously towards the mirrors of the ceiling, and assuming other immodest attitudes under the flood of light streaming down on their painted cheeks and powdered necks and shoulders. It is not pleasure that is waltzing but depravity which is flinging itself about, and strange to say grave, simple-looking people will sit down at the surrounding tables, and while sipping their wine calmly give themselves up to minutely watching vice performing its libidinous contortions.

With some of the exhibitors it is neither the inebriated

exuberance of the Bacchanal nor the recklessness of despair that impels them to dance thus wildly. This convulsive sprightliness of theirs results rather from the obligation they feel under of appearing merry, for they know well enough that rouge does not altogether hide the cheerless expression of their worn faces. Among these forsakers of "the lilies and languors of virtue," for "the roses and raptures of crime," are some few who once knew golden days, having slid down to their present state on soft silken cushions while being fondly petted by aristocratic friends in the constancy of whose love, and the inexhaustibility of whose purses they, as thousands had done before them, foolishly put their trust.

These nymphs showed themselves to be under no kind of restraint. They would dip their noses into anybody's wine-glass and their fingers into any one's plate, and their pockets too, if they

were not checked. It was quite a relief when the orchestra struck up a waltz or a quadrille, and the bevy of High-Dutch beauties in silk robes of every imaginable *nuance* quitted you for a few minutes. The respite, however, rarely lasted long, and they commonly returned with their number recruited. One would then, perhaps, ask you to pay for a supper for her; another would be satisfied with

a bottle of champagne, and if you declined both these invitations they would suggest your giving them a thaler a piece for a pair of gloves. If you continued inexorable, their demand would fall down to ten and even six groschen for a droschke home, and you might eventually get rid of them with two-and-a-half groschen to pay for their bonnets and mantles at the *garderobe.*

The male visitors to the Orpheum are a motley set, comprising lieutenants in the guards, in civilian attire; *jeunesse dorée,* in the form of middle-aged Hebrew speculators on the Börse; provincials of various degrees, including the typical Pomeranian squire, who has come to Berlin to visit his son studying at the University, and, after bestowing on the youth his paternal blessing and the best of advice prior to departing by the night train, is flabbergasted at meeting his offspring here; *Louis* and *Bauernfänger,* together with shopmen and clerks, who are going a similar road; foreigners of an inquiring turn of mind; husbands who have quarrelled with their wives; and lovers who perhaps as recently as yesterday went into raptures on receiving the wished-for "yes" from the lips of their betrothed. All these are here, and with them more than one gray-headed idiot fuddled with wine and lost to all sense of shame.

At the epoch of our visit to the Orpheum, amongst its attractions were the ballets of a certain Miss Austin, whose name was advertised in all the Berlin papers, and who was represented at the head of the official programme enthroned in a kind of velocipede car, with pages behind her and a bevy of young ladies in tights and doublets on velocipedes in front. This the enterprising manager had skilfully christened "Miss Austin's Grosser Velocipeden-Triumph-Zug." The title was a success, and the Berlin *jeunesse dorée* flew to see the "Fräulein aus England," a tall well-made girl principally remarkable for her well-shapen legs, and a profusion of red hair. On the night of our visit the Lorne ballet was performed, and we arrived in the middle of it, and found the dance altogether so *décolletée* that we could not help remarking in English to a friend that a sight of it would certainly frenzy Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain. At this an individual beside us remarked that the ballet had been already performed at the London Alhambra, when, however, it was according to his admission "not quite so bad" as at present. "But what can you do?" apologetically pleaded the individual in question, who was evidently responsible for the entertainment. "Do what you will, you can never go far enough for these Germans. No matter how low we cut the bodices of our ballet-girls, or how high we cut their skirts, they are always expecting something more."

A feature of the Orpheum is its erotic frescoes, worthy of the pencil of Giulio Romano, depicting nudities in postures difficult to be described, but on which Germans gaze through their spectacles without the slightest appearance of being shocked.

Strange to say, families visit the Orpheum by a separate entrance, especially provided for them, and, concealed behind the curtains of the more retired boxes, study the morals and manners of the Berlin *demi-monde.* Stranger still, charity concerts even are given at the place, on which occasions the boxes are occupied with the most respectable families, when young girls, while listening to the divine compositions of Gluck or Mozart, can gaze at their ease upon these bizarre decorations, which few Englishmen of middle age would look at in public without a certain sentiment of shame.

After the Berlin Orpheum comes the Ball-haus—a plain-looking edifice in a quiet street, with merely the name in large gold letters over an illuminated doorway to distinguish it from an ordinary private house. A servant in sumptuous livery having opened the door of our vehicle, we passed through a gilded vestibule with rich velvet hangings into the *salle de danse,* which had the usual broad raised platforms at either side occupied with supper tables, and a gilded balustrade at the top of the steps leading to the richly carpeted flooring of the *salle.*

There was a redundancy of ornament about the place, the walls being completely plastered with gold, picked out with vermilion, and decorated with panels containing studies of nude nymphs in the most capricious attitudes, capering like mad Bacchanals, soaring wildly through space, turning summersaults, diving into translucent pools, and attitudinizing in the centres of gigantic gilded shells. Beyond the ball-room was a small moorish *patio,* paved with encaustic tiles, and inclosed with a glass roof supported upon twisted columns. In the centre a fountain played upon the water lilies and other aquatic plants in the white marble basin, through which a tribe of gold and silver fish swiftly darted. Around were numerous alcoves luxuriously furnished and provided with heavy tapestry curtains, which the occupants could let down, and thus escape observation if so inclined. Although there was no lack of visitors, the dancers were singularly few. Occasionally one or two couples would descend into the carpeted *salle,* and indulge in a mazurka or *valse à deux temps,* but set dances appeared to form no part of the evening's programme. Immodest attitudes and gestures were none the less in the ascendent. And yet at every one of these dancing saloons there is a private box with a special staircase for the use of the police authorities that when so minded they may watch, unobserved, all that is going on, and pounce down unexpectedly upon offenders who are ensured a fortnight's sojourn in the Barming-strasse prison.

XVI.

RESTAURATIONS.

THE Berlinese are scarcely of a hospitable turn, and most certainly are not a dinner-giving people They prefer, we suppose, the feast of reason and the flow of—coffee, or rather, perhaps, of beer, to more materialistic entertainments, regretting the old simple sociability of bygone times, at which intellectual intercourse was the main feature, although æsthetic teas and wafer bread and butter played their part. Prior to the "crash" the Berlin *haute finance* distinguished itself by giving luxurious banquets; but since that epoch the financial horizon has continued more or less clouded, and these grand dinners and suppers have not been revived. Even the well-introduced stranger on arriving at Berlin will have to depend for his experience of the native cuisine, on the *Restaurations*, or restaurants, and hotel *tables d'hôte* at which he will not unfrequently dine in company with men of superior position, who in this country of dining out would go to their clubs. On entering a better class Berlin restaurant about two o'clock the chances are one finds oneself in presence of well-dressed ladies, superior officers, and even privy councillors at times, with a few young lieutenants who will show their good breeding by sticking themselves in front of the looking-glasses and combing their hair before taking their seats at table. This offensive habit of the Prussian subaltern has naturally enough been eagerly seized on by French caricaturists, one of whom thus satirizes it—

"IT IS SCARCELY ASTONISHING THEY SHOULD FIND HAIRS IN THEIR SOUP."

The *table d'hôte*, served at three o'clock, at Meinhardt's, long justly celebrated for excellent cookery, and the completeness of its table appointments, also those of the Hotels de St. Petersburg, du Nord, de Rome, and d'Angleterre, all supply a very good dinner at the modest price of half-a-crown. Amongst the higher class restaurants are Lutze's, Ludwig Urban's, Habel's, the Restaurant de l'Europe and the Restaurant Imperial, at the corn of the Kaiser Gallerie, all Unter den Linden, with the Kaiserhof Restaurant on the Wilhelmsplatz, the Theater Restaurant in the Charlotten-strasse, the Restaurant du Parc, at the corner of the Bellevue-strasse, and Dressels, the Brebant of Berlin, and one of the best places for becoming acquainted with the current of public opinion. At these a dinner—without wine of course—can be had for as little as two or three shillings upwards, although a Berlin writer speaks of them as restaurants "which none dare cross the thresholds of without having five whole thaler in their pockets."

There are many hundreds of less expensive dining places, and a Scotch friend of ours, whose stomach has become habituated by long endurance to the objectionable compounds which distinguish the genuine Berlinese *cuisine*, maintains that the dinners are generally good throughout the city, and that an excellent one can be obtained at most restaurants for a mark (1*s.*) or a mark-and-a-quarter, and a tolerable one at many for as little as seven-and-a-

half groschen (9*d.*), but we confess we never had the courage to make the experiment for ourselves. Even at these latter establishments table napkins are regularly supplied, but generally of tissue paper with a coloured ornamental border, not solely because paper is cheaper than diaper but as a protection against the pilfering of the latter which is extensively carried on at the large cheap restaurants. So common are paper table-napkins at Berlin that the manufacturers advertise them regularly in the daily papers at the rate of three thaler or nine shillings the thousand, being about nine or ten for a penny. The seven-and-a-half groschen dining places are distinguished naturally enough for the minuteness of the portions which they serve to their customers, and which of late years have become smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until the voracious Teutonic appetite, losing all patience, has found itself called upon formally and sturdily to protest against any further diminution.

The handsomest of the Berlin restaurants is the Imperial, in the Kaiser Gallerie, around the first and a portion of the second storeys of which the rooms extend. Each nationality, we are gravely informed, can dine here according to its particular taste, cooks of the principal European countries being engaged on the staff. Altogether there is accommodation for dining as many as 3,000 people, and yet whenever we visited the establishment, although all its appointments were excellent, we invariably found almost deserted. Its tariff was evidently too high for the Berlinese, after the Börse-crash had enforced a return to the old economical system of dining for half a thaler.

In the windows of some few of the better class restaurants displays are made of native and foreign delicacies, such as Russian ptarmigan, North German capercailzies, fish from the Baltic, Holstein lobsters, Waldbach trout, Strasburg pies, (pâtés de foie gras) Perigord truffles, Malaga oranges, Fontainebleau grapes, Sicilian pistachio nuts, Algerian new potatoes, West Indian pine apples, and the like, arranged so as to form a masterpiece of still life, which, while it makes the mouths of hungry wayfarers

water, serves to attract a class of individuals prone to put their stomachs out of order during the day, and to repair the evil by blue pills at night. At the principal Berlin restaurants, besides the public rooms there are commonly a series of *cabinets particuliers*, a Parisian institution which has become thoroughly acclimatized in the Prussian capital, and could the walls of these apartments only speak many a too confiding spouse would frantically tear his hair, and many a trustful wife learn with horror why house-keeping money was doled out to her in so niggardly a fashion.

The hotel *tables d'hôte* of Berlin mainly differ from those of German watering-places, with which every one is familiar, in the company being far less cosmopolitan. At the more quiet ones considerable sociality prevails, conduced to, no doubt, by the adherence to the old habit of the landlord of the hotel taking the head of the table and dining with his guests. The Berlin restaurants, on the other hand, have certain specialties. The principal ones, of course, have their printed *Speisen-karte*, a voluminous bill of fare, usually of the dimensions of a large folio sheet, the perusal of which almost suffices to take away an over-delicate appetite. The Berlin *cuisine*, which an Englishman finds anything but agreeable, must appear positively barbarous to Parisian palates, and justifies old Michael Montaigne's observation, that all the German cares about is to swallow, not to

taste. With him *l'appétit vient en mangeant*—one piece serves to drive another down. Among the "*Suppen*" are *Suppe feiner Gries in Milch*, or milk soup with semolina; *Suppe von Rindfleisch mit gebackenem Mark*, or beefsteak with balls of marrow, eggs, and bread crumbs, and cauliflower cut up in small pieces; *Bouillon mit Ei*, that is, with egg floating on the top of it; *Fleischbrühe mit Graupe*, or meat-broth with pearl barley and *potage à l'Espagnole*. One tries the most promising on succeeding days only to find oneself more perplexed than ever in one's choice. Venture upon a *hors d'œuvre* and you discover that the *Holländer Haring garnirt* as well as the *Westphaler Schinken* are invariably served raw. I well remember the kellner's look of incredulity when a friend asked to have a raw herring which had been brought to him shown the fire for a few minutes, and his positive indignation on the request being persisted in.

Not being habituated to raw food, you look down the *Karte* and order one of the dishes under the heading "*Fische and Gemüse*," that is, fish and vegetables. You select, for example, pike and spinach, and are somewhat surprised to find a yellow powder covering the fish. You taste it and discover it to be moist-sugar, and it is the same with almost every dish from the *hors d'œuvre* to the salad, sugar figures in nearly all. Should you speculate in a *Wiener Schnitzel*, when the dish is placed before you you find that it consists of a piece of veal cooked in oil, then sprinkled with bread crumbs and surmounted by a sardine; on the right-hand side of the dish is a gherkin with moist-sugar, on the left a lettuce leaf; at one end a small piece of lemon, and at the other the claw of a crawfish, while the whole swims in a thick brown gravy, which is the only sauce the Berlinese appear to be able to make. Perhaps *Gollash mit Nockerl*, which an Englishman once translated as "Golashes with knockers," attracts you by the eccentricity of its title, in which case you will discover it to consist of some stewed meat served in the same eternal brown gravy and flanked by two little dumplings, not round as with us, but moulded into the national sausage shape. If, on the other hand, shunning such eccentricities, you think it will be at least safe to venture upon a beefsteak, on referring to the *Karte* you are struck by the *embarras de choix*, for you find the homely dish under nearly a dozen different forms, commencing with: (1) *Beefsteak von filet*, which is followed by (2) *Rohscheiben*, (3) *garnirt*, (4) *Monteglace*, (5) *mitsauce Tartare*, (6) *mit Ei oder Sardellen*, (7) *mit Hinderdissen*, (8) *deutsch* (9) *aux Truffes*, and (10) *au Madère*. When, after some difficulty, you have made your choice, the chances are the waiter will tell you that the last beefsteak has just been eaten. "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" he answers, shrugging his shoulders. I don't know whether the cattle plague was as severe in Prussia as in England, but the scarcity of beef in Berlin would seem to justify the conjecture.

There is a restaurant on the Linden which I frequented for a week at almost all hours of the day without once succeeding in getting served with a beefsteak. Every-day *von filet* appeared regularly upon the *Karte*, but on receiving the order the waiter made use of the stereotyped response, "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" Any such scarcity of beef as this in Paris would certainly have led to the substitution of horse-flesh, but at Berlin hypophagy is not in fashion.

Should your engagements by chance have occupied you until past four o'clock in the day, and compelled you to forego dining until that hour, you must make up your mind to wait until the time for supper arrives, or not to dine at all—at any rate at a restaurant, unless you are prepared to make your dinner off *Schweizer Käse mit Butter* (Swiss cheese with butter) or, perhaps, in a very first-class restaurant, off a bit of *Kalbsnieren braten mit Pflaumen* (roast veal with prunes). This will be the utmost you are likely to get, even after waiting an hour. And yet the waiter of the most insignificant establishment will present you on your arrival with a *Speisen-karte* of the customary enormous proportions, on which figure some hundred *Hors d'œuvres, Fische, Gemüse, Braten, Mehlspeisen, Salate, Compote, &c.* You feel very pleased, and hit perhaps on *Gänseleber* (goose's liver). "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" answers the waiter. "And *Junges Huhn* (chicken)? Idem, "*Ist nicht—.*" "*Hasenbraten* (roast hare)? "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" Enraged, you finally ask him what he has got. "*Schweizer Käse mit Butter*" is the invariable reply.

Some idea of the Berlin cuisine may be gained from the following dishes extracted from a suggested day's *menu* published by one of the Berlin newspapers which sets itself up for an authority on culinary matters.

Geklopftes Rindfleisch, that is, beef well beaten, cooked in a saucepan with lemon-peel, cloves, pepper, breadcrumbs, onions, sardines, and eggs. When well browned it is served with a sauce composed of bouillon and wine, nutmeg, butter, lemon-juice, cayenne pepper, sugar, and more sardines.

Schmorkohl mit gebratenem Hecht, or red cabbage with roast jack, and as

a side dish *Leber Käse*, or liver cheese. One has tasted *Schmorkohl* in the form of boiled red cabbage, soaked in vinegar, sweetened with sugar, flavoured with garlic, and served with the universal sardine. The liver cheese is composed of pigs' liver, bacon, and lard, all chopped up and mixed with cloves, lemon-peel, various herbs, eggs, and bread crumbs. This mess is placed in a tin with some veal cut up into small pieces, and several sardines and baked for an hour and a half, when it forms a kind of *pâte*. It is ordinarily eaten with an accompaniment of some kind of preserved fruit.

Gefüllte Kohlrabi, or stuffed turnip. The vegetable, after being peeled, has its top cut off so as to form a lid, and its inside scooped out. It is then cooked in boiling water for a quarter of an hour, and the cavity being filled with a stuffing composed of kidney fat and roast veal, the lid is fastened down with a string, and the whole is cooked in beef broth for half an hour and served with a sauce composed of broth and melted butter.

From the same authority one learns that turkeys and geese should be stuffed with pounded chestnuts, prunes, and apples, mixed with calf's liver, onions, eggs, and various spices. Partridges are to be cooked wrapped up in vine leaves with rashers of bacon, and poulets in jelly. It must be admitted that roast partridge with *Sauerkraut* is a thoroughly good variation of the French *perdrix aux choux*, that *Rehbraten* (roast venison) with cream sauce is not to be despised, that veal kidney is excellent served as *Nierenschnitte*, that saddle of hare larded and well baptized with sour cream is meltingly mellow, and that the merits of Pomeranian goose-breasts, Westphalian hams, Brunswick sausages, and sundry other national dishes are undoubted.

The national love of beer is shown in several departments of cookery. Beer soup is common enough, and so is beer sauce, especially with eels and carp, while beef stewed in beer and strongly flavoured is a favourite dish. Among the *Kalteschalen*, too, which frequently serve as a substitute for pastry, *Bier-Kalteschale* holds a prominent place. Every known vegetable, when cooked plain is eaten cold as a salad; besides which there is herring salad, with the fish chopped small, mixed with potatoes, onions, apples, and pepper, and moistened with oil, vinegar, and cream. The celebrated *Erbswurst*, or pea-sausage, rendered famous by the war of 1870, is made of pea-flour, beef fat, smoked pig's breast, onions, &c., chopped up, the whole being well mixed and pressed together by cylindrical moulds, and inclosed in paper. To cook it the sausage is cut into pieces, and thrown into boiling water, where it is well stirred up, and in a few minutes forms a thick soup.[1] While on a subject of such Teutonic interest as

[1] The secret of the process of preparing peas so as to keep without becoming sour was discovered at the epoch of the Franco-German war, by a Berlin cook named Grünberg and purchased from him by the Prussian Government for £5,555. The War Office created an establishment at Berlin capable of producing daily 75,000 sausages made from this preparation, and weighing 1 lb. each. These were sent away, packed in boxes, to the army, and only required to be boiled in water for a short time to be ready for use. One of these sausages formed the daily ration of each man.

sausage, one may mention that a Berlin restaurant-keeper has lately inaugurated at his establishment what he terms the "Dinner of the Golden Sausage." In every thirtieth sausage designed for his guests there is embedded a small gold coin, which becomes the property of the individual to whose lucky lot it chances to fall. It is quite a study to observe the guests seated round the numerous tables, each of which accomodates thirty persons, all moving their jaws in methodical and highly expectant fashion. Some of those whom luck favours will not be able to conceal their satisfaction, whilst others will try to convey the golden coin unperceived from their mouths to their pockets. As a matter of course, every one is under the necessity of masticating his food instead of bolting it in the usual fashion, otherwise the tiny golden coin would certainly slip down his gullet unawares.

Sweetmeats and pastry are the Berliner's especial weakness, which may have something to do with the number of dyspeptics and the prevalence of bad teeth. One is constantly reminded at Berlin of Victor Hugo's *Fantine*, the poor mother who had her teeth taken out for her little Cosette, who would otherwise have died of hunger, for the majority of the women one meets have, like her, "*un trou noir dans la bouche.*" More thousands of cakes are made in Berlin than hundreds in London. Every one, big and little, young and old, men and women, officers and deputies, Jews and Christians, frequent the pastry-cooks to devour *Windbeutel*, which, judging from the notice issued by the Volksverein of the Louisenstadt at the epoch of the small-pox epidemic are generally very much pawed about before they are eaten. "In all the confectioners' shops of Berlin," remarked the notice in question, "the objectionable habit of allowing purchasers of cakes and confectionery to pick out the articles they desire prevails. But it constantly happens that people with unwashed dirty hands, and even persons suffering from smallpox or other infectious diseases, take up eatables, handle them, and then put them down on the trays again. Such a proceeding, so opposed to the cleanliness which, when dealing with eatables, should be a matter of course, is not only disgusting, but under present circumstances highly dangerous. The Volksverein, therefore, requests all confectioners no longer to allow customers to pick out the articles they want themselves."

Famous amongst cheeses is the Limburg, the reputation of which is firmly established across the Atlantic, and recorded in the *Breitmann Ballads*. It "smells most abominably, and tastes most delightfully," says a recent writer. The latter part of this statement may be open to question, but as regards the former, perfect unanimity prevails. Its peculiar odour is plainly discernible amidst the surrounding effluvia of Berlin, and there is a Yankee story current to the effect that when the first box of it passed through the

New York Custom House, the officers who had to open it were asphyxiated, and had to be carried off senseless. The Mainzer Handkäsen, little round cheeses from Mainz, are another Berlin favourite, and are perhaps even more offensive in their odour than the Limburger. Schwarzbrod, made, I believe, of rye, is common at all the restaurants, and is said to possess the advantage of tempering the effects of an excess of salted food. Stuck all over with carraway seeds it is understood to have the effect of inducing sleep and calming the nerves—a specific which might be advantageous to the Parisians, but which the Berlinese can very well dispense with.

The most astonishing thing in the Berlin cuisine is the singularity of the mixtures, not merely at the restaurants but at private tables as well. I have eaten on the same plate fried sole, Hamburg fowl, Vienna sausage, and Preiselbeeren (cranberry) jam, served by three or four servants, each presenting a dish containing one of these items. I have, moreover, eaten together smoked salmon, Russian caviar, pickled herring, Italian salad, mayonnaise of fowl, eels, and sardines in oil.

To wash down all the strange solids enumerated, there is a tolerably extensive list of liquids. Beer, which has supplanted wine at the dinner tables of the best Vienna hotels, is looked upon as something dreadfully plebian by the higher class restaurateurs and hotel keepers of Berlin, with whom the consumption of the juice of the grape on the part of their patrons is *de rigueur*. If Berlin cookery is not particularly palatable, the wines commonly met with are certainly of the same class. Excepting when designed for private cellars, very little really fine wine enters the city. Like other more pretentious connoisseurs the average Berliner in his judgment of wine is guided exclusively by the label on the bottle and the seal on the cork. Many wines labelled Château Margaux, Château Lafitte, Château Leoville, &c., are commonly sold in Berlin at about two-thirds the price they would command at the place of production were they really the grand *crus* they pretend to be. They are, however, mostly deep-coloured, alcoholic southern growths of inferior quality, made up to suit the German market, where they find a ready sale when disguised under popular French names. Even the Rhine wines obtainable at Berlin, although invariably dear, are, as a rule, of the same doubtful authenticity.

To show what is the value of the labels to which the natives pin their faith, one may mention that no matter what description of wine you may select from the *Wein Karte* at the majority of Berlin restaurants you are pretty certain always to get the same wine, excepting that it will of course be red or white, according to your order—as very few varieties are kept in stock. All the waiter does is to select from the packet of adhesive labels, which he carries handy in his pocket, the one tallying with your order, lick it, and

clap it on to the side of the bottle a minute or two before bringing it to you. As these labels have scarcely time to adhere firmly, I used to make a point of pulling them off before the waiter's eyes and sending the wine away. Finally, finding that decent wine was never by any chance to be obtained at the ordinary restaurants, one was constrained to fall back upon the beer, which was always up to a certain standard, the only objection to it being the pitchy flavour it derives from the casks, to which however one very soon grew accustomed.

Of the Berlin restaurant waiter little need be said. He is simply the ubiquitous German kellner whom you find not only throughout the Fatherland, but all over the civilized world, with his habitual readiness, his quickness, his dexterity in balancing a

dozen full plates, or carrying nearly a score of foaming beer mugs at a time—invariably cheerful and obliging, and we wish we could at the same time add always accurate in his reckoning. But his sins are great in this latter respect, and, worst of all, he will brazen out his delinquencies in the most resolute manner, more especially if he have a foreigner imperfectly acquainted with the language to deal with.

A clever French writer has cruelly maintained that nature intended the German for a waiter, and spite of the acrimony

springing from national prejudice, one cannot deny that there is a considerable amount of truth in the following touch of satire:—

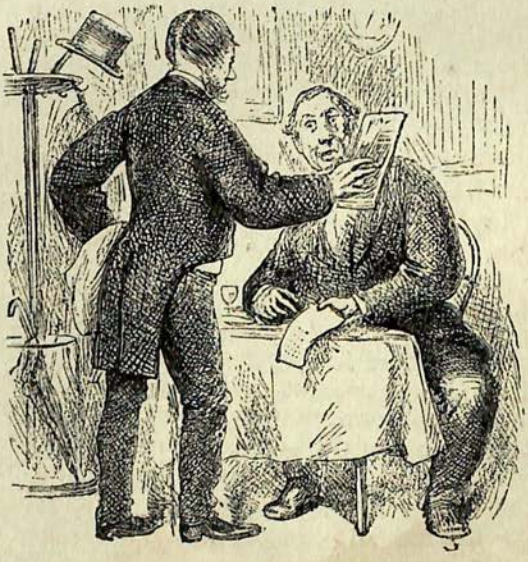
"As soon as young Germans of the middle class are of an age to embrace a profession, they are made to put on a dress coat and a white cravat; their hair is pomaded and frizzed, their loins girded with a white apron, and, with the object of forming their mind and their heart they are taught to wash up plates and dishes. They are also familiarized with the arts of serving at table, of carving, and boot cleaning. The one profession in universal esteem among the Germans who live upon the foreigners they cunningly attract, is that of hotel, restaurant, or café waiter. All these good-looking young *Kellner* whom you meet with in French, Belgian, and Swiss hotels, so attentive in serving you, who execute, a hundred times in the course of the day, such veritable *tours de force* by multiplying themselves as it were and accomplishing alone the work of four persons, are young Germans who have their position or their fortune to make, who count on a good marriage to set themselves up in business, and who, while waiting for their lucky star to place them in the way of rendering some Gretchen happy, and of trading on travellers on a grand scale, passively submit to engaging in the profession of servant.

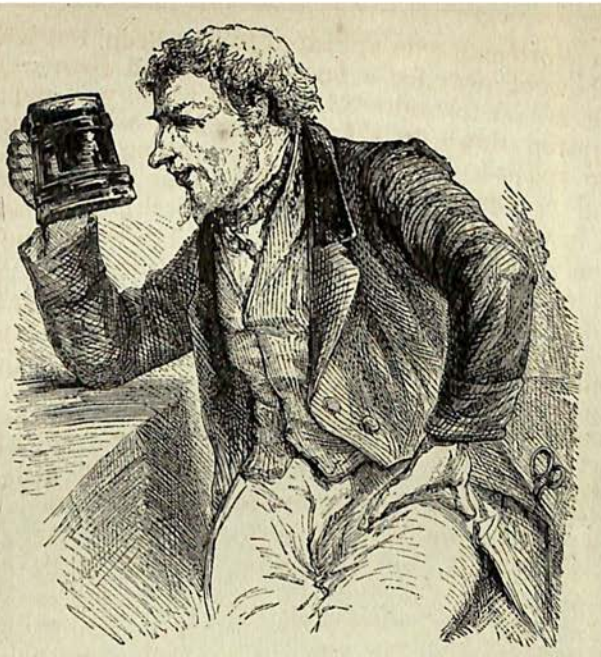
"And one must admit that they make really excellent servants. The men are generally more abstemious than French servants, and submit themselves more readily to the rule of passive obedience—finally, they serve better and are more polite. This then is the most characteristic aptitude of the nation which considers itself to be the first in the world—to serve."[1]

A class of visitors to Berlin restaurants against whom the stranger must be continually upon his guard, are the great-coat thieves, who select the better class dining establishments of the capital as the sphere of their operations. Great-coat stealing at such places is systematically practised by a band of thieves who manage their business so cleverly that it is almost impossible to catch them. They hunt in couples. Two of them, apparent strangers to each other, enter the restaurant where they hope to find a prey. The first wears a magnificent overcoat which he takes off and hangs up close to one already hanging up which most resembles it. The second thief is great-coatless and when the proper moment arrives, that is to say, when the owner of the garment selected for appropriation is deeply immersed in the money article of the *Börsen Zeitung*, or busily engaged in masticating roast veal and raspberry jam, he takes down from its peg the coat hanging next to that of his accomplice, puts it on and leaves the place. If detected in the act he civilly apologises for having taken the wrong coat, and points to that of his accomplice as his own property, and as this accomplice does not claim it he is believed and allowed to depart. But if his manœuvre succeeds, and the loss of the great-coat is not discovered till after his departure, the accomplice claims the other coat as his own, which no one is prepared to dispute. An acquaintance of mine was deprived of his overcoat in a more original manner. He was sitting at supper in a Weissbierstube at the same

[1] *L'Allemagne en* 1871, by Ernest Feydeau.

table as a gentleman who appeared to be asleep, but who shortly afterwards went away for a few minutes, and then resumed his former place. A few minutes later my friend was requested by a boy to step down to the entrance hall, where a gentleman wished to speak to him. Suspecting nothing, he went out, but could find no one, and on inquiring what the gentleman was like, and in what terms he had asked for him, the boy gave a description of a perfect stranger who, however, had exactly described my friend's dress, but had not mentioned his name. My friend looked round again both inside the house and outside the door, and having convinced himself that there was no one waiting for him returned to the supper room, about five or six gentlemen having, meanwhile, passed him on their way out. He saw at a glance that his overcoat was gone, and so was the gentleman who had been sleeping opposite to him, and whose first exit had been made in order to arrange the little comedy enacted wtih his invisible accomplice.





XVII.

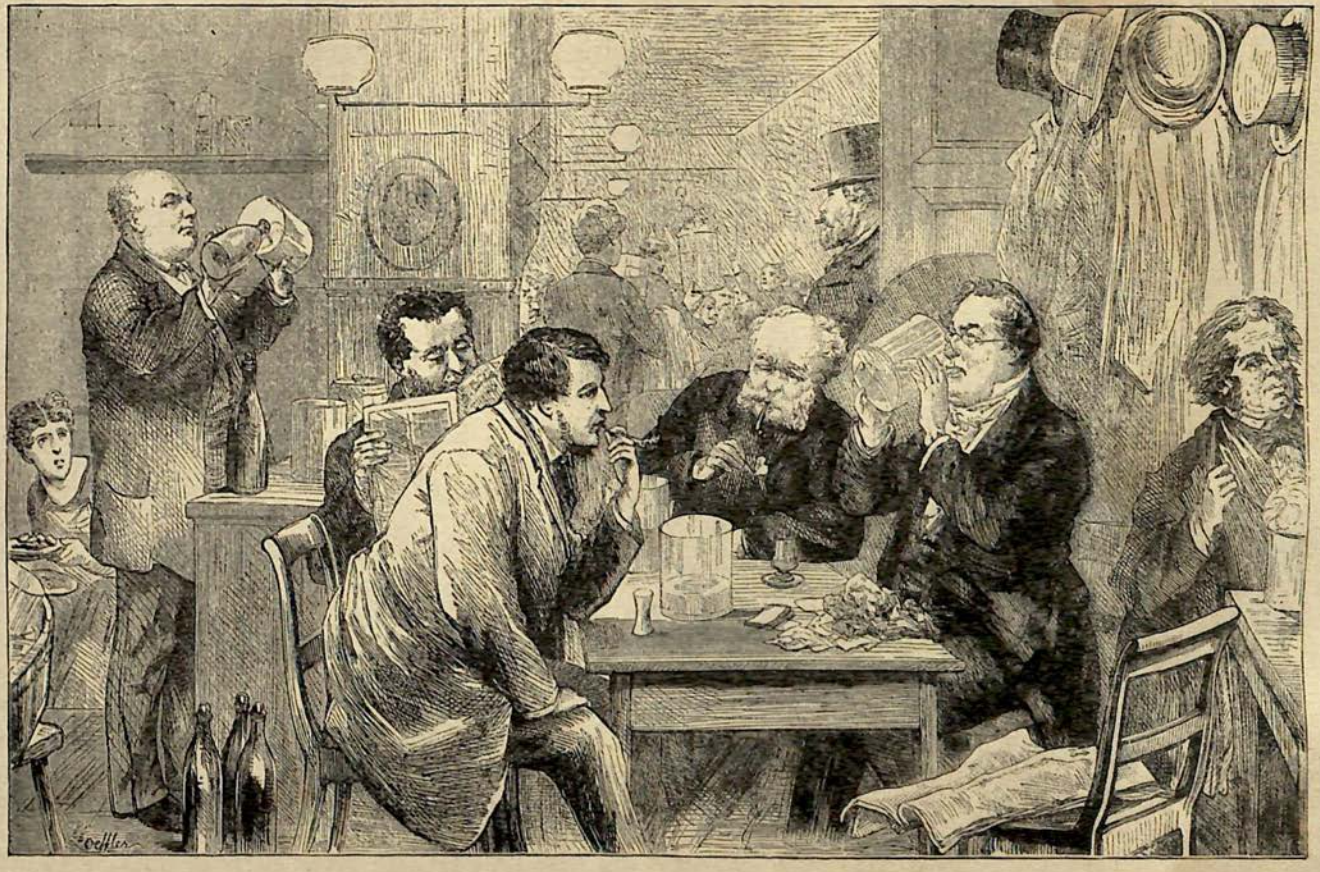
BIER-LOKALEN AND BIER-GÄRTEN.

THE Emperor Wilhelm I. spite of the machinations, real and assumed, of the German Socialist party, is as popular a monarch as any in Christendom, still the sovereign whose image is most deeply enshrined in the hearts of the German people is Gambrinus the titular Beer-king. From the days when Tacitus described the chief pleasure of the Germans to consist in passing the night in drinking beer, down to the present time, the axiom of Giles Menage, that there are five good reasons for drinking, namely, the arrival of a friend, present, or future thirst, the quality of the beer, and any other reason whatsoever, has been faithfully acted up to by the descendants of the ancient Teutons. Beer, indeed, is an institution so peculiarly and thoroughly Germanic, that the entire land from the Rhine to the Vistula, from the Baltic to Trieste, appears to overflow with the foaming beverage, amber, pale-yellow, brown, or the creamy "*weiss*." The Germans attribute singular virtues to the beer they drink and have a favourite proverb which says, that "He who does not become handsome before twenty years of age, strong before thirty, wise before forty, and rich before fifty, on such a man malt and hops are altogether lost." In Germany beer is drunk by all classes of the community. The tradesman and working man bring their entire family with

them to the beer-garden to sip the national beverage, the lover of modest social rank drinks his beer in public beside his betrothed, the student celebrates every possible triumph, enjoyment, and event, in beer, the aristocracy refresh themselves with it in their gilded saloons, theological and legislative assemblies find inspiration and invigoration in the stimulant, and the Emperor derives new energy from his favourite beer of Töplitz. There is, indeed, a singular sickness known as *Bier-durst*, or beer fever, peculiar to the Fatherland. A burning thirst gradually dries up all the available bodily moisture, and a craving for beer ensues. One symptom of the disorder is that the patient passes into a state of great irritation if the beer proffered to him be drawn with too much head. The first mug is swallowed without any perceptible effect, and the second is ordered with the injunction to the doctor, that is to the beer-maiden—"*Liebes Mädchen, nur nicht zu viel Schaum.*" Should a second dose not give immediate relief a third will be found an unfailing remedy, so that the ailment is after all no very serious one, if but promptly treated in the proper way.

Strangers in the Prussian capital are commonly struck by the apparent absence of any equivalent to the London public-house, and the Paris *marchand de vins;* but they soon discover that in addition to the ample provision for continuous drinking at all places of public entertainment, and the numerous so-called cafés, where beer is almost the only beverage consumed, there are any number of shady beer-gardens in the very heart of the city, screened by the fronts of the houses, and consequently invisible from the street, and that moreover the basement of every fourth house is a *bier-lokal* or drinking place of some kind. This ingenious system of hiding much of the inebriety of the capital from the general gaze, behind brick walls and in the bowels of the earth, is certainly peculiar and might be imitated with advantage in our own metropolis.

Characteristic among Berlin drinking establishments are the Wein-stube and the Weissbier saloon, both usually to be met with in the quieter streets and frequented by regular rather than by chance customers. The Berliner of the old type is usually a weissbier drinker who regards the beverage as peculiar to the city, and is fond of expatiating upon its merits to strangers. You no sooner get acquainted with an individual of this class than he will, as a matter of course, ask you your opinion of the *weiss*. I remember, in the early days of my sojourn in Berlin, being sorely puzzled by an inquiry of the kind, and on my replying hesitatingly: "The weiss, what is the weiss?" my friend remarked in a reproachful tone, "What, you have been among us a whole week, and have not tasted the weiss yet! come along with me!" and forthwith seizing me by the arm he hurried me down the Friedrichs-strasse into the Französische-strasse, repeating



A BERLIN WEISSBIER STUBE.

From the Illustrated London News.

Page 311. II.

"Mein Gott, mein Gott, you shall taste the weiss!" but disregarding my repeated solicitations to be informed what the weiss was. At last we stopped in front of a building with "*Weissbier Ausschank*" painted on the façade in huge black letters. Entering through a door at the end of a long passage, we found ourselves in front of a small counter, behind which three individuals were engaged in uncorking stone bottles, and carefully pouring their contents into huge glasses each holding more than half a gallon, whilst a fourth was removing kippered lampreys from a barrel.

Right and left lay the weissbier-stuben, decorated like all the beer saloons of Berlin with plaster-busts of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Fürst von Bismarck, in addition to which one caught occasional glimpses, through the dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, of large coloured prints, illustrative of the glories of the "weiss," hung against the walls. All the little tables crowding both apartments were occupied by guests, the majority of whom were long past middle age, if three score and ten be taken as the standard of human existence, and whose rosy gills and capacious waistbands attested a familiarity with, at any rate, some of the good things of this life. In front of every one stood a gigantic tumbler which could have been fitted with ease upon any ordinary head, and which contained a liquid pale and clear as Rhine wine, surmounted by a huge crown of froth not unlike a prize cauliflower. This was the famous "weiss," the mere mention of which suffices to send a Berliner into raptures and into the mysteries of which I was about to be initiated.

The liquor was ordered and duly brought, and I observed that the quart bottle scarcely filled one-third of the glass, the voluminous head of froth not only occupying the remaining space but foaming over the sides. Hence the necessity for such capacious receptacles, which a novice is only able to raise to his lips by the aid of both hands. Not so however the experienced toper, who by long practice has acquired the knack of balancing, as it were, the bottom of the glass on his outspread little finger, while he clutches the side with the remaining fingers and thumb of the same hand, and thus conveys the huge tumbler to his lips. With the habitual weissbier drinker a preliminary nip of kümmel (aniseed) is *de rigueur* and after he has partaken of this he will lap up his four quarts of *kühle blonde*—"cool fair maiden," as weissbier is poetically termed by its admirers—as readily as his native sand sucks in a summer shower, exciting his thirst perhaps once in the course of the operation by some salted delicacy, such as a lamprey.

Berlin is the city of all others where the *kühle blonde* is obtained in the greatest perfection, and where bier-stuben offering no other beverage to their frequenters abound. The beer is drunk by preference when it is of a certain age, and in perfection

it should be largely impregnated with carbonic acid gas and have acquired a peculiar sharp, dry, and by no means disagreeable flavour. To the ordinary unstrung Berliner, a moderate quantity of the weiss is as soda and brandy to the *blasé* Englishman. After an evening of excess, next morning his steps invariably tend to the weissbier-stube, there to quench his thirst with a draught of *kühle blonde* and stimulate his palled appetite with *knoblauch wurst*, a delicacy of the favourite sausage type, fried with garlic.

A WEISSBIER DRINKER (from a sketch by a French artist).

The habitual weissbier drinker, the man who despises the more modern Bavarian beverage, is usually a Philistine—a term with the meaning of which Mr. Matthew Arnold has made us all familiar—of the most pronounced type; a compound of coolness, loquacity, cowardice, and rudeness, and the counterpart of the Berlin citizen before the revolutionary epoch of 1848. It is true that the class is gradually becoming extinct, still, the Philistine is found flourishing with his cronies in the weissbier-stuben where he habitually spends his evenings. One of the most common varieties of the Philistine to be met with at these places is the *Spiessbürger*, generally a man from forty to sixty years of age, of small stature and beardless face, who daily, year after year, goes at the same hour to the same seat scrupulously reserved for him, to drink the same quantity of weissbier, smoke the same number of pipes or cigars, talk on the same subjects and crack the same unvarying jokes.

"'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found:
Each night their songs, their drink, their game,
Their mirth, their very jests the same.
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jests are smitten."

The Spiessbürger is irreproachable both as a husband and a father, accompanies his wife and family on an annual picnic to the Pichelsberg, and is to be found daily at his favourite beer saloon at a fixed hour, drinking only weissbier simply because his father and grandfather drank it, and despising Bavarian beer as a modern innovation. He will have dined well or ill according to his means, still he always manages to store away his due quota of weissbier with the indispensable nip of kümmel. The thoroughbred Spiessbürger never thinks, at least not about things that others will think out for him, and in all matters relating to politics, art, and literature, the *Vossische Zeitung* is his idol, and its editor his prophet.

It is curious to watch the succession of customers at one of these weissbier-stuben. On the doors being first thrown open there usually appear several mummy-like figures of the softer sex who, fungus like, prolong their miserable existence in damp cellars, and come to buy the dregs of the beer left on the previous evening to convert them into soup, the only warm food they are acquainted with. The last comer is well nigh inconsolable at finding herself deprived of her midday meal by her sharper predecessors. Towards nine o'clock appear the civic functionaries, who sweep the streets during the day time and do the heavier work of the Berlin fire brigade at night, and who seem to have no other home than the streets. The draught of "cool blonde" they imbibe strengthens them, they say, for their office. Next comes the well-to-do Berlin citizen who bespeaks the morning paper and washes down its news with the weiss. He dines at twelve o'clock precisely and consequently disappears before that hour. Some students or other roysterers, who have slept off their last night's intoxication, drop in towards noon to rid themselves of their headaches and stay till two or three o'clock, when they leave the host to the enjoyment of the only hour of the day he can consider his own. Towards four o'clock the *habitués* drop in, and conspicuous amongst them is our friend the Spiessbürger, who becomes dreadfully upset if he finds his usual place occupied. He remains several hours and then retires to the bosom of his family, by which time the company grows more lively. The crowd is greater, and the question, "What is there for supper?" is heard at shortening intervals above the buzz of conversation. As eleven o'clock approaches, the saloon becomes gradually emptier, although a fresh class of customers appear in the shape of jovial topers who seek to overcome the effects of

previous potations by the carbonic acid of the sparkling weiss. As to the regular *habitués* with puffy faces and conservative paunches, when they are not playing "*Sechs-und-sechszig*," they are yawning, and when they are not yawning they are playing "*Sechs-und-sechszig*." The close room is filled with an atmosphere that lulls the mind to somnolence, a loud word is seldom heard and still more rarely a lively conversation. The guests seem to labour under the idea that they might be charged for any noise they made as well as for the liquor they consumed, as used to be the custom of old in Dutch taverns. Should the weiss be in any degree inferior, this furnishes a fruitful subject of conversation, politics and domestic cares are alike forgotten, and nothing is talked about but beer.

Moleschott has asserted that man becomes what he eats and drinks, and that food not only advances or retards the physical but also the mental development of nations. The axiom that "he who drinks beer thinks beer," has met with singular confirmation at Berlin, if we are to believe some native writers. As long as the Berliner drank hardly anything but his weissbier he remained a staunch Philistine. Weissbier alone was responsible for his narrow-mindedness in politics, the froth rather than the substance which appeared in his development, his sour and critical views of life, and his sickly piety. Berlin weissbier was by its nature conservative, and the deeper its votaries plunged in the "cool blonde" the more peaceable they became. When Herr von Manteuffel visited a celebrated Berlin beer-room incognito in the height of his power and drank a glass of weissbier with the citizens, he was doing figurative homage to the Philistinism which desires peace at any price, and submitted patiently to the Treaty of Olmütz. Bavarian beer, on the other hand, is said to be altogether different in its effects. It foams little, but makes its drinker lively and excited, that is to say for a German, instead of first rendering him comfortable and then sleepy as the weissbier does. Bavarian beer, proudly say its admirers, helped to infuse a new spirit into the population of Berlin, and this innovation of modern times and of the Zollverein worked a complete though peaceful revolution in the Prussian capital. Under its influence freer views were developed and the Berliner's narrow point of vision became enlarged. It aroused a wish for political progress and an enthusiasm for the Fatherland. The link between the north and south was found, and every brewer's apprentice, who went from Munich to Berlin to teach the natives to brew the new liquor, was an unconscious agent of German unity. The social alterations claimed to have been effected by Bavarian beer were equally great. Whereas weissbier makes the drinker monosyllabic, reserved, and retiring, the Bavarian brewings open his heart and let loose his tongue. Under their influence strangers become acquaintances, and ac-

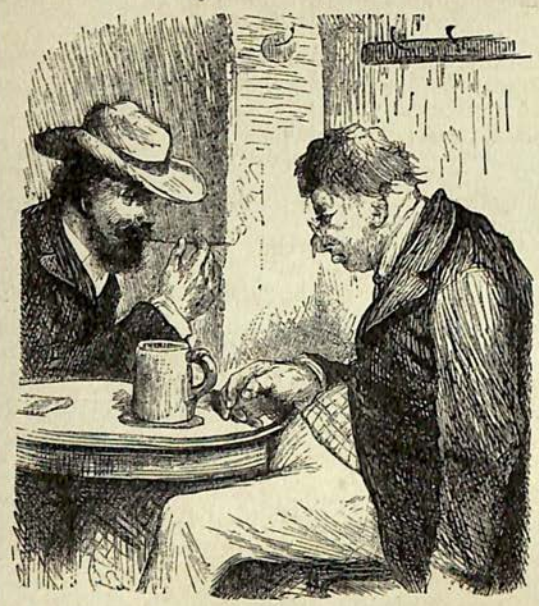
quaintances grow more quickly intimate, opinions are exchanged, class distinctions are diminished, and prejudices get removed.

With the demand for Bavarian beer the means of supplying it increased. Numerous large breweries sprung up in and around the capital. Instead of the small and close old-fashioned beer-rooms, large halls arose to receive the increased number of guests, and on Sundays and holidays the population flocked outside the gates, accompanied by their wives and children, to refresh themselves with their favourite beverage. Beerhouse-keepers were forced by competition to provide not only good liquor, but such adjuncts as spacious gardens together with music and illuminations. Not merely the artisan and small shopkeeper, but the well-to-do tradesman and the professional man fell into the new arrangement and shared the pleasures of the people. Spite of this, a certain spirit of separation manifests itself to this day and almost every beer-house has its own special clients. Here the official chooses to go, there the artist or journalist. Friends or people of kindred tastes meet at fixed places, though there is of course a certain blending of various social elements. If, for instance, one enters the well-known Wagner beer-room, where only pure Bavarian is drawn, one finds a number of notable men of the most varied callings. A favourite actor is talking about last night's performance of a new drama to a banker, whilst his neighbours are a landscape-painter of European reputation, a sculptor of no less celebrity, and a professor of physiology who has just enriched science with a new microscopical discovery. Near them is a newspaper correspondent conversing eagerly with a composer, whilst a manufacturer and a young lawyer listen with interest and occasionally slip in a word. Here a group are laughing at a joke in the *Kladderadatsch*, there another is seriously discussing some system of philosophy, at one table they are talking politics, at another arguing upon art, and at a third discussing the rate of discount, or clinching a bargain.

After the performances at the theatres are over the better class beer-rooms in the Linden and around the Schauspiel-haus become the resort of respectable families, the female members of which are not unfrequently in evening dress. The latter will take their seidels of beer the same as their male companions, and by the time they have retired there will most likely be a rush into the room of parties of young men in white ties and shiny leather boots fresh from some evening party, heated with discussion, and bent upon moistening their parched throats with a draught of cool lager-beer before turning in for the night.

The streets of Berlin have been compared in winter-time to the navigable waters of the North Sea, since the traveller sees with difficulty through the darkness of the night and the thick veil of fog, a few lighthouses, casting a red light which serves to point out the harbours of refuge. It is the "Café Schultze,"

or "Café Müller" that thus announces its existence, for, though there are only one or two actual cafés at Berlin, no end of bier-lokalen assume the designation. The atmosphere within, thanks to the Berlin *Kachelofen*, is as hot and oppressive as that of the disinfecting room of a Russian quarantine lazaretto, and the tables and chairs are as sticky as the sides of a freshly-pitched fishing-boat. In these places it is impossible to breathe without a sense of suffocation, or to sit down without the risk of adhering to your chair. The latter, by the way, is regarded as no disadvantage, but quite the reverse, for the more gummy the beer the higher it is esteemed. An old custom still obtains at Munich of the burgomasters and town councillors going annually to the Salvatorkeller in order to test the quality of the beer before it is delivered to public consumption. The test is a very primitive one. The officials all attend in their leathern breeches, and beer having been poured over the wooden benches the civic dignitaries proceed to sit down on them. While there seated they sing an ancient song, the same that their predecessors have sung for ages, and in order to subject the beer to a fair test they sit long enough to sing the song through three several times. Then they essay to rise up, and if they find their breeches sticking to the benches the beer is pronounced good, and the firmer their inexpressibles adhere the better the beer is considered to be. Having come satisfactorily out of this test the beer goes through the formality of being tasted, after which its sale to the public is duly sanctioned.



It was from a lokal of the description of which we were just now speaking that the hero of the famous song by Herr von Müller, Prussian Minister of Public Worship, sallied forth to apostrophise the objects of his distorted vision.

"Straight from the beer-room I have just come out,
What upon earth has the street been about?
Jumbled together are left side and right,
Street! not a doubt but thou art quite tight.
La, la, la, la, &c.

"What an odd face the moon's making up there,
One eye is closed and one opes in wild stare.
Moon, thou art drunk, nay, the truth don't deny,
Shame on thee, thou shouldst know better, oh! fie!
La, la, la, la, &c.

"The lamps are unsteady, they reel and they flash
Here, there, and everywhere, in manner most rash;
They cannot stand upright, 'tis clear now to me,
Exceedingly drunk all these lamp-posts must be.
La, la, la, la, &c.

"All is in tumult, things great and things small,
And I am the only one sober of all;
So dare I go on? No, the risk is too great,
Better return to the beer ere too late!
La, la, la, la, &c."

For some time these fusty old-fashioned beer-rooms were patronised on the assumption that the beer sold in them was better than that of the more pretentious establishments, but of late years this has certainly not been the case, the Berlin brewers all round having grown so sparing of malt and hops as to produce a generally inferior beverage. One constantly heard friends eagerly inquiring of each other whether they knew of a lokal where really good beer was to be obtained. The world was certainly before them where to choose, for almost every tenth house in Berlin has either its beer-saloon or cellar or a beer-garden at the back.

By far the most important underground drinking establishment in the city is its Rathskeller, or Guildhall cellar, running beneath the vast brick building, dominated by the lofty square tower, in which the Berlin municipality has installed itself. Imagine the low-vaulted cellars of an edifice about half the size

of our Houses of Parliament into which the daylight only faintly penetrates, and which are filled from morning until midnight with a crowd of more than a thousand persons of various ranks of society, the majority of them eating, smoking, and shouting, and all of them steadily drinking, to promote which latter indulgence, although it certainly needs no encouragement at Berlin, a thousand-and-one thoughts in praise of bibacity, emanating from the Bacchanalians of all nations and all epochs, are blazoned above the arches and upon the walls. Imagine this and you have some faint idea of the famous Rathskeller, one of the lions of Berlin, which King Wilhelm himself deigned to visit soon after it had been publicly opened, when he drank to the well-being of the Berlinese from a silver-mounted flagon of foaming ale.

Berlin, although it possesses more cellar dwellings, and cellar drinking-places too, than any other city in Germany—something like three-fourths of its houses having their underground as well as their above-ground tenants—could boast of no grand wine or beer cellar approximating to the Bremenkeller, the Schwein'schen at Breslau, or the Auerbach and Esterhazykeller at Leipzig and Vienna. When the new Rathhaus was being erected, the municipality took care to make good the deficiency, and charged their architect to construct the handsome vaulted apartment which extend beneath their council chamber and to-day form the popular Rathskeller.

The Rathskeller is entered down a flight of stone steps, at the foot of which is a passage having on the one side of it a number of capacious recesses provided with tables devoted exclusively to consumers of wine, some hundred thousand bottles of which are seen stacked up behind the iron gratings opposite. The company consists principally of young clerks and shop-girls, the former of whom are dissipating their week's salary in a single evening, drinking so-called Château Margaux at a thaler-and-a-half a bottle, while flirtations of the most demonstrative kind are going on between them and their female companions under the eyes of all the other guests.

From here we proceed to a densely-crowded circular-hall, decorated with frescoes in honour of drinking, and the vaulted roof of which is supported by a huge central column on which the entire weight of the Rathhaus tower is said to rest. One of these frescoes represents a dervish—a drinking not a dancing one—a Chinese and a monk, with a legend beneath setting forth that

> "Mahomet and Confucius teach,
> And the Capucin monk doth preach,
> Drink, mortal! drink with sense and zest,
> And you'll be happy and be blest."

Another fresco represents a couple of rollicking students with a young girl drawing beer from a barrel, and the legend intimates—

"When beauty's smiling eyes are near,
And loving hands present the beer,
Then in a glorious dream we rise
Into the realms of Paradise!"

Elsewhere on the Rathskeller walls we note the following among a hundred and more similar rhymes:—

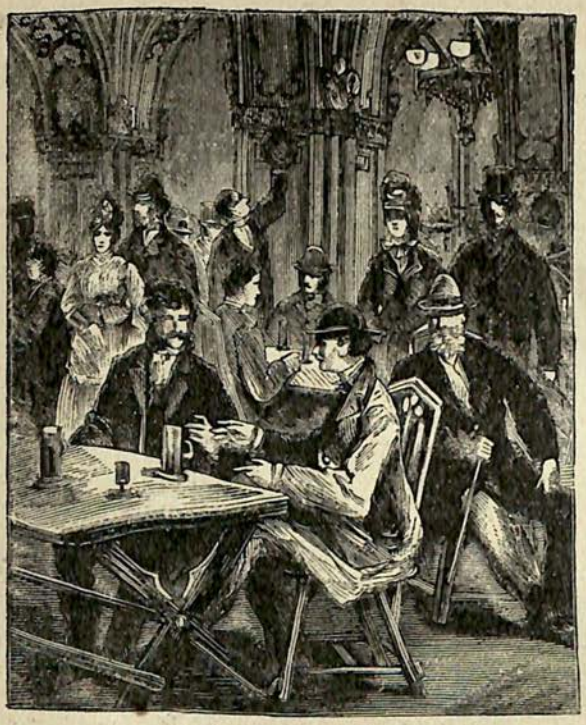
"A cosy place, a pretty face,
A joke not dull, a glass brimful
Of right good wine, or foaming beer.
Are what I call the best of cheer."

"Bavarian beer can heroes rear,
To this the French can witness bear."

"The patient to regain his power
Takes his small spoonful every hour,
Whilst thou with gay companions round,
Gulp down a quart to prove thy health is sound."

Beyond the circular hall of the Berlin Rathskeller are various aisles divided by squat massive pillars, and extending to the opposite end of the building. These aisles, tastefully though simply ornamented, are brilliantly lighted up, and exclusively devoted to beer drinkers. So crowded is the Rathskeller at particular hours with company in every part, that people post themselves behind the chairs of those they imagine about to leave, in order to slip into their places. The food provided is of the best quality, and so long as one confines oneself to Rindfleisch and Kartoffeln, Kalbsbraten and Blumenkohl, and does not venture upon the more occult *plats* in the speisen-karte, the *cuisine* is unexceptionable. The beer, too, is excellent, but the service is of the rough and ready kind. Table-cloths are not provided, though napkins are, with the slight drawback, however, of having been used half-a-dozen times already since they were brought home from the wash. At similar establishments it is the custom to supply paper napkins which have at least the merit of being clean. All degrees of the middle and working classes frequent the Rathskeller—from the professional man and well-to-do tradesmen, who bring their wives and daughters with them, down to the dissipated young mechanic, who shares his single *plat* and mug of beer with the factory-girl by whom he is accompanied.

All the appointments appear to be in keeping with the massive style of the architecture, including the heavy tables and chairs of carved oak, the latter with high cane backs, the frames for holding the newspapers, of solid iron, and the glass beer mugs half an inch in thickness. The Prussian style of eating is seen to advantage at the Rathskeller, the fork, held dagger fashion, being used simply to steady the food while separating it with the knife, which conveys both meat and vegetables, and indeed, everything, excepting the soup, to the mouth.



THE REICHSHALLEN BEER SALOON.

The Reichshallen on the Dönhofsplatz boasts of a handsome Gothic beer saloon, and the Stadtkeller, which has attached to it a garden much frequented during the summer months, is notable among the more important beer and restaurant cellars of Berlin. The smaller beer cellars of the capital are legion, and are mainly the resort of the lowest classes of the community.

There is one bierlokal in Berlin, the great attraction of which is a trio of young ladies commonly known as the Three Graces. Like the damsels of fairy tales, they are hidden away in a subterranean bower, which, although in the immediate neighbourhood of the Schloss, might be passed time after time without the entrance to it attracting notice. If your eye did chance to rest upon the pictured semblance of a couple of glass mugs foaming over with beer on the posts of the little doorway, you would never dream that at the bottom of the well-worn and slippery steps three Berlin beauties were waiting to welcome you. This beer-cellar is kept by a widower, with the assistance of a trio of nieces, whom the Berlinese have christened the three Graces. They were the dying bequest of some brother or sister, and although the worthy uncle would have preferred a more convertible legacy, yet, such as it was, he could not in decency refuse it. So he placed the three sisters in his beer-cellar to draw beer and fry sausages, wait upon and amuse his customers, and help them to get through as much liquor as they were disposed to pay for, and considerably more than was good for them.

One day, when, ungallantly enough, we had been remarking how scarce the handsomer portion of the softer sex were in the Prussian capital, a Berlin friend, anxious to convince us of his fellow-countrywomen's beauty volunteered to take us to see

THE REICHSHALLEN BEER SALOON.

three magnificent blondes, as he termed them, these said blondes being, as it subsequently turned out, the three Graces just mentioned. As we happened to be in the vicinity of the Schloss at the time we followed him down the slippery flight of steps leading to the subterranean abode of the three charming daughters of Venus, and which was but a poor substitute for Olympus. A number of people were seated at the small wooden tables drinking beer and smoking cheap cigars, while the so-called Graces ministered to their wants. The girls were tall, had hay-coloured hair piled up upon their heads and fastened with pink ribbons, and although undoubtedly *blondes*, they hardly deserved to be termed "magnificent." The youngest and prettiest of the three, who was occupied behind the bar in drawing beer, had certainly a tendency towards *embonpoint*, but neither of the others seemed capable of inspiring even a Berliner with a *grande passion*. The eldest was thin with high cheek bones and a prominent nose which, curving gracefully inwards towards the chin, formed quite a beak, while the third was simply plain-looking. The pair were seated with the customers at one of the tables and rose from time to time to replenish the empty glass beer-mugs at the bar or to moisten their own ruby lips from the mug of some male acquaintance in another part of the room.

If three refreshment bar young ladies in England were to collectively enjoy among their adorers such an appellation as that of "the three Graces," one would expect to find them installed in a gorgeous establishment resplendent with plate glass, with wine glasses of many colours and richly gilt liqueur bottles tastefully arranged upon narrow glass shelves, the counter decorated with bouquets, and gilt bronze gas branches and chandeliers projecting and descending from delicately tinted walls and ceiling. The young ladies themselves would, moreover, be cast in beauty's mould, would have a profusion of hair of the last fashionable colour, large eyes shaded with lashes well blackened with a *crayon Conti*, pouting lips made ruby red, and pearly and regular sets of teeth. Their close-fitting dresses, too, would display well moulded throats and communicate a more or less bewitching air to the wearers. At Berlin it is different. There, beer-imbibing youths need none of this garishness to stimulate their thirst. The young girls serving in Berlin restaurations, bier-lokals, and places of public amusement seldom have anything attractive about them, and are rarely methodically utilised, as in England, to allure customers.

So-called beer-gardens have sprung up in all quarters of Berlin, apparently wherever individuals of a speculative turn of mind have alighted upon a small courtyard in the rear of a house. The house rented, a gay signboard is placed over the door with the enticing inscription, "Schultze's" or "Müller's Garden." A few drooping acacias and straggling plane-trees,

with some patches of heliotrope and ranunculus in the corners, grace the more pretentious establishments, while in others a few shrubs in tubs or pots are all that justify the adoption of the name of garden. The view is bounded by walls, blackened by smoke from the neighbouring houses, or enlivened by a pictured representation of some Alpine landscape across the snow-clad vistas of which a few sickly ivy-plants essay to straggle. There may be a fountain, and perhaps a jessamine bower reserved for regular customers, with additional decorations in the shape of a few rows of coloured lamps. These gardens are generally reached by long corridors running through the block of buildings contiguous to the street, and at the end you either find a so-called café, in which, as usual, coffee is never sold, and through which you pass into the garden, or you enter the garden direct. In the daytime the number of visitors is not usually large. People go to quaff a *seidel* of beer and smoke a cigar, or to take their mid-day meal, selecting the latter from a varied speisen-karte, or dining at a fixed price varying from a shilling upwards. In the evening the city *bier-garten* is much more crowded. During the summer months, as soon as business is over, the Berlinese swarm into the streets accompanied by their wives and sweethearts. It is too warm to think of going to the theatre, so those who have no inclination to stroll to one of the numerous beer-gardens in the environs of Berlin, take a turn or two on the Linden and then bend their footsteps towards their habitual haunt within the city.

One garden we were in the habit of frequenting was situate on the Linden itself, not far from the Russian embassy. It is entered through the usual long corridor adorned in this instance by numerous specimens from the studio of a neighbouring photographer. Passing through an adjunct to the establishment in the shape of a billiard room, we reach an open space some two or three hundred feet square, inclosed on all sides by high walls, cunningly covered with representations of misty mountain-tops and sunny skies in the most deceptive of distemper. Facing each other on two sides of the garden are rows of arbours constructed of trellis-work overgrown with vines, hops, and other climbing-plants, whilst the intermediate space is crowded with chairs and tables intersected by the narrowest of passages. Here and there the ivy-mantled trunk of a tree rises up beside a diminutive lamp-post, with a multitude of sparrows and other small birds perched on its branches watching their opportunity to swoop down and gorge themselves with the crumbs that fall from the surrounding tables. Much more mirth and jollity prevail here than at the larger beer-gardens. Crowded around the tables are bevies of young girls attended by gallant youths just escaped from their counting-houses, and boys fresh from the Gymnasia making their *début* in the world. Some young

married couples are readily recognizable by the loving attentions they pay each other, whilst those of a riper age have evidently outlived the early illusions of wedded life. Occasionally you catch a glimpse of a noisy party of artists and students, or your eye rests upon a Jewish family, the women resplendent in jewellery and the men flaunting the gaudiest of neckties. Every now and then a well-dressed shop-girl comes hurrying in to a rendezvous with Albrecht, Fritz, or Ludwig, or some other favoured individual who is impatiently waiting for her in a retired part of the garden. Lonely-looking individuals stroll about in search of acquaintances, whilst fresh parties of young men and girls succeed each other upon the scene, and threading their way among the chairs and tables, gradually swell the gathering until it is only by dint of perseverance and with considerable difficulty that the last comers are able to find seats. It may here be remarked that in striking contrast to his habitual want of politeness no Berliner at one of these places will venture to take an unoccupied chair or place himself at a table, which is open to every one, without first of all asking permission of the party already in possession of it. Nothing but beer is drunk, invariably rendered agreeably cool by keeping the casks in ice in accordance with the universal practice prevailing in the larger German towns. The waiters are continually hurrying to and fro between the casks lying embedded in ice at the bottom of the garden, and the scores of thirsty souls impatient to be served. They stop for a moment to take an order or to hand the speisenkarte to some new comer, and then suddenly disappear, to return each with his half-score mugs of beer dexterously carried in either hand. After duly distributing these they scamper off to the kitchen, whence they come back laden with plates and dishes of over savoury viands. Every one whose digestion and pocket permit it sups in Berlin, and it is a common thing for entire families to take their evening meal at one of these city beer-gardens, the frequenters of which are, as a rule, loudly merry, and seem thoroughly to enjoy themselves. The buzz of conversation of hundreds of people all talking at once is broken at brief intervals by roars of laughter. The waiters continue to move about with surprising celerity, but are quite unequal to the task imposed on them, and angry complaints are constantly heard from people kept waiting for their "*glas bier.*" As the evening advances some of the young ladies commence to develop flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and throwing off conventional restraint rest their heads upon the shoulders of their male companions, thus scandalizing the neighbouring family parties, and causing at times indignant parents to rise and lead their daughters off in a huff, or, failing this, obliging them to force the latter to turn their backs on the indecorous scene. In the arbours conversasation is usually carried on in an undertone, and the faint

murmuring of voices is continually varied by suppressed tittering on the part of the female occupants.

As autumn advances, the place, of course, undergoes a complete transformation, the trees and the climbing plants which cover the arbours are bare of leaves, and you may see through them from one end of the gardens to the other, the snow-clad mountains and sunny skies begin to peel off the walls, and one feels the effects of the sharp cutting wind that rushes round the inclosure. The chairs and tables are piled up in heaps with the exception of a few left for the convenience of one or two hardy customers who cannot make up their minds to abandon the scene of their summer enjoyment. But as winter approaches the garden becomes naked and deserted, and its few remaining frequenters retreat inside the café and pass the long December evenings over their newspapers, smoking and fuddling themselves with beer and kümmel.

Amongst the most remarkable beer-gardens within the city are the so-called Café Mielentz close to the Potsdamer bridge, and the Leipziger Garten opposite the Herrenhaus. These places are of special interest to natives of Berlin, by whom they are recognised as long-established marriage offices. The Munich beer-garden in the Johannes-strasse is the favourite resort of the medical students, but it enjoys at the same time a general popularity.

On Sunday afternoons the Berlinese stream out through all the so-called city gates to the beer-gardens in the environs. The principal of these (generally attached to some large brewery) comprise extensive grounds with capacious buildings erected for the convenience of visitors in showery weather, and capable of sheltering some thousands of people. Although mainly resorted to on Sundays, still during the week day evenings, the Berlinese will stroll a mile or two from their homes to these beer-gardens, to listen to the bands playing, and while seated round the small wooden tables, drink each other's healths in beer. The company one meets at these places on Sundays is, of course, varied enough, comprising the pleasure-seeking popula-

tion of Berlin of all classes, but on week days the gathering consists for the most part of tradesmen belonging to the neighbourhood, and small *rentiers*, and if there should chance to be a barrack near at hand a good sprinkling of the military element is certain to be found there. You may contemplate at times three generations seated round the same table, whilst the fourth, represented by the baby, sprawls in the dust at their feet. Excepting on Sundays, when the working class element is usually prone to be somewhat noisy, everything is quiet and decorous, and the assembled company presents much of the appearance of an immense family gathering. Acquaintances, accompanied by their wives and families, meet and the two parties speedily mingle into one, the men discussing politics as they smoke their cigars and quaff their beer, while the women are deep in topics of domestic interest.

Two of the most celebrated of these establishments are the Tivoli and the Bockbier Brewery, formerly known as Hopf's, but now as Deibel's. Both are situate on the south side of Berlin, some little distance beyond the Halle Gate, on opposite sides of a small ravine along which runs the Halle road. On an immense terrace bordering the left of the road, and known indifferently as Templehofer Berg, or Bock Berg, rises Deibel's establishment, an extensive building surrounded by park-like grounds. It is here that in the middle of April the Berlinese celebrate their annual Bock-Walpurgis with "an endless fountain of immortal drink." Bockbier is a savoury, seductive, and intoxicating Bavarian beer of extra strength, brewed in the spring, and requiring to be drunk at once. The season does not last more than two or three weeks, but while it exists everybody flocks to the Bockberg to quaff the cream of Berlin beers. Spring in Berlin has been compared to a grey-haired youth who sticks a bunch of violets in his buttonhole for show, and wears fur and flannel under his outer garments. The season is always cold, gloomy, and dusty, and there is a saying current that there are only two ways of warming oneself at this epoch in the open air —these are drinking Bockbier and fighting. Both are lavishly indulged in. The Berlinese stream to the Bockberg in a long unbroken procession "eager to be drunk, the business of the day," but numbers of them fail to find room in the vast hall and spacious garden of the brewery. People are to be seen crowding the passages or standing against the railings and on the steps, or squatting on the grass in groups. At first all are in high good humour. Women are smiling on the husbands from whom yesterday they were wishing to be separated, work-girls have forgotten their wearying avocations and are dreaming only of love and happiness, the cook is leaning on the guardsman's arm with a beaming countenance, the clerk is so exhilarated that he feels disposed to forgive even the head of his department who

refused to recommend him for a rise at the beginning of the year. Children, whose peccadilloes are bound to be overlooked to-day, are romping on the grass, and the dogs, freed from their muzzles, are making use of this favourable opportunity to playfully bite one another. Bockbier is foaming high in every glass, and all around are the signs of unalloyed enjoyment.

WHEN THE BEER IS GOOD.

There is, however, a peculiar property in this beer; after inspiring those who drink it with geniality, jollity, feelings of fraternity and love, and all the rest of the social virtues, it suddenly arouses in their breasts a fierce combative spirit. When the father of Friedrich the Great enjoined his people to drink beer, because it strengthened the body, rather than wine, which stole away the brains, Bockbier was unknown, otherwise he might have given different advice. The lower class Berliner thinks no kind of popular gathering complete without its full complement of black eyes, bloody noses, smashed-in hats, and broken chair and table legs, and the heady Bockbier wonderfully aids the development of these pugnacious propensities of his. A side glance from a neighbour suffices to make him take up arms. "Sir, how dare you stare at me?" cries an angry voice. "It was you who stared at me," is the response, and in an instant a couple of empty beer mugs are flying through the air in the direction of a couple of equally vacuous heads. "Skin him," shouts the crowd, raising the famous Berlin war cry, and forthwith the row begins. The helmetted policemen in blue coats in vain endeavour to restore order by distributing harder hits than any one else. Soon the animal element exhibits itself in full force, jugs and mugs fly about in all directions, hillocks of broken glass rise by degrees, and the more peaceful visitors are constrained to become witnesses of repulsive scenes of drunken

THE BOCKBIER WALPURGIS AT BERLIN.

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brutality. The Bockbier turns even the women, who at first displayed the most decorous composure, into the veriest bacchantes. They are to be seen forcing their way through the crowd, mounting upon chairs with flushed faces and disordered attire, and shrieking in the crush, or falling down under the tables completely intoxicated. The wild revelry lasts far into the night. The road leading from the brewery is strewn with senseless figures of both sexes, while others less overcome stagger moodily down the slope. The wide Belle-Alliance-strasse is not broad enough for those who tramp along it zigzag fashion, and the Friedrichs-strasse re-echoes with the yells of others who succeed, with difficulty, in balancing themselves upon the tops of omnibuses.

WHEN THE BEER IS BAD.

The police in presence of the insuperable difficulty of restoring order among the drunken hosts, become exceptionally lenient to belated roysterers, and though the newspapers satirically ask whether the Berlinese have no pleasures beyond those they make for themselves with broken table-legs and brandished beer-jugs, and grimly suggest that no one ought to venture to be present at a popular gathering without sticking-plaster in his pocket, each successively returning spring witnesses a renewal of the scenes of shameful disorder that mark the celebration of the Bock Walpurgis.

On the opposite side of the Bocksberg, and on the site of the former Tivoli, Berlin's first large place of amusement, a joint stock brewery, with gardens attached, has been erected on a vast scale. The hill whereon it stands is known as the Kreuzberg, which has on its highest point a lofty Gothic cast-iron monument designed by Schinkel, and dedicated to the memory of the heroes of the War of 1813-15. From here a good view of Berlin is obtained, the city being stretched out before one almost like a map. The spires of St. Nicholas, St. Peters, and the Werder Churches, the tall twin Gensdarmen steeples, the Opera-house,

the University, the two Museums, the cupola of the Schloss, the tower of the Rathhaus, and a score or so of tall factory chimneys with some huge gasometers are the most prominent objects. Having driven one autumn afternoon outside the Halle Gate, we learnt that we were in the vicinity of the largest beer-garden, not merely of Berlin, but in all Germany, and directed our coachman to drive us there. The rickety droschke rattled along the loose rutty road skirting the Hasenhaide, a little wood bordered by low-class summer beer-gardens—then closed for the season—with the gaunt framework of their huge swings looking like so many grim gibbets in the gathering obscurity, past the Erziehungs-haus, a reformatory for juvenile offenders, and the huge barracks of the Emperor Franz Josef's grenadiers, and endless rifle-butts cheek by jowl with Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and Mahommedan cemeteries. A turn to the left up a steepish ascent, and between an avenue of trees brought us within a few paces of Berlin's loftiest hill, the Kreuzberg. Passing through a gateway on the right-hand side of the road we found ourselves within the immense beer-garden of the Tivoli. The lighted lamps revealed thousands of tables mathematically arranged under the trees over the entire space. These were, however, comparatively deserted during this waning season of the year, when the temperature was getting somewhat cool for *al fresco* potations. At one end of the garden rose a spacious orchestra, and facing it a broad flight of steps leading to a wide terrace, on which hundreds of huge beer-barrels, each holding its six hundred gallons, were piled up. In the rear was the brewery, with its tall chimney-shaft rising up dimly against the dark sky, whilst to the left was a vast Gothic hall, with music galleries, and having its entire area occupied by tables at which nearly two thousand people can seat themselves. Connected with this principal hall by a Gothic vestibule—decorated with frescoes in glorification of beer and famous beer-drinkers, apocryphal and otherwise, from King Gambrinus downwards, and enriched with stone corbels representing beer-quaffing imps—is a smaller hall which runs along one side of the garden, and is capable of accommodating 1,200 additional guests. At the time of our visit there was an instrumental concert in the large hall, and though it was scarcely the season of the year to tempt the Berlinese so far into the environs, upwards of a thousand persons were present.

To be seen to full advantage the Tivoli beer-garden should be visited on a summer Sunday afternoon. All classes are then represented, from the government official and well-to-do merchant down to the shopman and servant-girl, and the chances are that nearly everyone of the fifteen thousand chairs with which the garden is furnished will have its occupant. The Berlin middle-class families then muster in force, and one commonly meets with

some of the most engaging specimens of the feminine population of the capital. On ordinary week-day afternoons the Tivoli Garten is comparatively deserted, the trees almost outnumbering the visitors who have been tempted out from the city by the prospect of a mouthful of fresh air and a glass of cool beer at the fountain head. Far different is the appearance of the place on those occasions when a "grosser" military concert forms the attraction and the audience are treated to a liberal selection of "Schlacht Musik," the distinguishing feature of which is the supplementing of the din produced by the clamorous brass band and the stunning big drums by crashing discharges of artillery which so startle the audience that the weaker half seek refuge in the arms of their natural defenders, and the foaming beer mugs of the boldest almost fall from their hands. There are "the gathering of hosts, the clash of charging dragoons, the thunder of artillery, the wail of the stricken, simulated by brigades of violins, active relays of cymbals, a score or so of drummers working at their instruments like blacksmiths at an anvil, and a piping contingent of flutes and oboes capable of expressing anguish as emphatically as if they lodged and studied their business within ear-shot of a vivisector in large practice." Platoon-firing and distant bugle calls intermingle with the cannon, and then a blaze of red fire will light up the entire

garden, and tip with its ruddy glow the stately monument on the Kreuzberg. Suddenly the Spicheren charge is sounded, cannon and needle guns chiming in in chorus till the clamour culminates in a deafening Teutonic yell as the vanquished enemy is supposed to fly or capitulate.

A favourite rendezvous of the beer-imbibing Berliner of the humbler classes is the neighbouring Hasenhaide, a tract of sparsely wooded land lying between the Halle and Rothbusser Gates, and the thin pine woods and sandy hills of which were once the patriot Jahn's celebrated gymnastic ground. Its firs have been so thinned, and the popular invasion has been so incessant, that the hares (*hasen*), from which it takes its name, have long since decamped. On one side of it are half-a-score of beer-gardens, the smaller of which announce that families can make their coffee there, an economical arrangement which the poorer classes do not fail to profit by, and at the cost of a silber groschen produce a steaming decoction from the crushed horse-beans they have brought with them. Even at the larger establishments most of the guests cater for themselves so far as solid refreshments are concerned, and wash down their hard-boiled eggs, sausages, and bread-and-cheese, with the beer there obtained. The most famous of these Hasenhaide establishments is Haffoldt's brewery, a semi-castellated structure, with a large square tower, surrounded by gardens wherein all kinds of childish amusements are provided. Here the *montagne russe* invites a pair of lovers to a short but tender journey, the rapid motion justifying any amount of close embracing accompanied by shrieks of mingled terror and delight. Hard by, the young apprentice careers gaily past on a merry-go-round, endeavouring to secure a suspended ring on the point of a blunted lance and fancying himself for the time a hero of chivalry; or a guardsman with a cook mounted behind him and clasping him round the waist, recall by their attitude the hero and heroine of Bürger's ghastly ballad of *Wilhelm und Lenore*. Swings course swiftly through the air with their dauntless occupants, marksmen exhibit their skill in the various shooting-alleys, men, potulent with beer strike up choruses, while women screech and children cry, but one and all agree that they never enjoyed themselves so much in all their lives before.

On the other side of Berlin, outside the Schönhauser and Rosenthaler Gates, beer-gardens abound. Nigh the former are half-a-dozen breweries contiguous to each other, and separated merely by beer-houses and dancing saloons. The most important beer-garden on this side of Berlin is the so-called Königstadt, near the Friedrichshain, and furnished with seats for 6,000 guests. Some idea may be gained of the consumption of beer at this establishment from the circumstance that more than 4,000 Vienna sausages are frequently disposed of here

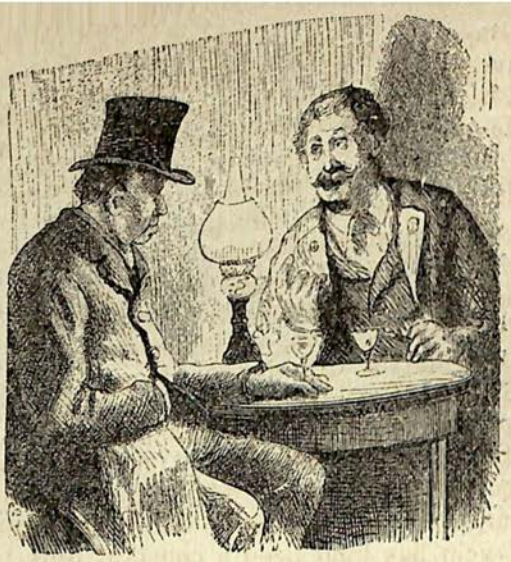
during a single day, although only a small proportion of beer drinkers are in the habit of stimulating thirst by indulging in the Vienna delicacy. Towards the Rosenthal quarter our old friend the weissbier appears to be most in favour, and in the beer-gardens here one encounters family groups of five or six sitting round a table and lifting the one monster tumbler in turns to their eager lips. On the east side of Berlin beyond the Landsberger Gate similar establishments exist for the accommodation of thirsty souls gifted with a sponge-like capacity of absorption. The Eiskeller, a new establishment belonging to the same company that owns the Tivoli brewery, is on the north-western side of Berlin beyond the Oranienburger Gate, and close to the large Fusilier barracks. It is not a cellar as the name would seem to indicate, but a large modern brewery to which a spacious garden is attached, with a revolving fountain, a roomy orchestra, side arbours for supper parties, and myriads of lamps, together with chairs and tables that may be counted by the thousand. Here, as at the rest of these beer-gardens, provisions of all kinds are to be obtained, and as this establishment is kept open all the year round, a winter department is provided comprising a magnificently decorated hall, copied from the famous Frankfurt Römersaal, and occupying the ground-floor of the brewery. In the north-west environs of the city is the Moabit Actien-brauerei and beer-garden, mainly resorted to by the horny-handed sons of toil employed at Borsig's and other neighbouring factories, and where rows among the frequenters are of constant occurrence. Finally, there are the Berg-brauerei, the Union-brauerei, the Friedrichshöhe, the Schloss-brauerei, and a score of others, including that opened in Schloss Ruhwaldsruh, near Charlottenburg by Johann Hoff for the sale of his so-called German porter-beer, and providing accommodation for 10,000 guests.

Among ourselves the habitual beer-drinker may vary his daily draught with old, mild, bitter, Burton, and Scotch ales, cooper, stout, and porter, still the Berliner has even a more extensive choice. In the German capital the Bayerisch or Bavarian beer holds the place of honour so far as consumption is concerned; twelve joint stock and twenty-two private breweries devoting themselves exclusively to its production. The Bock beer, of which we have already spoken, is a thick, black, sweet beverage, drunk only in the spring, and regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of the fifty-six kinds of beer brewed in Germany. Strong as it is, two gallons it is said are needed to make a Bavarian unsteady, whilst two mugsful suffice to intoxicate a stranger. It ought to be served with *bockwürste*, little highly-seasoned veal sausages. The Weissbier, otherwise white beer, is brewed from wheat malt and twenty years ago it was the principal beverage of the Berlinese. The "blonde," which is again coming into favour, is the produce of two joint-

stock and fourteen private breweries. Bitterbier, a cheap thin bitter beverage, is brewed at ten breweries, whilst five others occupy themselves with the production of Braunbier, a brown, thick, sweet beer, not very intoxicating, and assumed to be nourishing and on this account especially recommended for nurses. Two breweries confine themselves to producing the Berliner Weizenbier, or wheat beer, brewed without hops, and two to the production of Jostybier, a rather bitter beverage flavoured with herbs and taking its name from its inventor. Bavarian beer is, moreover, extensively brewed in the neighbourhood of Berlin for consumption in the capital, together with Werder'schesbier, a dark, sweet, and strong beer from Werder, Potsdamerbier, a very bitter wheat beer, Charlottenburger Gose, a thin white beer, Grünthalerbier, a strong, dark brown beer, assumed to be nourishing, and many other beers from different parts of Germany including the Bohemian Pilsnerbier, exceedingly pale in colour as well as remarkably light and containing a considerable quantity of carbonic acid. Its distinguishing quality is its powerful bitter, and indeed almost medicinal, flavour due to the Saaz hops, held in much esteem in the locality where the beer is produced. The total quantity of beer brewed in Berlin annually may be estimated between forty and fifty million gallons, equivalent to a consumption of nearly fifty gallons per head of the population, against about ten gallons per head for the whole of Prussia.

Throughout Prussia the larger breweries are swallowing up the smaller ones which have not sufficient capital to make the needful modern improvements by means of which they might compete on more equal terms. Within the last thirty years upwards of half the Prussian breweries have had to give up business, though the consumption of beer has been steadily increasing. Breweries like the Tivoli at Berlin, which consumes annually 4,000 tons of malt and produces three and a half million gallons of beer, have all their arrangements on a vast scale and are provided with the

best of apparatus embracing the latest technical improvements. From the trade thus passing into comparatively few hands combinations amongst the brewers become easy and are of frequent occurrence although not always successful. Thus in 1871 the Weissbier brewers came to the resolution of no longer allowing the same amount of discount, whereupon the retailers, knowing how hopeless it was to squeeze an equivalent out of their customers, determined to cease taking white beer, thereby compelling the brewers, after a faint resistance, to give in. Subsequently the largest Bavarian beer breweries raised the price of the barrel of beer to seven and a half thalers (22*s.* 6*d.*), which induced the beerhouse keepers to pledge themselves to withdraw their custom, and in this instance the brewers likewise had to yield. Still the latter, by their quasi-monopoly, manage to have it all their own way so far as the quality of the beer is concerned, and year by year complaints of a falling off in this respect grow louder. Nowadays the beer is not left to cool and ferment properly, but is sent out for consumption as speedily as possible and the consequences are that the fermentation continues in the drinker's stomach to his great discomfort. The public, moreover, have good grounds of complaint against the retailers on account of the ever diminishing capacity of the *seidel*, or pint mug, the glass of which grows thicker and thicker every year, whilst the price of the beer remains the same.



XVIII.

WEIN-STUBEN, CONDITOREIEN, AND DELICATESSEN-KELLER.

"THE Germans," observes old Michel Montaigne, "drink almost indifferently of all wines and liquors with delight; their business is to guzzle not to taste." Le Sage hints much the same thing in an anecdote told by him in the *Diable Boiteux* to the effect that a traveller having died at an inn it was thought the quality of the wine had killed him, but the innkeeper maintained it was the quantity, and he was believed, for the stranger was a German. To-day beer is supplanting the consumption of wine in most of the cities of the Fatherland, and yet Germany affords an excellent market for mediocre French red wines, which are palmed off on the natives as the produce of the most renowned vineyards. The common wine of Cahors judiciously weakened and toned down passes indifferently for Margaux or Léoville. Moreover the manufacture of artificial wines appears to thrive at Berlin, and although these pseudo vintages are mainly designed for foreign export, yet what the natives fabricate the natives are, no doubt, pretty frequently entrapped into drinking. An advertisement of one of these disreputable establishments runs boldly as follows :—

"The large artificial wine manufactory of Messrs. W. Schiller & Co., of Berlin, has for sale 50,000 bottles of different qualities of their wines, such as Madeira, port, sherry, Malaga, claret, &c. These works established in 1850, are situated in Blumen-strasse, No. 73, Berlin, and enjoy a monopoly *guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Germany.* In the above establishment the making of artificial wines is carried on according to the most modern and scientific principles."

So-called Bordeaux and Burgundies of home or foreign manufacture occupy the most prominent position on the wine *cartes* of the principal hotels and restaurants of the Prussian capital, and are more in favour at the majority of the Berlin wein-stuben, those typical institutions of the old German cities, than the native vintages of the Rhine and Moselle, the consumption of which they seem to be gradually supplanting. In addition to its Rhine and Moselle wines Prussia can boast of the Silesian Grüneberger, an atrociously acrid fluid said to be the original *Dreimännerwein*, or Three Men's Wine, from, as is jocularly said, three men having to assist at the drinking of it; one being seated in a chair in which he is forcibly held by a second, while the third pours the liquid down the unwilling bibber's throat. It would appear that the wine is potent as well as sour, judging from a popular adage which says that three drops of it upon the flag of a regiment are sufficient to make the whole regiment drunk. Grüneberger-wein has long been a constant butt for Berlin wits who have satirized it both in prose and rhyme. A popular ballad says:—

"No other wine you can with it compare,
And if you taste it you'll forget it ne'er,

"For all who once the beverage have quaffed,
Have vowed the first should be their only draught.

"Whene'er a child from peevish temper cries,
Or patience of its nurse or mother tries,

"To quiet it for good it is enough
To say, 'just bring some Grüneberger stuff.'

"A stranger travelling there once asked a monk
If by the brethren too, this wine was drunk;

"The brother answered, 'yes,' then with a wink,
'For heaviest penance we this vintage drink.'"

The ballad goes on to relate how when Prince Eugene "der edle Ritter," arrived unexpectedly at Grüneberg, the civic authorities were at a loss how to do him honour—

"It was too late the entrance of the town
With garlands and triumphal arch to crown;

"Nor could they offer him a laurel wreath,
For laurel does not grow upon their heath."

So *faute de mieux* they resolved to regale him with some of the native vintage.

"The largest cup that ever graced their board,
Brim full of wine, was offered to the lord,

"Just as already seated on his horse
He was preparing to pursue his course.

"He takes the cup which manfully he drains
Until within it not a drop remains,

"But when again they fill the nauseous stuff,
Like bold Macbeth, he cries out, 'Hold enough!

"'I'd rather once more Belgrade's walls attack,
Than with such vinegar my inside rack—'

"And having spoken, takes to headlong flight,
And ne'er to Grüneberg returned the knight."

The typical wein-stube of the German capital, and the oldest, too, is Habel's on the Linden. Every droschke driver knows Habel's, which is a regular Berlin institution, dating back to the days of the Electors of Brandenburg, and still retaining the strongest flavour of antiquity. When you step inside and contrast its quiet old-fashioned quaintness with the noisy hum and essentially modern aspect of the Linden, you might imagine yourself transported back to the middle of the last century at least. The stube is a little square room with a low roof and sanded floor. The furniture consists of about a dozen rickety old tables and thrice that number of straight-backed uncomfortable chairs. The walls are hung with portraits of the Kings of Prussia arranged chronologically from Friedrich I. to the present Emperor. A new portrait has been regularly added on the accession of each new king, and the little gallery has thus been slowly formed. The proprietor is at present in a dilemma where to put the Crown Prince when he comes to the throne, as there is not room for a single picture more. But they say he will perhaps pull down all the kings and commence a new gallery of Kaisers in their stead, and so "our Fritz" will stand second on the list. Above the pictures are some queer old frescoes from the Greek mythology. The class of persons frequenting Habel's is essentially aristocratic, and the *bourgeoisie* element seems excluded altogether. Counts and barons abound and everybody in the room seems to know his neighbour. Young officers have lately taken to going there, but they are neither in keeping with the place nor its frequenters. They are too suggestive of modern life and look altogether out of their element.

The present aim of the place mainly appears to be the providing of luncheon for members of the old aristocracy. Here between one and three o'clock in the afternoon you may see most of the veteran statesmen and politicians of Berlin. The old gentleman who reads the newspapers to the Emperor and who is currently reported to know nearly all the languages spoken in the world, and to be the depositary of a hundred state secrets, glides quietly into the room and slips into his accustomed corner, from whence he bows with great humility to three or four barons at an adjoining table, who appear rather honoured than otherwise by

his recognition. He is a regular frequenter of the place. Moltke, too, may be often seen here, and on occasions a certain distinguished personage of the blood-royal will lunch at Habel's, three days in the week. The conversation runs on politics, the court, society, and the opera. The ladies of the ballet form a by no means unfrequent topic of discussion, and you may be occasionally asked by your immediate neighbour to hand a photograph of some fair *danseuse* to a group seated at an adjoining table.

Habel's is an expensive place as befits its aristocratic *clientèle*. The cuisine is, however, of the first order, and its *Beefsteak mit champignons*, and *Fricassée von Huhn*, to quote the polyglottic language of German cookery, are celebrated throughout Berlin. Rhenish, Bordeaux, and Moselle, are the wines chiefly drunk here, although a fair amount of Champagne is consumed. During May and June, the favourite beverage is the fragrant *Maitrank*, that somewhat insipid combination of Rhine wine and sweet herbs so much esteemed by all true Germans. Another "cup," or as the Germans style it, "*bowle*," largely consumed at Habel's in summer is the *Erdbeerenbowle*, the result of steeping ripe strawberries in Moselle wine.

In several other wein-stuben curious types of the old life of Berlin are to be met with. Just opposite Kranzler's, at the sharp corner of the Friedrichs-strasse there exists some distance below the level of the pavement, one of these refuges, in the shape of the Cape cellars, which have remained unaltered for the last thirty years. The proprietor being a near relation of some large vineyard owner at the Cape of Good Hope, possesses perhaps the only stock of unadulterated Cape wine in North Germany, from sweet red Constantia to bitter golden Cape Stein, the latter from grapes transplanted from the Stein vineyards at Würzburg to South Africa. The rooms of the establishment are small and dark. Some lion and tiger skins are scattered over the small divans, the walls are hung with views of Cape scenery, and round the wooden tables sit grave and silent old gentlemen in white cravats and with gold-headed canes, their noses tinged with that rich ruby hue, which is the result of many years' consumption of generous wines. The eyes of these old boys beam approvingly at the tumblers of fluent ruby or liquefied topaz standing before them, for only tumblers are used here, not a bottle appears on the table, and no one but the grave and silent host, the confidant of every *habitué*, can give any information as to how often each glass has been replenished. These old gentlemen read no newspapers, and their conversation is limited to a few remarks on the weather amongst themselves and about their favourite wine with the landlord.

Three other well-known and old established wein-stuben are Rubin's and Lantzsch's, in the Charlotten-strasse, and Trarbach's,

famous for its Moselle vintages, in the Friedrichs-strasse. But amongst the Berlin wein-stuben which retain their antique character and have kept clear from the cosmopolitan influence of the present day, the famous stube of Lutter and Wegener in the Gensd'armen-markt, opposite the Schauspiel-haus, stands pre-eminent. Though it has long since passed into other hands, it retains its original name and all its characteristic features. It has been the resort of Berlin actors from time immemorial, and most of the chief performers at the theatres of the capital are to be met with there of an afternoon. One can still see the table at which Devrient and Hoffmann used to sit and at which, each evening after the play, the great actor awaited as anxiously as a school-boy the dictatorial criticisms which fell from the lips of that strange being who combined the wild imagination of a demoniacal poet with the prosaic occupation of a Prussian Kammer-gerichtsrath, the only criticisms which Devrient recognised, and to which he bowed.

On the wall above hangs a painting of Devrient and Hoffmann sitting facing each other, a bottle of Champagne between them, and near it the watch warning Devrient that he has only five minutes before the curtain rises. It is said that Devrient, whose seat has now been, by common consent, consecrated to the use of his great successor, Döring—himself a model of classic art—was one day sitting with a number of his *confrères* at Wegener's when his attention was attracted by a mason engaged on some repairs at the theatre opposite. At the end of every half dozen blows of his mallet, the man would leisurely lay down his tools, bring out his snuff-box, and treat himself to a pinch. Devrient maintained that the time consumed in taking the snuff was exactly equivalent to that in which the six blows of the mallet were delivered, and to prove it bet that he would drink a bottle of Champagne during each performance. The bet was taken, and, sure enough, the first bottle of Champagne was consumed during the snuff-taking, and the second during the delivery of the six blows; a proof that the Berlin masons of those days did not excel in activity of movement.

At many of these wein-stuben very little in the way of eating takes place, for, unlike the Parisians, who take wine merely with their meals, the Berlinese, who can afford the expense, drink it at all hours of the day. Occasionally towards supper-time a savoury dish is prepared, or a tit-bit broiled for some of the customers, whose stomachs, deranged by too copious libations, require a certain amount of support to enable them to go on drinking further into the night—which, being provided with the street door key, they are bent upon doing—but the majority of the visitors are content to pursue their libations at the shrine of Bacchus fasting. It is no uncommon thing of an afternoon to find parties of four or five seated round the massive oak tables

of these stuben, before regiments of empty bottles, steadily drinking against each other.

We remember noticing on one occasion four genial spirits of this description engaged in drowning their cares in company with the landlord of the establishment. At least a dozen empty bottles bearing the white labels of well-known Bordeaux and Burgundy *crus* were standing on the table before the party who were doing their best to add materially to the number. Their cheeks were flushed and their eyes sparkled through the volumes of smoke which they puffed from their bad cigars and sent curling up in clouds towards the ceiling. As time went on, the animated discussion they had been engaged in began to flag, and he who had been the noisiest amongst them lolled back drowsily in his chair, whilst one of his companions fell asleep with his head upon the table. The landlord seemed to be tired of the conversation, for he rose unsteadily from his seat and wandered about the room in a state of semi-intoxication. At length came the *quart d'heure de Rabelais*, and when the cost of so much felicity had been counted with a considerable amount of effort into the landlord's hand, three of the tipplers, after warmly bidding their host adieu, staggered one by one into the street, leaving their friend engaged in the pleasant occupation of endeavouring to sober himself with seltzer water. But, however effective the cooling fluid may sometimes be to a man in his condition, it failed in the present instance to produce the desired result. Indeed it had not a fair chance, for the wine-bibber lost his balance and fell like a lump of lead on the floor, to the intense astonishment of the landlord's dog, an ugly white-coated mongrel, whom he aroused from his afternoon nap. The man, a tall robust fellow, some six feet high, lay curled up on the ground just as he fell, without moving a muscle. The high back of the chair, which had fallen with him, covered a portion of his body, and protruding from beneath it was his right hand, still clutching his glass unbroken by the fall. The dog, after cautiously smell-

ing the prostrate individual, seized him by the coat-tail, which he shook as a terrier shakes a rat, until the landlord, attracted by the animal's growls and our involuntary laughter, came to the relief of his friend, and, picking him up, placed him in such a position, and with the necessary supports, as secured him from being again precipitated suddenly to the ground.

"The people of Berlin," writes a slanderously-minded Frenchman, "are the greatest gluttons in the world. They breakfast at eight, lunch at ten, dine at one, sup at four, and re-sup at nine or ten, and this being insufficient to satisfy their voracity, they have invented the conditorei, where they stuff themselves with heavy greasy pastry, sweetmeats composed of plaster of Paris and treacle, and sour ices, during the interval between these regular and obligatory repasts." [1] This statement is simply a deliberate libel. The Berlin conditorei, which presents a combination of the reading-room and the pastry-cook's, is in reality a substitute for the Parisian and Viennese café, and the majority of its frequenters go there to read the newspapers and while away the time rather than to gorge themselves. There are several varieties of these conditoreien which play an important part in Berlin life. They range from the little pastry-cook's shop with a room in the rear with bare white walls and sanded floor, and fitted with a few zinc tables and rush-bottomed chairs, to the larger establishments boasting their seedy-looking cushioned divans, their mirrors and their chandeliers, and provided with the principal home and foreign journals—to such places, in fact, as Kranzler's, Spargnapani's, Josty's, and Stehely's, the lounging-places of the well-to-do, the reading rooms of politicians and journalists, where coffee is served at high prices in thimble-sized cups.

[1] Correspondence of the Paris *Figaro*.

Nothing substantial in the way of eating is obtainable at these conditoreien. The articles sold are all varieties of *kuchen* and other pastry, sweetmeats, ices, coffee, chocolate, punch, cognac, liqueurs, syrups, lemonade, aerated waters, &c. Beer is not supplied, neither is smoking permitted unless in a room set apart for the purpose. On the other hand several of these establishments provide a greater variety of newspapers, periodicals, and magazines than a person could look through in an afternoon or read in a week. There are all the Berlin papers of any standing, with others from the provincial towns of the empire, together with the leading journals and magazines of England, France, America, Russia, Austria, and Italy. When the weather admits of it, should you not care to dive into the reading or smoking room, you can take your seat on the narrow sheep-pen outside—styled by courtesy a terrace—which is a feature at many of these establishments, and smoke a cigar, while watching whatever may be going on in the street, which is tolerably certain not to be anything intensely interesting.

At Stehely's and Spargnapani's, the augurs of politics and the press exchange political secrets derived in all probability from some understrapper in one of the government offices. Correspondents of provincial papers haunt these places in the hope of picking up intelligence, which next morning is given to the world as being based upon "the highest authority." Spargnapani's is situated on the Linden, and is especially noted for its reading-room, which makes it a favourite place of resort with strangers. Outside is the orthodox terrace inclosing half-a-dozen small round tables and the accompanying chairs which are always occupied of an afternoon, when the weather is mild and favourable. Inside, as you enter, is a marble counter on the left hand laden with pastry, boxes of bonbons, and glass dishes filled with sweetmeats, while behind stands an individual who offers you on your arrival a list of the ices, &c., ready that day, and whose duty it will be to receive payment from you for what you have consumed when

you leave. At the further end of the apartment is a large rack holding a hundred or more newspapers attached to frames or inclosed in cases, whilst other journals are lying about on the tables. The people here seated are munching tarts or cakes, sipping coffee or chocolate, and poring over the papers. Silence is observed as strictly as among the Trappists, and smoking is rigidly prohibited in order that those engaged in the twofold pursuit of nourishing the mind and the body may not have their thoughts disturbed, or their appetites interfered with. There is, however, an inner room, where these restrictions respecting silence and smoking are not enforced.

Stehely's, in the square known as the Gensd'armen-markt, is another of these reading-room conditoreien. In the so-called "Red Room," the revolutionary writers who helped to inspire the movement of 1848 were accustomed to meet, but to-day most of them have gone over to the majority, while the Red Republicanism of the remainder has faded like the hangings of their old haunt. Stehely's is still, however, largely resorted to by newspaper writers, as well as by members of the literary craft generally, snuffy professors, aspirant actors from the neighbouring Schauspielhaus on the look out for favourable criticisms, and a host of political old fogies, the majority of whom are habitual customers of an economical turn who order their single cup of coffee and sit for half the day poring over the papers. They pass from one to another with steady avidity, and if a stranger should happen to have in hand any journal they may be in want of, they look daggers at him until they have forced him to surrender it. There was one old general who used to arrive here rather early in the morning and proceed to select such papers as he wished to peruse during the day and to place them in a pile beside him. He would then spell them through one after another with the most perfect composure. You might possibly discern some particular journal you were in quest of at the bottom of his heap, and, if so, might make up your mind that there was not the faintest chance of securing it for at least three hours to come. Remonstrance was utterly ineffectual with the old man, who was looked upon as a regular nuisance, and there was something like joy at Stehely's when tidings reached there one morning that he had died suddenly during the night.

There are other Berlin conditoreien to which men about town, idlers, young officers, and others resort to eat ices and to gossip.

An air of somnolence pervades these places, of which the plethoric Berliner takes advantage by indulging in his forty winks, and on hot summer afternoons nearly every one present looks more than half asleep. Years ago, the leading conditorei of this class was Kranzler's, the Tortoni's of Berlin, situate at the busiest part of the Linden at the corner of Friedrichs-strasse. As we have before remarked, it was long the chosen resort of the dandies, military and civil, of the capital. Noblemen and fashionable idlers were to be seen gossiping at its little marble tables, while young officers of the guard leant against the large gilt counter munching *meringues à la crême* and ogling the sedate-looking damsels enthroned behind this barrier. Of late years it has fallen from its high estate into the hands—not of the Philistines, but of the Jews, who have converted it into a kind of minor Börse. Its cramped exterior terrace is now the resort of Hebrew stock-jobbers, mingled with whom are a certain number of strangers and foreigners, ignorant of the change that has come over the place, and imagining the hook-nosed gathering by which they are surrounded to be the cream of Berlin society. Kranzler was the first confectioner in the capital who realized the fact that men nowadays do not care for coffee without the accompaniment of a cigar, and who instituted a smoking-room in his conditorei.

Josty's, on the busy Schloss-platz, is one of the liveliest and best frequented of Berlin conditoreien. Its large room, ornamented with life-sized portraits of the late and present sovereigns, is crowded in the forenoon with business men fortifying themselves with *baumkuchen* and glasses of Madeira, officers skimming the papers in search of topics for conversation after parade, and lawyers who do not care to plead before the municipal court on an empty stomach; whilst later in the day it is the resort of provincials and foreigners who drop in to recruit exhausted nature after "doing" the Schloss, the museums, and other lions of the vicinity.

Externally Ralck's conditorei at the corner of the Puttkammer- and Friedrichs-strassen is by no means remarkable, differing as it does but little from similar establishments. Yet on entering it the visitor might fancy himself hundreds of miles away on the shore of the Baltic, in the ancient capital of the Prussian monarchy. The landlord and his family are natives of Königsberg and speak the purest East Prussian dialect, and here are Königsberg marchpanes, Königsberg pastry of every description. But the magnet which attracts its regular frequenters is the beer of Penarth near Königsberg, that historical beer of which the King of Bohemia, after having drained off two silver tankards at Heinrich von Kniprode's court, exclaimed enthusiastically, "Your beer is so good that it almost glues one's mouth up." The beverage has maintained its ancient reputation; the Königsbergers to a man

flocking to Ralck's to drink it, and strangers admitted to their circle eagerly joining in. But it is necessary to be introduced by one of the initiated, for the cask out of which the landlord with a friendly wink fills the foaming glass for his fellow-countrymen, is not at the service of every one. Regular guests, moreover, are regaled with a pinch out of Immanual Kant's silver snuff-box, for Herr Ralck's wife is a grand-niece of the celebrated author of the "System of Pure Reason," who was himself a native of Königsberg.

There are several Berlin conditoreien frequented almost exclusively by ladies, the most famous being Weiss's, in Jägerstrasse. The fair sex in Berlin, who generally do their shopping in the forenoon, have combined to patronize this and other establishments, and here old and young, pretty and plain, assemble in force. None but a very bold man would presume to venture inside one of these chosen places, where he will find himself in presence of a bevy of ladies nibbling pastry, sipping their coffee or chocolate, looking over the papers, or chatting with their everlasting fancy-work in their hands, but who one and all will abandon these interesting pursuits in order to greet him with a steady stare of amazement. Abashed by the artillery of their glances, he either hastily snatches up the first cake that comes to hand and with his eyes cast down hurriedly munches and bolts it, or mutters a few incoherent words and darts out of the door to the accompaniment of a lively titter.

There is an inferior class of confectioner's shops known as Schnepfen-conditoreien which are simply places of assignation

and intrigue. The pastry sold at them is usually of an execrable description, while the journals taken in are limited to a few illustrated papers, just to enable people to while away the time whilst waiting the arrival of the expected ones. Passing by one of these places during the afternoon, a dozen female faces or so will be noticed through the window, and all eyes will be turned instinctively towards the door whenever it opens, usually to encounter only disappointment. The gentlemen present exhibit similar signs of impatience, and one constantly overhears such remarks as, "Fritz, I have been waiting here half-an-hour," and "Luisa, wherever have you been all this time?" There are several of these Schnepfen-conditoreien on the Linden, and the establishment near the Schauspielhaus, formerly known as Mayer's, is so thronged of an afternoon and evening with ballet girls and actresses having appointments with their admirers that it has long been known as "Love's Exchange."

Beyond the foregoing there are the night conditoreien, the better class of which form nocturnal lounges for such people as cannot make up their minds to go to bed when the more respectable refreshment houses are closed, and for a certain section of the frail sisterhood of the capital. Others again are principally patronized by those who have no bed to go to, while the lowest of all are the favourite haunts of thieves and sharpers. In the day-time these places present the aspect of a small pastry-cook's shop, provided with a room behind resembling an ice-well in winter and unendurable in summer owing to the swarms of flies infesting it. On the zinc tables lie a few dirty dog's-eared papers, but the news they contain is as stale as the pastry on the counter. Though some of these establishments may be of a sufficiently harmless character, at the majority burglaries and robberies are regularly planned, and card-sharping and hocussing are carried on to an extent that may be gathered from the columns of the *Tribüne* and the

Gerichts-zeitung which contains a daily chronicle of such offences, and yet the police exercise a rigid supervision over all these places, frequently visiting them unawares, and often pouncing upon criminals red-handed.

Finally, there is another category of Berlin conditoreien, if the term may be properly applied to the decent and respectable though humble coffee-rooms, where the poorer classes drink coffee at six pfennigs, or less than three-farthings the cup.

The curse of spirit-drinking has made itself felt in Berlin, the Königstadt quarter being the classic ground of the distillation shops which are the resort of the more determined dram-drinkers. Distinguished at night as a rule by blazing gas jets and stars, they offer an extensive choice of alcoholic poisons ranging from fictitious Maraschino de Zara and Dantzig Gold-wasser to Nordhäuser, Doppel-korn and Kümmel. The atmosphere alone is enough to confuse an ordinarily strong head, yet these places are crowded with men seeking temporary oblivion in glasses of Kirschenwasser, Getreide-kümmel, Doppel Wachholder, Batavian Arrack, Brantwein, Kräuter-korn, &c. The Berlin press have been so moved by the drunkenness and gambling which, in spite of stringent legislative enactments, go on at these distillation shops, as to call upon the authorities to place so high a duty upon spirits as to render them practically unattainable, and on the other hand to remove all taxes from beer, in order that the latter beverage may be placed within the reach of every one. These views however do not meet with the approval of Prince Bismarck, who, although a steady beer drinker, expresses himself very unfavourably with respect to that liquor as a staple of popular consumption. "Beer," according to the imperial Chancellor, "makes people stupid, lazy, and impertinent. It is the cause of the Social-Democratic pot-sprinkling, which is all

concocted over mugs of beer. Good corn-brandy is infinitely preferable."

The subterranean dens of Berlin—imitated from those of Hamburg—and dignified by the euphonious title of delicatessen-keller, are watched over with scrupulous interest by the police, with whom they are in terribly bad odour. The exterior of the older establishments are commonly set off with a tessera of oyster shells, and although these places are apparently respectable enough in appearance, they are too often haunts of the lowest debauchery. During the day-time not a stroke of business is done at them, but they are in full swing after the opera is over, and remain open long after all other refreshment places, save the night conditorei, are closed.

The delicatessen-keller is, as the name indicates, an underground establishment. Descending half a score of steps, you pass through the doorway into a passage, on either side of which are three or four little cabinets or drinking boxes, with doors fitted with a pane of glass in the topmost panel in order to give light. Each of these cabinets will be occupied by two persons, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that one of the pair is generally a *Freuden-mädchen*. The passage gives access to the principal stube of the keller, as there are generally a couple of stuben, namely, a wein-stube and a bier-stube, the latter being the larger of the two. Entering this you find yourself encompassed by clouds of tobacco smoke. You can see nothing, but lack of sight is amply made up for by abundance of sound, due to a perfect Babel of voices, the clinking of glasses, the rattle of knives and forks and the jingling of a piano, accompanied by a violin or violoncello. Half deafened by the noise and half choked by the smoke, you grope your way to a seat and call for your seidel of beer—for which you have to pay double the usual price, whilst if you wish for anything to eat you must make up your mind to be fleeced in the like proportion. When you have become accustomed to the atmosphere, you can look round and take stock of the place and its inmates. The stube itself is generally a long low room filled with tables and chairs, and having a little raised platform on which stands a cottage piano and a violoncello at one end of it. The walls are hung with very coarse pictures, conspicuous for their too lavish display of the female form divine.

As regards the company, that which most strikes one is the complete admixture of ranks and classes. In London the haunts of dissipation are divided, like everything else, into patrician and plebeian, but at Berlin the exclusive, it is common enough to see an officer in the uniform of a crack regiment sitting cheek-by-jowl with a drunken tailor, or a swell and his *chère amie vis-à-vis* a student and a dirty stroller. Between the pauses of the service, too, the Kellnerinnen seat themselves and eat and drink familiarly with the customers. In the delicatessen-keller, as on the

turf, class distinctions are set aside, and people of every degree are met with, for all those who have a taste for low debauchery and obscene songs flock nightly hither. The music, for no German can do without music, is of the most feeble description, but it is enlivened from time to time by ditties adapted to the vitiated tastes of the guests. The vocalists, who after the song is over, come down from the little platform and mingle with the company, are of both sexes, though the chief performer is generally a girl connected apparently with the establishment. At one of these keller a remarkably pretty English girl was the principal vocalist, and was reported to have made a small fortune at her calling.

If the establishment boasts, as is usually the case, of a wein-stube, the company in this will be less mixed, although all will be drawn thither by the same motive, that is, the indulgence in low senseless dissipation. In the wein-stube you encounter,

perhaps, a party of provincials seeing life in the capital and fuddling themselves with highly alcoholized *Champagner-wein*, young officers in the company of better class members of the

Berlin *demi-monde*, with men about town, attended by frail beauties from Kroll's or elsewhere. The wine is as expensive as it is execrable, vile Champagne costing twelve marks the bottle and sophisticated Rheinwein being proportionately dear. In the little cabinets you will unearth the same class of people as in the wein-stube, but enjoying of course greater privacy.

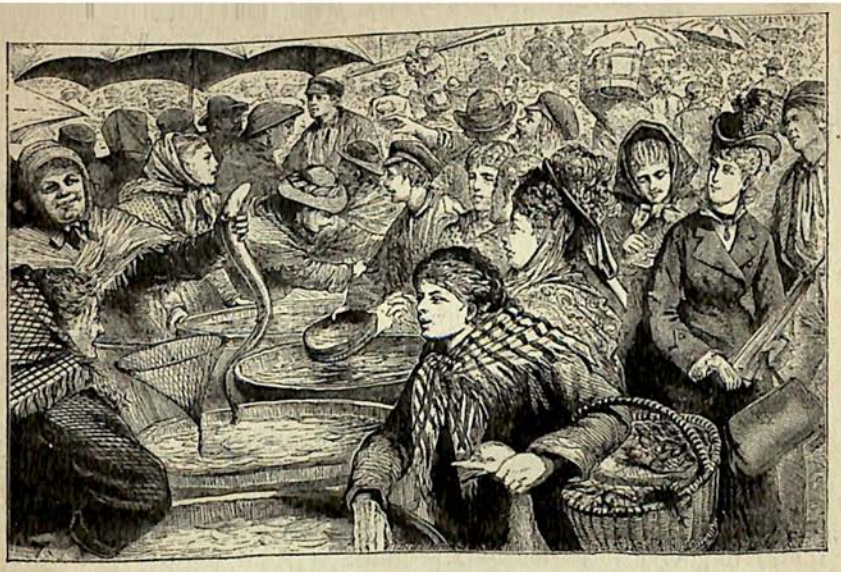
The Maison d'Or in Leipziger-strasse, between Friedrichs-strasse and Charlotten-strasse, is a good specimen of the first class delicatessen-keller. Throughout the day, business is at a standstill, but passing down the street after nightfall no one can fail to notice the brilliantly lighted up keller, enshrouded in snug red curtains. The place begins to fill at about eleven o'clock at night. You descend the stairs and find yourself in a suite of elegantly furnished rooms, most of them communicating with one another but separated by heavy curtains. How far back they extend we cannot say, but we could hear the sounds of a piano, which seemed to come from a distance. You are waited upon by a girl, rather lavishly adorned, who asks for your orders, the *Speisen-karte* here being much the same as that of an ordinary restaurant. Should you be by yourself, she will still bring two portions, and, uninvited, will sit down to supper with you, you having, be it remembered, a room to yourselves. If

you visit the place with a female companion you are allowed all the privacy you could possibly desire.

These delicatessen keller have a large share in fostering vice in Berlin. The *Freuden-mädchen* is their *genius loci*, and disgusting scenes are only too common—scenes which certainly would not be tolerated in the lowest sailor's "dancing shop" in Shadwell or Wapping. No English place of public resort

would be allowed to exist if conduct like that nightly to be witnessed in the Berlin delicatessen-keller was openly permitted, and we question if any other city besides Berlin would tolerate incidents so thoroughly bestial as are of common occurrence in these nocturnal dens of the capital of the German empire.

Moreover these delicatessen and other keller are great encouragers of drunkenness. A resident in Berlin assured us that you might see more drunken people in a single night at some of these keller than you would encounter in the streets during a whole year. People who partake too freely of the rosy cup in these places are likely to wake up next morning with aching and muddled heads, nerves jangling like a hurdy-gurdy out of tune, and empty purses. They may probably remember having met a party of friendly-disposed individuals who overwhelmed them with attentions and liquid refreshments, with civilities and Champagne, and their last distinct recollection, standing out with startling vividness, is likely enough to be a mental photograph of the king of hearts, or the knave of diamonds or whatever other card swept away their last thaler. It is not at all uncommon to hear of an individual being drugged at one of these places and then to have all his money and jewellery taken from him. A friend informed us that he remembered peeping one night into one of these dens through a pane of glass on a level with the pavement, and to seeing the hostess and a soldier counting out a pile of money between them, and arranging some articles of jewellery on the table. Suddenly they caught sight of him watching them, when, quick as thought, the woman swept every thing into her apron, and vanished from the room.



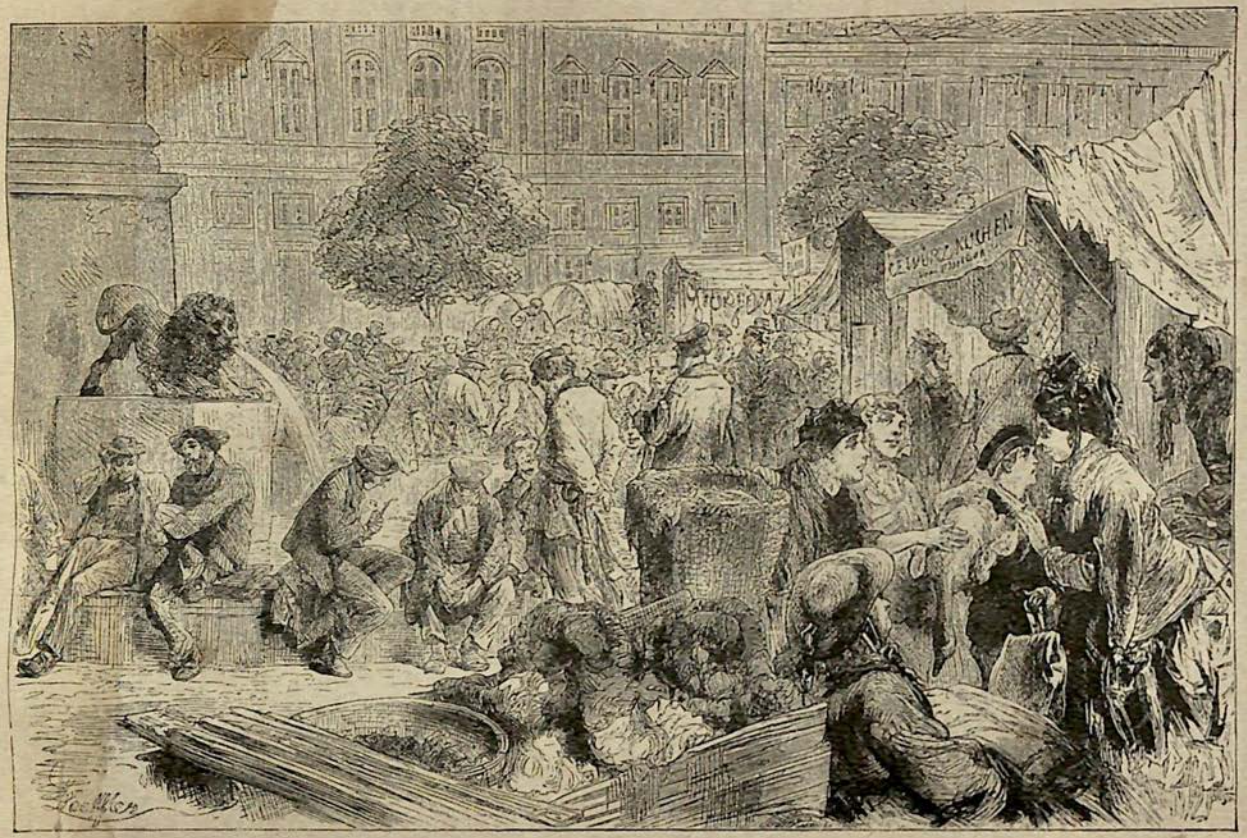
XIX.

BERLIN MARKETS.

THE Berlin markets are commonly held twice a week, usually on Wednesdays and Saturdays, in the various large open spaces or squares that abound in the city, including the Leipziger-platz, the Gensd'armen-markt, the Dönhofs-platz, the Alexander-platz, the Moritz-platz, the Neue Markt, the Belle Alliance-platz, the Pappel-platz, the Oranienburger-platz, and the square outside the Rosenthaler Thor. They are mainly characterised by the concentration of an immense number of vehicles and individuals in a relatively small space of ground, between the early morning hours and ten o'clock at night, the result being a serious impediment to the ordinary traffic in the more frequented thoroughfares. These open-air markets do not particularly differ from markets in general, excepting as regards the endless variety of articles exposed for sale, thrifty housewives—and what housewife in Berlin is not thrifty from temperament or necessity?—preferring to run the gauntlet of the elements in the hope of saving a few groschen by purchasing whatever they may require in the shape of food at the market stalls, rather than go to shops, the high rent of which obliges their owners to retail their goods a trifle dearer.

You may go to bed in a room overlooking the Dönhofs-platz and gazing out on the still, moonlit square, fancy it to be the ideal of peace and tranquillity. When you awake in the morning and look out again, you find it covered with booths so thickly that it seems impossible to wedge a fresh one in, and noisy with vociferating crowds. A market has sprung up during the night, the peasants from the environs starting with their produce packed for the most part in little carts drawn by dogs so as to reach the city before day-break. The noise and bustle of a Berlin market is intensified from the fact of every customer beating down the vendors with the utmost power of lung of which he is capable, whilst the latter shouts loudly back his or her reasons for not abating a groschen of the sum demanded The same phenomenon is to be noticed at all public gatherings, and even private parties. Whenever a number of Berlinese come together they insist upon shouting, and the one who vociferates the loudest seems to be considered the best man. The mind of the spectator is further confused by the farrago of wares he sees exposed for sale in the Berlin markets, all more or less mixed up together owing to there being no especial quarter for particular commodities. Everything that a man can want from an ox to a button is sold at these markets; the only difficulty is to find out in what degree of latitude your particular stall lies.

Taking a walk through the Dönhofs-platz market, the first booth we come to is full of flowers, flowers in bunches, flowers in pots, flowers under glass cases, flowers in elaborate and enormous bouquets. You may buy a blossom for your button-hole for five pfennigs or invest six thaler in a bouquet. Adjoining the flower-booth is a cheese-stall, behind which an old market woman is cutting her cheese into slices. The cheeses are square flat tablets weighing about a couple of pounds each. We tasted some of this cheese once and never wish to taste it again—in fact we shall always regret having tasted it at all. The next stand is stocked with birdcages with a hundred different kinds of birds in them, and here you may buy excellent canaries very cheap and ordinary singing birds for a mere trifle. By the side of the birdcages is a butcher's, and a peculiarity to be noticed here are the carcases hanging up with the hides on. An ox with horns, tail and hide complete dangles by its hind legs next to a sheep with all its wool on. The meat you ordinarily get at the Berlin markets is not of the best quality, yet the butchers' booths are closely watched by the police, by whom bad meat is very frequently seized. The trade in skins and hides around the butchers' stalls is uncommonly brisk. Buyers inspect the hides whilst they are on the animals' carcases, and if they find one to suit them the beast is flayed there and then, and the hide handed over as readily as a joint would be cut off at their request. The Berlinese indeed are indifferent to sights which we are apt to regard



THE MARKET ON THE DÖNHOFS-PLATZ.
From the Illustrated London News.

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as repulsive. I noticed, for instance, one afternoon a butcher's cart rattling along the Linden, at that time crowded with carriages and promenaders. Inside was a calf with its throat freshly cut, and dripping with blood. It had evidently only been killed a few minutes, and all there was to conceal it from public gaze was a cloth about the size of a table napkin.

The stall adjacent to the butcher's is devoted to gingerbread. The old dame presiding at it recommends her wares most energetically, yet to look at them one would imagine they were the most indigestible compounds ever baked. Passing on to the next booth you are invited to inspect a stock of boots and slippers very neatly made and looking as if they would wear well, although offered at fabulously low prices. The neighbouring stall presents no attraction. It is heaped up with piles of the sour black bread so grateful to the German palate, and found to be so disagreeable by most foreigners. Hard by are exhibited basketfuls of

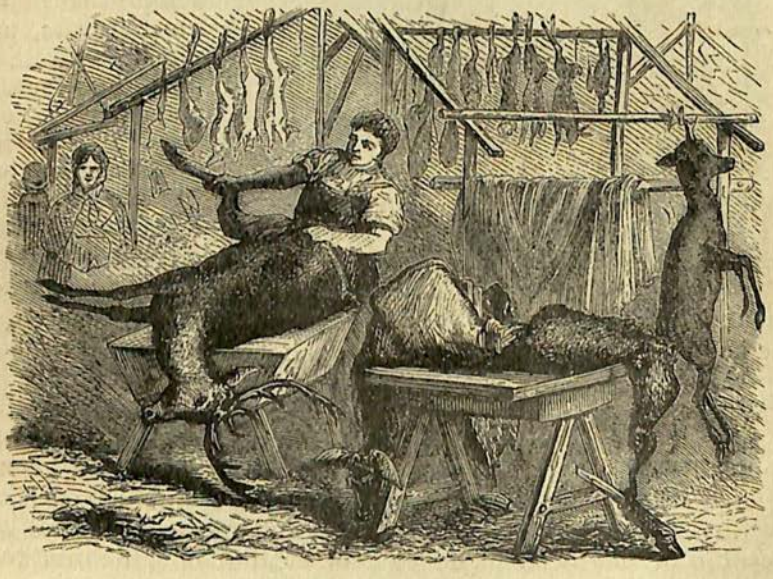
apples, followed by a varied array of vegetables, and then we come to a stall abounding in honey—honey in the comb, honey in pots, honey spread on slices of black bread, and honey in amorphous lumps. The next stall is neither pleasant to the sight nor smell. Dried fish is its staple commodity, but there is also a goodly show of sloppy-looking, half-soaked, half-salted fish, about the last thing in the whole market one would care to eat, however hungry one might chance to be, and yet the stall

is crowded with purchasers. The owner of the next booth sells stays, laces, bodkins, looking-glasses, combs, pins, needles, &c., and we pass on to one where pork and butter are the staple commodities, the latter done up in little round flat cakes, and looking exceedingly fresh and good. Eggs, too, are to be bought here at the rate of fifteen for six groschen, or less than a half-penny each, but they are much smaller than English eggs. At the adjoining booth candles are exposed for sale, and at the one next to that—a compound of a cutler's and an ironmonger's—you may obtain everything from a carving-knife to a corkscrew, from a hammer to a handsaw. Another stall is devoted to grocery, another to glass and crockery, and so on.

Women wander in and out among the booths, with baskets filled with live ducks suspended from their shoulders, while dispersed around the large open space are country carts of all descriptions, those which have brought their hundreds of live geese from a long distance having their interiors arranged in several storeys. A plank sloping to the ground having been placed at the tail of the vehicle level with one of these storeys, the geese, which are set in motion by the persuasive poke of a stick, proceed gravely to waddle in single file down the incline, but only to find themselves, seized hold of, with the view to their necks being skilfully wrung, the moment they are comfortably landed on terra firma.

In the Alexander-platz, on market-days, traffic is blocked by innumerable rickety stalls and booths set up on the rutty surface and encroaching on the roadway by which it is traversed. At these stalls, presided over, for the most part, by umbrella-shaded *Hökerweiber*, every imaginable commodity is displayed for sale. Rather more than a quarter of the space is taken up by the meat market with its freshly-killed calves, pigs large as bullocks, scraggy sheep, sides and joints of purple toned beef, calves' and sheeps' heads, and an abundance of offal of all kinds, together with tons upon tons of repulsive-looking sausages. Elsewhere are geese and poultry, deer and fawns, hares and

rabbits, wild fowl and wild swine, live pigeons with their coops surrounded by fanciers, canaries, an immense quantity of salt-fish, cheeses of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, butter, eggs, baskets of apples and pears, piles of garden-stuff, including cabbages of all shades of colour, and herbs of various kinds, together with crockery, calicoes, tools, wooden chairs and benches, and a general *omnium-gatherum* of articles of greater or less utility. At one end of the Platz a few flowers in pots are exposed for sale, and amongst these women sit weaving wreaths of oak, ivy, laurel, and other evergreens which they enliven with a few bright blossoms. Numerous carts are drawn up with their tails to the pavement, and all around are strewed different kinds of *débris*, amongst which decaying cabbage leaves, hides from freshly-skinned carcasses, and scraps of offal reveal themselves promi-



nently to the eye and the nostril. Carters, wrapped in long great-coats with fur collars and cuffs, refresh themselves with hot coffee and schnapps, and scores of dirty ruffians skulk about, apparently on the look-out to appropriate any unconsidered trifle from which the owner's watchful glance chances to be momentarily withdrawn. What strikes one, spite of the size and crowded state of the market, is the poverty-looking aspect of the whole affair.

In the Gensd'armen-markt, nearly the whole of one side of the square is occupied by cheap furniture stalls, at which chairs, tables, bedsteads, ladders, &c., are offered for sale at very low rates. It may be noted with reference to all the Berlin markets

that the scales and weights of the worthy market-women are not always as just as they should be, and yet the police are certainly not to be taxed with any want of vigilance in this respect.

Though the soil of the environs of Berlin is somewhat chary of the gifts of Nature, most of the vegetables, poultry, eggs, butter, &c., exposed for sale in the markets of the capital are produced in the surrounding neighbourhood. The chief supplies are drawn from the northern districts, these being the most fruitful, and are brought in in primitive-looking country carts. The traffic is an important one, and the streets leading from the so-called city-gates to the various markets abound in inns known as *Ausspannungen*, especially devoted to the accommodation of the peasants and the providing of standing-room for their vehicles.

When the inclemency of a Berlin winter, consisting, as this does, of four months of frost, snow, and slush, varied by violent winds, is taken into consideration, it is to be marvelled at that covered markets have not long since sprung up all over the city. And yet only a single attempt, and that a comparatively recent one, has been made to provide Berlin with those commodious buildings with which the third Napoleon so liberally endowed the French capital. But the light, handsome, and well-ventilated structure of glass and iron, in the style of the Parisian Halles Centralles, erected between the Karl-strasse and the Schiffbauer-damm, though designed on the most approved and commodious principles, turned out as great a failure as our own Columbia market, and is now occupied by Salamonsky's circus troupe. This being the case, the remaining eleven similar edifices, which it was proposed to build in various quarters of the city, are scarcely likely to be commenced for years to come. The Berlin housewives and *Küchen-frauen* proved themselves strict conservatives, so far as antiquated inconveniences are concerned, and preferred to sally forth in rain, wind,

and snow to purchase sodden meat, and damp vegetables from their accustomed dealer, who sits either perspiring in the sun or blue-nosed and chill beneath her umbrella, rather than patronise the few daring spirits who had ventured to establish themselves in the new and comfortable covered market.

The Berlin open-air markets encourage the existence of regularly organised gangs of thieves known as the *Gänsejungen*, from the geese, which are the special objects of their rapacity. The members are mostly lads of from fifteen to twenty years of age, who, after meeting over-night in some beer cellar to arrange the plan of campaign, sally forth before day-break, and while some of the gang hang about the inns where countrymen who have driven into Berlin with their poultry and other farm produce, fruit and vegetables, have taken up their quarters, others wait in readiness in the market-place. The former offer their services to the peasants and help them to get their carts out of the stables, and to set forth their poultry, vegetables, and other produce in the market. When they have succeeded in engrossing the attention of their employers, their accomplices, who are on the watch, proceed to lay hands on whatever may be readily abstracted and to whip it beneath their coat-skirts. The fraternity have always had an especial predilection for geese, and on one occasion a member of it possessed himself of the bird so dear to the Berlinese by a cool stroke of impudence. He stepped up to a dealer's cart and carefully selected the finest of his geese. Whilst debating the price with the owner, he suddenly gave him a violent blow in the face with the bird and then darted off with his prize. As soon as the victim recovered from his amazement, he raised a cry of "stop thief," and several persons started in pursuit. A policeman came up with the fugitive and seized him by the coat-tails, but these were so rotten that they parted company with the rest of the garment, and the guardian of public order fell full-length in the gutter, whilst the thief disappeared with his booty down a narrow winding street.

The wholesale fish-market of Berlin is held on the banks of the Spree, at a short distance from the Kurfürsten-

brücke. Moored in the stream near the bridge and the milldam bridge are numerous floating tanks, hogsheads covered with wire gratings, and enormous square wooden boxes with perforated sides, in which the fresh water fishes that constitute the bulk of the finny tribe consumed at Berlin are kept in store. Conspicuous amongst them are the carp, so highly esteemed by the Berlinese, holding, indeed, the same place in their estimation as salmon occupies with ourselves. They are brought up the river in boats furnished with large wells, in immense quantities, chiefly from the carp breeding ponds of Lausitz and Kottbus, at which latter place the leading fishmongers meet on the first Monday in September to settle the prices during the ensuing autumn. The wholesale market comprises an agglomeration of these floating tanks, from which the fish are extracted by means of landing-nets, and transferred to troughs and tubs. The latter are transported to the retail fish-market on long low trucks drawn by horses, or more frequently by means of numerous smaller trucks drawn by those muscular dogs which abound in Berlin, and which here may be seen snatching a few moments' repose in their harness amidst that din and turmoil, and the orthodox emphatic language, without which it would seem fish cannot be satisfactorily disposed of in any part of the world.

Fishmongers' shops fitted up with sloping marble slabs whereon repose kingly salmon, rainbow-tinted mackerel, ruddy mullet, delicate whiting, turbot, broad as the shield of Achilles, orange-spotted plaice, sober-hued soles, and scarlet lobsters are unknown in Berlin. The supply of sea-fish, save in a dried or salted condition is comparatively scanty, and fresh-water fish, notably carp, pike, and eels, form the chief items at the retail fish-market in the Spittel-markt-platz, whither Berlin housewives and cooks flock in crowds. Here the trucks

THE BERLIN FISH MARKET NEAR THE KURFÜRSTEN-BRÜCKE.
From the Illustrated London News.

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already noted are drawn up, and on every side are to be seen tubs and tanks of all sizes full of eels, carp, pike, roach, barbel, and other river fish "all alive oh!" Hulking fellows in sou'-westers or peaked caps and long fisher boots are carrying wooden and tin pails similarly stocked, backwards and forwards, and fishwives, chiefly in thick jackets, broad-brimmed hats, or capacious bonnets, and long waterproof aprons, scud about with hand-nets full of freshly fished up finny spoil which they thrust abruptly under the noses of prospective purchasers, accompanied with energetic recommendations to them to buy.

Each stall-keeper has a couple or more tubs or tanks, a pair of scales and a landing-net. The tubs, which are generally somewhat shallow, are full of live fish, huddled together almost as closely as packed sardines. There is about sufficient water to cover three-fourths of a fish's body, though in some tubs there may be a little more, and in others not so much. The consequence is that the fish are half-way between life and death during the whole of the morning. You may see them gasping in agony, until an additional pail of water freshens them up a little and restores to them a semblance of vitality. The eels, of which there is an abundance, are better off, being to a certain extent amphibious, but the other fish are in a miserable plight. The stall-keeper will tell you that they are in running water, and require nothing more. And true enough each tank has a little hole at one side through which the water is allowed to trickle away till the tank is almost dry, and a dead fish or two have called the attention of the stall-keeper to the fact; upon which she will throw in a couple of fresh pailfuls to trickle away in the same manner. This is what she styles running water.

This perpetual trickling away of water nearly floods the market-place by mid-day and makes it in a terribly dirty and sloppy state, so that you have to pick your way cautiously along a

system of planks if you wish to observe what is going on. You will see a buyer come up to a stall, and forthwith the stall-keeper plunges her hand into a tub and pulls out one or two live fish. She exhibits the plumpest to her expectant customer, pinches it to show what flesh it has on it, holds it up by the tail and lets it flap about for a minute or so to prove that it is healthy. If the bargain is concluded the buyer, if he happens to be of the male sex, as likely as not, pulls out his pocket-handkerchief and the fish, after being solemnly wrapped up in it, is deposited, faintly struggling all the while, in the purchaser's pocket. Eels, of course, do not submit to this without considerable commotion, and it is necessary for the ends of the pocket-handkerchief to be tied up very carefully. You may see them wriggling about in a man's pocket as he goes along, and if you stand at one of the corners of the market and watch the men's pockets and the women's bundles, many of these will be observed in motion from the unfortunate live fish stowed away therein.

It is not uninteresting to watch the rapidity with which some of the stall-keepers plunge their landing-nets into the tubs, bring up some half-dozen struggling fish, empty them into a scale, weigh them to an ounce and turn the wriggling writhing mass into the customer's basket, cloth, or pocket-handkerchief. Should the net-full of fish be over weight, considerable cleverness is shown in singling out a largish fish, flinging it from the scale back into the tank, plunging in the hand and bringing up a finny specimen of smaller dimensions and almost invariably of the exact weight required to make the scale balance. How the market-women manage to hold the fish, especially the eels, is a puzzle, but you never see them let one slip from their fingers. A portion of the Spittel-markt is devoted to shell-fish which are kept in straw, and here you encounter boxes upon boxes full of crawfish, young lobsters, prawns, and crabs. The crawfish are so abundant that in many places they lie strewn about the ground, and it is with difficulty that you avoid trampling on them as you walk along.

Butcher's shops are not only rare in Berlin, but are generally situated in out-of-the-way streets, and present, as a rule, only a meagre display of meat, from the prevailing practice of keeping the bulk of the stock in the cellar. They are to be recognised far more readily by the ivy trailed over their windows, which forms as it were their distinctive sign, than by their show of beef and mutton. We were in Berlin a full fortnight before we saw the carcass of a single sheep or the side of an ox, and were therefore somewhat surprised at learn-

ing that the city possessed a vast cattle-market, which, on inspection, we found might be compared without disadvantage to any similar establishment in Europe.

It is only within the last few years, however, that Berlin made any efforts to supply, in an adequate degree, a want which the rapid increase of the city rendered very perceptible. The utter inadequacy of the former cattle-market at Kläger had been recognised by all save the municipal authorities long before the present edifice was substituted for it, and the question of public slaughter-houses was one of yet older standing. At the end of the last century Berlin had three public slaughter-houses, at which all cattle had to be killed at the rate of one groschen per head, which was paid into the town exchequer. Their construction was, however, extremely defective. They were built partly on the banks of the Spree and partly on piles so as to overhang the river, into which all the refuse and offal were thrown. There were neither cattle sheds, washhouses, nor cesspools, and in fact only just sufficient killing room, so that the slaughtermen placidly cleansed the entrails of the defunct animals in the Spree, while seated on a floating washing-bench. A petition of the Butchers' Company addressed to the municipality, and dated 13th November, 1725, gives a picture of the state of things at that epoch. "We are compelled," it says, "humbly to represent to your honourable worships that our slaughter-house, through lapse of time, is in so dilapidated a condition as to endanger our and our servants' lives. About a fortnight ago the servant-girl of Master Prätorius fell from the ruinous washing-bench into the water and was drowned because the bench is all askew and without railing. When we kill a bullock in the slaughter-house there is such shaking and straining because the piles below as well as the beams and joists are rotten, that it makes our hair stand on end. But the greatest misfortune with which we are threatened is the projecting gable, because it contains the public *latrines*, which are continually visited by soldiers; now if the gable were to come down and kill those people, we might get into difficulty with the officers and be put to much expense. Wherefore we pray your honourable worships to see that a new slaughter-house be built, because repairs will no longer do."

The riverside slaughter-houses were rebuilt, but after the same fashion, and again became equally untenable, the consequence was that in 1810 they were closed till further notice, and numerous private slaughter-houses were opened in their stead. Three years later the Town Deputies addressed the magistracy on the abuses already existing in these establishments. "Berlin, the finest city in Germany," observed they, with genuine civic pride, "is behind all other great towns, in which special attention is paid to *abattoirs*. It is very impolitic and most detrimental to health to allow butchers to continue killing in their

own houses; firstly, because of the impurity of the practice, and the injurious exhalations arising therefrom, and secondly, on account of the unpreventible abuse connected therewith, namely, the slaughter of diseased animals which could not take place in public *abattoirs* under proper inspection."

In spite of all police regulations, the private slaughter-houses of Berlin have continued to this day in a most deplorable state. Sanitary regulations were next to impossible, and the police were obliged to shut their eyes for more than half a century to the disregard of their regulations if they did not wish to produce a meat famine, for the few well-conducted slaughter-houses were utterly inadequate to the supply of the capital, whilst the one erected at Neustadt in 1818 by the magistracy in accordance with the above appeal, was badly arranged and so wretchedly built that it soon fell into decay, and had to be taken down in 1842.

From time to time the question of public slaughter-houses for the capital was mooted and dropped, until in 1864, the outbreak of the cattle plague created a strong feeling in favour of something being done. The deputies and the magistracy were unanimous in opinion that the erection of a cattle market with suitable slaughter-houses was a matter of the first necessity, and foreign countries were corresponded with and visited, and in 1866 a joint committee was appointed to settle the details. This committee recommended the erection of a central cattle market, with *abattoirs* in connection with it, but whilst the magistracy wished the proposed market to be erected at the expense of the city, and placed under their own management, the deputies, who held the purse-strings, and who had had sufficient experience of this management in other matters, were in favour of its being carried out by private enterprise. In the midst of their discussions they were apprised that a company, with a capital of 2,000,000 thaler, had received a royal concession and was about to commence building operations at once, whereupon the very deputies who had advocated the having recourse to private enterprise professed to be greatly shocked, and for a time not only the butchers, who maintained that the scheme was a swindle, and that nothing could come up to their own slaughter-houses, but the Berlin municipality were hostile to the undertaking. The latter body, however, was eventually mollified, and the opposition of the cattle dealers and butchers gradually died away.

The Berlin cattle-market, which covers an area of seventy-eight acres, is situated in the Oranienburg suburb, close to the Humboldt Park. The main entrance from the Acker-strasse is flanked right and left by pentagonal buildings containing offices for the levying of tolls, dues, &c. Passing between these we arrive in front of a somewhat fancifully designed building known

as the exchange, containing clerks' offices, telegraph office, police-station, refreshment rooms, &c., as well as numerous offices let to cattle brokers. These brokers, between twenty and thirty in number, are men of considerable capital and much special knowledge, and are, in fact, the soul of the Berlin cattle trade, which passes almost exclusively through their hands. They sell the cattle brought or forwarded by dealers, for which they receive a percentage; but whilst they hand over the price, minus this percentage, at once they give the butchers, who are the purchasers, credit until the next market-day, and sometimes longer. The cattle come principally from Russia, Poland, East Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Posen, Silesia, Austria, and Hungary, the sheep from East Prussia, Pomerania and Siberia, and the pigs from Hungary. Many Russian cattle reach Berlin by way of Austria, and even Bavaria, it being much easier to avoid the cattle plague inspection on these frontiers than on the Prusso-Russian frontier, which is rarely open more than two or three months in the year. The calves are chiefly reared round about Berlin.

Thanks, in no slight degree, to the establishment of this market, Berlin is rapidly becoming one of the chief centres of the cattle trade in the north of Europe, and the bulk of the animals exposed here for sale are destined for consumption elsewhere than in the city. The brokers acting as foreign and provincial agents buy up these animals according to the instructions they receive from their principals and forward them by train to their destination. Large numbers of sheep, pigs, and oxen are sent weekly to the different towns of Southern Germany, Belgium, and Holland, some animals, principally sheep, go as far as Paris, while regular supplies of oxen are forwarded to London by way of Hamburg.[1] With regard to the number of sheep, pigs, and cattle consumed annually by the inhabitants of Berlin the latest records we have met with refer to the year 1871. During that year there appear to have been consumed in the city 65,281 head of cattle,—London, at the same epoch consumed more than quadruple that number—with 87,221 calves, 163,956 sheep, and 283,974 pigs, proving the fondness for pork which

[1] Monday is the principal market-day, the transactions on the other days of the week, with the exception of Friday, being but trifling. From 4,000 to 6,000 persons meet here on Monday, and according to the season and other circumstances affecting trade, the average number of beasts exposed for sale is as follows: cattle 1,000 to 3,000; calves, 600 to 1,500; sheep, 3,000 to 30,000; and pigs, 3,000 to 8,000. On Fridays, when the market is held chiefly with a view of working off the animals left unsold during the week, 50 to 300 cattle, 600 to 1,500 calves, 300 to 3,000 sheep, and 500 to 2,500 pigs represent the average. The prices, at the time of our visit, averaged from 20*l.* to 23*l.* for oxen, 1*l.* to 1*l.* 4*s.* for sheep, 7*l.* to 9*l.* for pigs, and about 3*l.* for calves. The tax levied per head by the market authorities is 9*d.* for oxen, less than 1*d.* for sheep, 3½*d.* for pigs, and 3*d.* for calves. The

prevails amongst the Berlinese. In 1874 the daily consumption of animal food per head of the inhabitants of Berlin was slightly over five ounces, which considering the smallness of the Berliner's income and the large number of poor in the city may be considered a very high average.

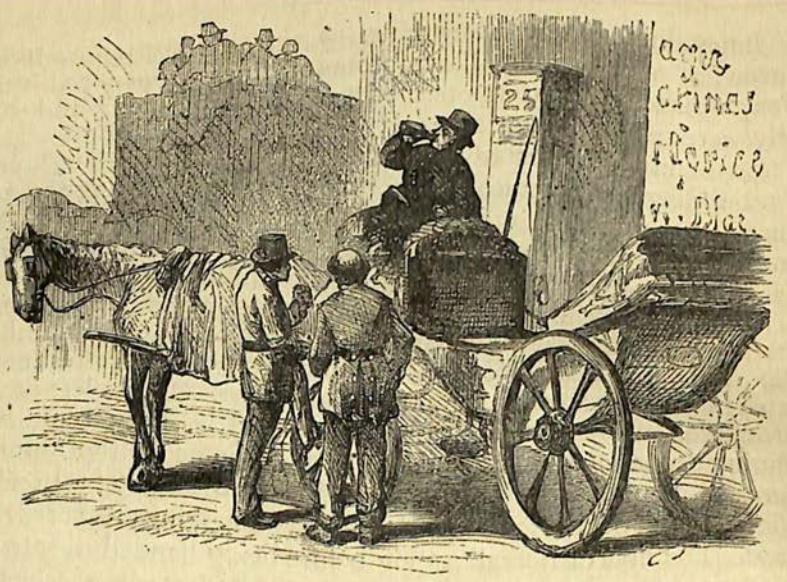
To the right of the exchange are two sale halls for sheep, providing room for 20,000 animals, whilst immediately adjoining are open spaces for 15,000 more. The pens, whether indoors or out, are intersected by broad paths enabling the various lots to be inspected without difficulty. These lots vary from a solitary ram tied up by itself, or accompanied by half-a-dozen carefully bred ewes, to a flock of forty or fifty sheep. Hard by are the stables for sheep remaining unsold, capable of holding 15,000 of these animals. Beyond the sheep-pens are the sale-pens and the sties for pigs, each capable of accommodating some 8,000 of the porcine race. The German partiality for the pig in his varied forms of schweinfleisch, schinken, and sausage is well-known, so that it is not at all extraordinary the show of these animals at the Berlin market should be a good one. There were none of those lean, long-legged, greyhound-like animals which are to be met with in some parts of France, but an assemblage of sturdy, well-conditioned porkers that would do honour to Berkshire. Conspicuous amongst them was a breed from Hungary, big animals with immense boar-like tusks and bodies covered with thick white bristles. Most of them were so fat that their eyes were all but invisible, and merely a few were able to rise off their hams, despite their continual efforts to get upon their feet.

The lines of rails connecting the market with the entire system of Berlin railways run along the side of the market, so that the driving or carting of cattle through the streets is entirely avoided. There are three platforms at which 150 trucks can be simultaneously unloaded. Across the line is a washing-house, at which fifty trucks can be washed at the same time with boiling water, it having been found that by this means they can be perfectly freed from the germs of disease without the necessity of having recourse to evil-smelling and expensive disinfectants. The precautions taken against the cattle-disease are very strict. A general inspector, three sub-inspectors, an inspector for the slaughter-houses, and four veterinary surgeons, besides a lieutenant and brigadier of police and four constables are attached to the market. The manager assured us that every animal was minutely

low figure at which sheep are taxed is accounted for by contracts extending over a long period having been made with the salesmen when the market was first opened, in order to withdraw the support from a rival establishment. When animals are removed from the market without having been sold, their owners are allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. on the tax. No charge is made for stabling animals for a week, but beyond that period the owners have to pay for the accommodation.

inspected immediately it left the railway truck and before it was allowed to enter a stable. If symptoms of illness were noted it was at once placed in what was termed "an observing shed," and carefully watched for two or three days. If at the end of that time it was found to be affected by disease it was instantly slaughtered in a building specially set aside for the purpose. Strange to say, however, the owner is permitted to retain the carcass if the veterinary surgeon certifies after a post-mortem examination that it is fit for food, which unquestionably it can never be.

To the left of the pigsties is the sale hall for calves, capable of holding 2,000 of these animals, with stabling for a similar number. The same building also contains lodgings and a refreshment department for 120 drovers and cattle-dealers. On the left of the exchange are the sale halls for horned cattle, lofty buildings, offering accommodation for 4,000 head. Some of the animals were as fine plump beasts as ever gladdened the eyes of a London salesman, but others were lean, half-starved looking creatures that needed a course of liberal feeding before being handed over to the butcher. Four ranges of sheds, constructed upon a scientific plan, and fitted with every modern appliance, give shelter to 5,000 more oxen and cows, and close by is a large albumen factory and tallow-melting works. Along the eastern side of the market is situate the extensive range of slaughter-houses. The principal one for horned cattle consists of a lofty and airy central hall into which fifty slaughtering rooms, constructed with every regard to sanitary requirements and amply supplied with water, open. Two other large slaughter-houses contain each seventy-two rooms, besides which there are a number of smaller ones. All of them have extensive cellarage for preserving the meat perfectly fresh, together with the necessary ice wells. A butcher may rent one of these slaughtering rooms for about 75*l.* a year, yet the fraternity appear to prefer their own private slaughter-houses, with their concomitant dirt and filth, to those of the market, in which the police regulations are strictly enforced. All the refuse from the slaughter-houses and the market generally flows into a large central reservoir, where the fluids are strained off and the solids deodorized for manure.



XX.

BERLIN VEHICLES.

WHEN a stranger in the German capital determines to turn a deaf ear to the offers of guides, interpreters, obliging if impecunious fellow-countrymen and the like, and to "do" Berlin unaccompanied, his first care is to engage one of those vehicles called droschken by the Prussians, but which the French, amongst whom they are to be met with in remote provincial districts, insist upon styling *berlines*. And though our Gallic neighbours are not as a rule happy in borrowed nomenclature, in this instance the appellation is a perfectly appropriate one, for in no other capital in Europe are such rickety, dirty, tumble-down, rotten, broken-springed, flea-infested conveyances to be found. As to the local designation suggestive of the world-renowned droschken of St. Petersburg, nothing could be more deceptive. There is not the faintest resemblance between the two-wheeled jaunting cars drawn by the shaggiest of speedy-footed quadrupeds, and driven by the long-skirted coachmen with the unpronounceable name, that dash through the streets of the Czar's metropolis, and the crazy, ramshackle rattletraps that crawl slowly and painfully along the main arteries of Berlin. London may not be particularly well off as regards cabs. The springs of the hansoms are not always so good as they might be, and the four-wheelers often harbour more dirt than one cares to associate with garments fresh from the tailor's, to say nothing of the haunting fear of their having been last used for the transport of small-pox patients, but if any reader should think

it impossible ever to wish himself in the dirtiest, stuffiest "growler," drawn by the lamest bag of bones that ever limped along Oxford Street, he has only to go to Berlin and take a drive in one of its droschken.

The ordinary Berlin droschke is a four-wheeled vehicle built to carry four people and drawn by a single horse. The prevailing colour is chocolate, but the paint is unvarnished, and where patches have been scraped off by collisions these will generally be daubed over with paint of a different shade. At the back of the vehicle is a hood, emitting a strong odour of old damp leather, and allowed in fine weather to fall back, whilst behind the driver rises a kind of framework, which, when the conveyance is open, looks particularly ugly. Should a storm come on, the droschke-kutscher stops his horse, even although he may happen to be in the centre of the road, and jumping off his box proceeds to close his vehicle, but whether out of consideration for his customers or for his dirty cushions, it would be difficult to say. The hood is pulled up and strapped, or tied with odd bits of cord from the Jehu's pockets, to the wooden frame in front, and the two are then further connected by means of wooden stanchions, fastened on either side at the top, Then from slits behind his seat and from a locker beneath it he produces windows which he fits to the framework behind him, and to the sides of the vehicle. Climbing on to his box again, he gathers up the reins and, awakening his horse with a lash, proceeds upon his way, whilst the unhappy passenger is subjected to the deafening clatter of the badly-adjusted windows and the swaying to and fro of the rickety conveyance as it jolts along the ill-paved thorough fares. It is, indeed, to the bad pavements that the droschke owners ascribe the wretched state of their vehicles, alleging that they get shaken to pieces by the constant jolting they are subjected to over gutters and stones. As to the doors, these are so swollen in winter that it is almost impossible to open them, but, on the other hand, in summer they refuse to keep fastened for more than a few minutes together, and fly open at every jolt. There are moreover other annoyances. The droschke is generally lined with cotton-velvet, which was bright crimson when new,

but which the accumulated dust and dirt of years have toned down to a muddy tinge. To hide the soiled interior, the owner often covers it with white cotton net. But beneath you will find the old velvet cushions, stained with grease and full of dust which rises to the surface upon the slightest pressure, and harbouring moreover swarms of troublesome little insects in wait to assail the hapless occupant of the miserable conveyance.

The horse is in every respect worthy of the droschke. Probably it began life on a Pomeranian farm, whence it passed into the army, and on becoming unserviceable, was sold to half a dozen tradesmen in turn, each of whom, after driving it off its legs, would have got rid of it to some one else. At last when it found itself at the Charlottenburg horse-fair for the fourth or fifth time, it would be bought to end its days in a Berlin droschke. It is certain to be lame and perhaps blind of an eye, or, may be, of both; its teeth are long, yellow, and worn smooth with years of munching; the hair has fallen off in patches from various parts of its body, particularly the shoulders and the high-pointed hip-bones, and these places have been rubbed over with a mixture of grease and lamp-black to hide them as far as possible. Picture the animal in question with a long thin head, deep hollows above the eyes, and a running at the nostrils, suppose that you can count every rib in its body through its ragged, dusty coat, that its backbone bears a striking resemblance to the cleanly picked breast bone of a fowl, that its tail is all but hairless, that its mane hangs in a few short tufts over a neck curving inwards at the top, that only sufficient remains of its broken hoofs to hold the nails of its shoes, that its legs are swollen above the pastern joints, and laid bare by the animal kicking its heels together when trotting owing to bad shoeing, that its fore legs are bent at the knees and its hind legs bear numerous marks of firing, that its harness is either too large or too small besides being old, rotten, and mended with string; picture all this, and you may be able to form an idea of the wretched animal that drags a Berlin droschke. The pace got out of this hapless brute has been aptly described as "the minimum of speed consistent with physical movement."

That our picture is not overdrawn is proved by the testimony of Herr Dennstedt, captain of police, and charged with the superintendence of public vehicles, who, in his official report on the droschken of Berlin, declared that he did not exaggerate in stating the carriages to be such as any decent person would object to use, and that the horses were so feeble, overdriven, and full of serious faults that they were unable to accomplish the work required of them; whilst the harness, worn-out old stuff, bought cheap at auctions, was wretched and unsuitable. The one redeeming feature in the eye of the economical Berliner is that the droschken are, as he puts it, "very cheap," as if it

were possible for such villainous conveyances to be cheap at any price. One point ought not to be ignored, namely, that there exists in Berlin a certain class of people who wantonly destroy the slight conducements to comfort and convenience which a few of the owners have added to their droschken. Noticing this, a local writer remarked that in Berlin people were to be found who resolutely set their faces against anything likely to benefit the public at large, and who insisted upon the highest doing without whatever the lowest might regard as idle luxury.

As to the droschke driver, he is generally a burly, uncouth, thick-lipped dirty individual, with a bushy untrimmed beard and moustache, and is clad in a soiled thread-bare uniform coat, girded round the waist by a leather belt, supporting in front a pouch resembling a soldier's cartouche-box for his money and his tickets, which latter he is almost as chary of parting with as his London brother. He wears high boots and a glazed tin hat, dinted and weather-beaten, with a huge brass escutcheon, inscribed with his number in perforated figures in front. So much for his personal appearance. His skill as a driver is *nil*, and his dunderheadedness is proverbial, while, as regards his moral character, this does not appear to stand very high in the eyes of the local authorities, if we may judge by Herr Dennstedt's report.

"The drivers' behaviour," remarks the police superintendent, "has become insufferable, owing to their display of malice and impudence, and their neglect to fulfil the duties towards the public imposed upon them by regulation. Even their appearance, their dress, is enough to deter any one from employing them; it seems to be hardly ever brushed, is full of stains, and is visibly patched, or more often in tatters. In fulfilling their duties towards the public they seem almost to try which among them can behave in the roughest and most disagreeable manner. Rudeness, brutality of all kinds, extortions, &c., are of frequent occurrence. The large number of complaints I daily receive from the public afford the most striking proof of my assertions."

It is only fair to state that so far as my personal observation went, the inspector appears to have rather over-stated his case both as regards incivility and extortion. The drivers with whom I came into contact were civil enough, and rarely claimed more than their legal fare, though it is true they pretended never

AT THE BERLIN RAILWAY STATION.
"As usual, never a droschke to be had."
"Why, what would you expect? on a fine day like this all Berlin is out for a drive."

to have any small change. Strangers, completely ignorant of the language, have expressed their surprise to me at encountering similar probity, in a class almost universally regarded as dishonest, and have sought to account for it by suggesting that the droschke drivers must consider the man who has come all the way to Berlin, without knowing a word of German, as far too clever an individual to be taken in by one of themselves.

The slow pace at which the droschken are driven is not entirely due to the miserable animals with which they are horsed; the circumstance of all hirings being based upon time and not upon distance operating as an impediment to anything like reasonable speed. When some Prussian officials who had been sent to Paris to study the cab arrangements of that city, returned, and it was sought to enforce quicker driving and also to get the droschke owners to engage more skilful coachmen, the plan failed through the impudence, ignorance, and imperturbability of the latter. Some excuse for slow progress is to

"No droschke to be had again!"
"Of course not; no one in his senses cares to go out driving this wretched weather."

be found in the condition of the streets, and a patriotic optimist has even suggested that impatient grumblers should proceed in a droschke to the rendezvous for a duel, to have a double tooth out at the dentist's, to present themselves for military service before the district committee, or to commence a sedentary life in a criminal prison, in any of which cases they would certainly find that the driver drove far too quickly. Annoying as it is to crawl along in one of these ramshackle vehicles, it is equally vexatious when passing down a main thoroughfare in a hurry on foot, to be forced to halt for a minute or so at the corner of every side street to allow one of them to creep past at a pace that a snail might outdo. The police order to take the right hand in turning street corners caused the greatest indignation amongst the droschke drivers, who had always been accustomed to drive to the right or the left as they pleased, and to cut every corner sharp, and who only gave in when the order was enforced by policemen stationed at the crossings. It was comical to see the drivers pull up in front of the policeman posted in the middle of the road and try to steer skilfully round a right hand corner with a muttered curse upon lips blue with frost and brandy, and a sidelong glance of hatred at the official. Occasionally the police do pounce upon a loiterer, or summon drivers for crowding certain stands and deserting others which they regard as unprofitable, whilst to teach the drivers their duty towards the public and the art of handling the ribbons, there is an instruction class, both for aspirants for licences and full blown drivers, held every morning under police supervision. One police regulation alone has charms for the droschke-kutscher, —that which compels him to walk his horses past the churches on Sunday during divine service: this order there is no fear of his ever transgressing.

Berlin, like Paris and London, some years ago witnessed a cabmen's strike, or rather a strike of cab-owners. The droschke proprietors had been attributing the wretched condition of their vehicles to the bad state of the streets and the low fares, and the police acknowledged that without raising the tariff, the droschken could not well be improved, but on the other hand they said it was most unlikely that a rise in fares would be followed by any improvement. They advised the owners to turn their second class droschken, which form the majority of these vehicles, into first class ones,—the difference between the two mainly consisting in the addition of a second worn-out screw that hinders the first from going, and in the absence of the large brass plate on the driver's hat,—and thus to become entitled to higher fares. But the proprietors, whilst protesting against all fixed tariffs, opposed this suggestion in the name of the public, urging with singular candour that as there was little or no difference between first and second class droschken, if once they began

turning the latter into the former, all would become transformed, and the public would have in every case to pay the higher fare. A new tariff was accordingly fixed by the police and came into operation on the 1st March, 1871.[1]

This revised tariff did not suit the droschke owners, who had anticipated a greater increase in the fares, and they accordingly withdrew their vehicles from circulation. For three days scarcely a droschke was to be seen in the streets, and in addition to private carriages the public had only the omnibuses and a few rickety conveyances brought in from the country by peasants, who thus turned to profit the inheritance derived from their ancestors. Now and then an independent driver who owned his own droschke and had not joined the strike, was roughly handled, and in some instances harnesses were cut, but in general the men on strike behaved extremely well. On Sunday, the 5th March, some amusement was caused by the appearance in the Linden of a large waggon containing half a dozen well-dressed jokers drawn by a number of *dienstmänner* (commissionaires) in harness. The hit was appreciated by the promenaders, but the police took it seriously and were about to impound the vehicle and its singular team, when the Emperor happened to pass and was so much amused by the sight that they relented. The droschke drivers themselves sought to have their share in the joke and hastened from all parts of the city mounted upon the best of their animals, and later in the day several hundred of them formed a procession and galloped through the Thiergarten.

The strike was really two-fold. The droschke owners struck against the President of Police, and the drivers against their masters. The former refused the tariff, the latter demanded higher wages, and would not drive from seven in the morning till midnight, according to the new regulations. Eventually, however, the Unions of both masters and men proclaimed that, "by desire of His Majesty the King and Emperor," work would be resumed according to the new tariff, the authorities having undertaken that their complaints should be examined into by a Royal Commission. Towards the close of the year the police issued an order that by the middle of the year following, all carriages plying for hire were to be freshly painted, lined, and well horsed, but this edict remained a dead letter. The formation

[1] The arrangement effected by this tariff was at least peculiar, and differed entirely from the systems in force either in Paris or London, inasmuch as it took the space of twenty minutes as the unit of time, and one person as the passenger unit. Thus a twenty minutes' journey cost one person five groschen (6d.); six groschen were charged if there were two persons, eight if there were three, and ten if there were four. For any additional time beyond the first twenty minutes a lower rate of charge in proportion was fixed. Children under six became free passengers, but two of that age counted as one person. Night fares were rated at double the ordinary day ones, and were specified to be in force from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m.

of a company to supply decent carriages was also mooted, and has since been carried out.[1]

The remaining public conveyances of Berlin comprise tram-cars, omnibuses, and Thorwagen, or gate-waggons,—vehicles something like our Hampton Court vans,—and running into the suburbs. The Municipal Council had long had in view a complete network of tramways for Berlin, and the Minister of Commerce granted a concession, but the President of Police objected, and for a time the entire project fell to the ground. However, in 1871 a Berlin tramway company was formed, which obtained concessions for ten lines, including a circular line round the inner town, most of which are now in operation.[2]

The project of an underground railway for Berlin fell through by reason of the difficulties presented by the sandy soil, and it was found that a proposed intra-mural circular railway supported by a viaduct could only be executed at a cost which would never permit of its becoming a paying concern on account of the high price of land. With a nominal view of benefiting the working population by enabling them to occupy cheap dwellings in the outskirts of the city, the Berlin and Magdeburg Railway adopted the plan of season tickets, but with some singular conditions. Applicants for these had to hand in their photograph, which, after being stamped 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class, was returned to the owner, to serve as a ticket and a means of identification. Imagine the British season ticket-holder being subjected to such formalities, and the system at work with a man who had been originally taken with a full beard shaving it off, and a smug-faced individual subsequently deciding upon sporting a pair of cavalry moustaches?

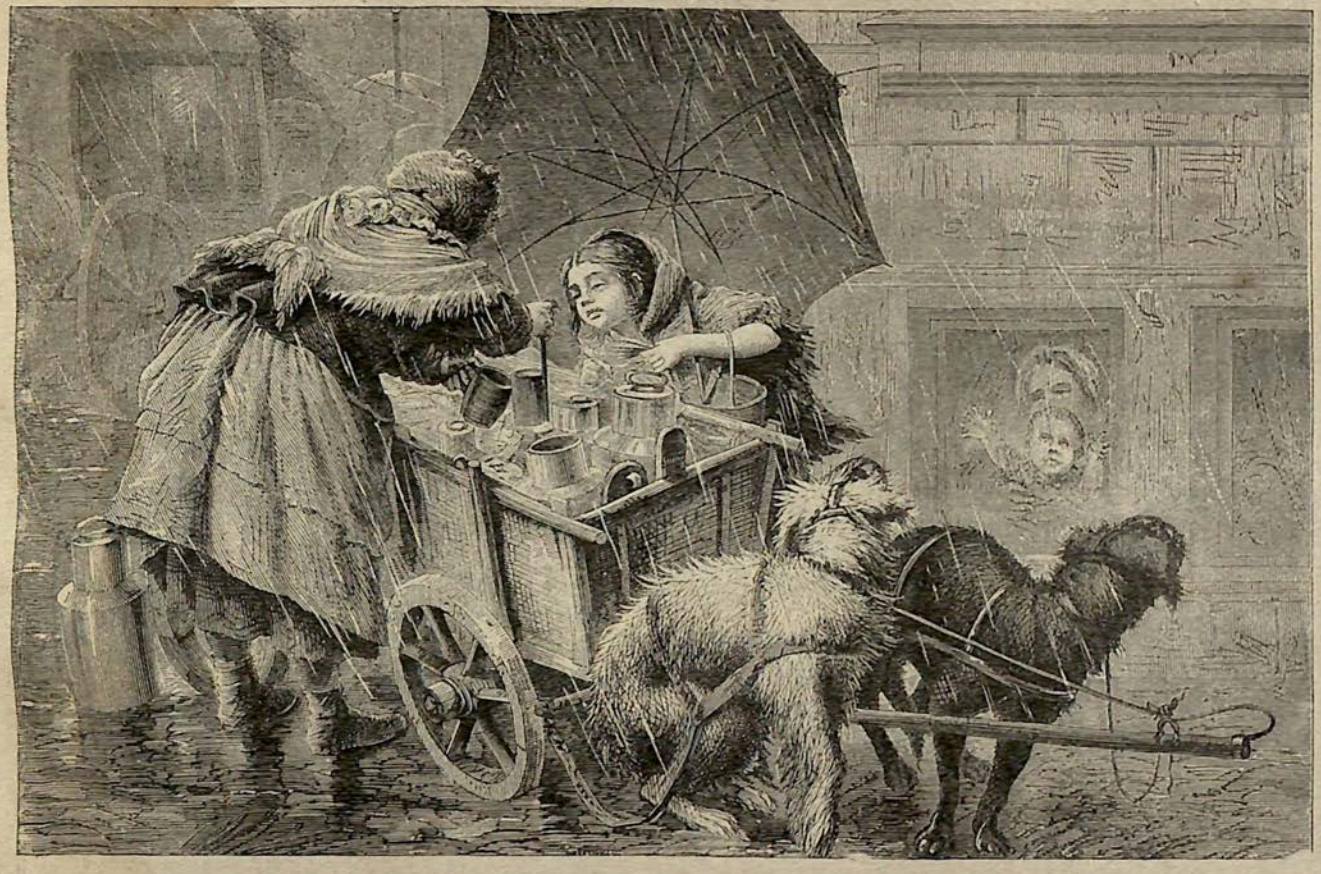
Of other Berlin vehicles, there are two which deserve a passing word, being indigenous to the place, and having been characteristically portrayed in a well-known bit of *genre* painting by Hosemann. On a sandy plain, such as abounds in the environs of the Prussian capital, broken by a few thorn-bushes and a windmill, a couple of conveyances, a sand-cart and a milk-cart, are to be seen approaching each other. The

[1] At the close of 1871 there were 286 droschken of the first class, with 572 horses, and 3,424 of the second class with 6,848 horses, whereas on the 1st January, 1875, Berlin possessed 903 first class, and 3,287 second class droschken, of which 408 belonged to the Droschke Actiengesellschaft. There were 1,306 first class, and 7,087 second class droschke drivers.

[2] At the end of 1871 this company had running 18 tram-cars and 145 horses, and in 1875 the number of its cars had risen to 91, there being, also, 95 belonging to the Berlin-Charlottenburg Tramway Company. On the latter line 1,697,442 persons were conveyed in 1871, resulting in the payment of a dividend of 14½ per cent. to the shareholders, and many complaints of overcrowding on the part of exasperated passengers. In 1875 Berlin had 159 omnibuses on active service, and 32 in reserve, and 179 two-horse and 67 one-horse Thorwagen. In 1874 there occurred 196 accidents in connection with the public vehicles of Berlin, of which 15 resulted fatally.

former is returning lightened of its load, and the wretched horse is striving to respond to the cuts of the driver's whip by breaking into a trot, being further inspired thereto by the prospect of a noon-day meal of cabbage-stalks and potato-peelings mingled with a little hay and chopped straw. On the back edge of the cart sits the driver's comrade, holding the scales, and counting the groschen pieces he has earned. The milk-cart, laden with cans and drawn by two dogs, is moving towards the city. The country lad accompanying it has, according to custom, placed himself on the top, and is urging on his already overladen team with blows. Ignoring Bulwer's well-known axiom, Hosemann has, possibly out of regard for the Beautiful, certainly fallen short of the Truthful in delineating these well-known national types, for his sand-cart horse bears far too distant a resemblance to an equine skeleton, and his dogs look much too well fed and cheerful.

The horse which really drags "lily-white sand" through the streets of Berlin—for naturally sandy though the city is, Berlin housewives still buy sand there—has but a short reprieve from the knacker's yard, and indeed looks as if hired thence for a time. With dumb resignation he paces onwards, whilst his owner proclaims the nature of his wares in ear-splitting yells, accompanied by frightful contortions of feature. As to the dogs that draw the milk-carts, they are so far plentiful that in many cases the peasants follow the plan of those Southern planters who used to find it more profitable to buy a constant succession of "niggers" and "use them up" in a few seasons, than to keep them in good health and condition. Many flesh-eating animals have been, through domestication, accustomed to a vegetable diet, but the parsimonious Brandenburger has gone a step further, and feeds his draught dogs on petrified morsels resembling mineral rather than vegetable substances. Summer or winter, the milk-cart dog is pitilessly muzzled, though in this respect he is no worse off than his freer kindred, for there is no exception to the muzzling rule, and a tiny toy-terrier or a minute Maltese is, according to law, treated with the same precaution as a bulldog, a mastiff, or a bloodhound. There are two kinds of muzzle in vogue: one a metal cage, which prevents the dog from eating unless you poke his food through the bars, and the other a leather loop, in which his jaws are strapped so tightly that he cannot bark. The loop muzzle being cheaper than the wire cage, most of the draught-dogs' jaws are strapped up like railway rugs. Now the chief requirements of a harnessed dog are to hang his tongue out and to bark, the former being indeed an absolute physical necessity; but with these muzzles, tongue-protrusion is quite out of the question, and the healthy bark is compressed into a strangled wheeze. Nevertheless, from a sense of duty, the animals pull lustily. In addi-



A BERLIN MILK CART.

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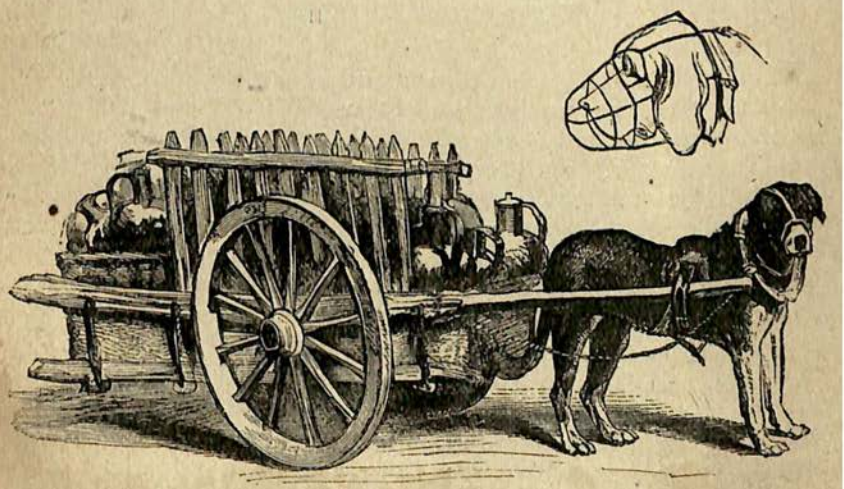
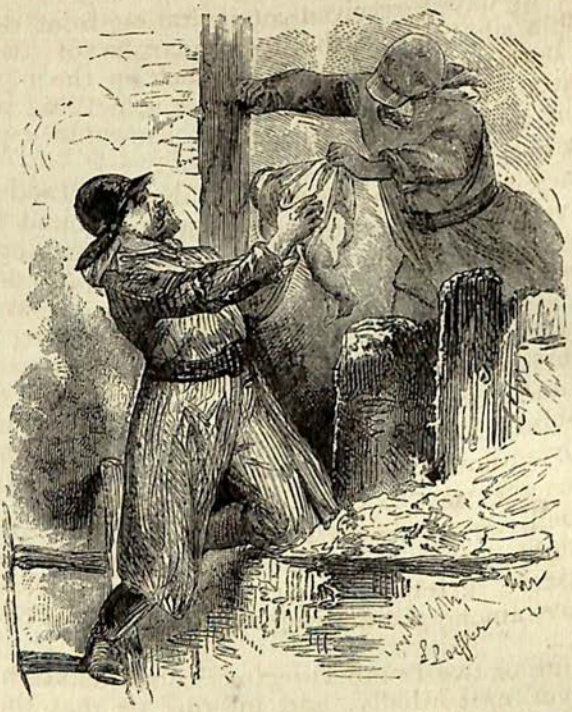
tion to these milk carts, you frequently encounter at Berlin carts containing fish, vegetables and other articles, to which sometimes two dogs, sometimes a dog and a man, or a dog and a woman, are to be seen harnessed.

Hosemann could not have selected two better types of Berlin vehicles, though he had his choice amongst the brilliant equipages of the Jew bankers; the heavy, low-hung chariots of the old aristocracy; the dashing tilburies, perched on wheels so high that the occupant can almost look into a second-floor window, driven by officers in the Guards; the cabriolets with master and servant sitting cheek by jowl; the small, shabby-looking, slow-paced broughams affected by doctors and lawyers; the brewers' drays, consisting of two parallel beams so long that it is impossible for them to turn round in a crowded street without getting entangled with other vehicles, a danger which is obviated by taking out the horses and harnessing them at the other end; the furniture vans each capable of holding the contents of an entire house; the fire-engine dashing past with rattling wheels, clattering hoofs, blazing torches, and jingling bells; the quaintly draped hearses with their attendant mutes; and the tradesmens' vans, resplendent with the bright coloured advertisements of their owners.





XXI.

THE BERLIN FEUERWEHR.

CAPTAIN SHAW, in a recent report on London fires, drew attention to the serious fact that, although the population of the metropolis had not doubled during the last forty years, the annual number of fires had more than trebled. Spite, however, of this disproportionate increase of the London fire rate, it is relatively less than that of one other European Capital, which, fortunately for itself, possesses a fire brigade equal to any in the world. This is Berlin, where in 1870, with less than 800,000 inhabitants, there were 777 fires, against 1,494 in London with its population of upwards of three millions. One convincing proof of the efficiency of the Berlin Feuerwehr is furnished by the fact that out of these 777 fires no more than 4½ per cent. ranked as serious, whereas in London, spite of the exertions of its admirable fire brigade, the serious fires attained a ratio of almost double, or upwards of 8 per cent.

Having heard the highest praise bestowed upon the Berlin Feuerwehr, I addressed myself to the Fire-Director-Government-Privy-Councillor Scabell, asking him to favour me with an opportunity of observing the working of the corps under his

control. Next day I received an invitation from the Brand-Director to visit him at the head-quarters of the Berlin Feuerwehr, between ten and eleven o'clock on the night following, when, according to his note, "unless something unforeseen happened, he anticipated being able to show me a portion of the brigade in action."

The brigade has its head-quarters at No. 50, Linden-strasse, and on arriving there at the time appointed, I found this quiet thoroughfare comparatively deserted and the lights out in nearly all the houses. A solitary sleepy droschke rattled over the stones and a few pedestrians, proceeding home from the early theatres, were cautiously picking their way along the foot pavement in order to avoid slipping into the open gutters. Pacing up and down before the huge porte-cochère was a fireman in a short cloth jacket, high jack boots, black leather helmet with an immense flanch behind, and shouldering an axe. He indicates the way to the director's apartments, where, on ringing a bell, we are ushered into a large and elegant salon brilliantly lighted, crowded with objects of art, and with some clever caricature sketches of that butt of boulevardian wit, the Paris *pompier*, among the drawings and engravings covering the walls.

In a minute or two Brand-Director Scabell makes his appearance, receives us cordially, and informs us that the fates are against us, as there have already been three fires that evening, all of which had been extinguished. "Nothing is left," continued he, "but to get up a fire on purpose for you. What do you say to one here, No. 50, Linden-strasse? In this case you won't have far to go. It must, however, be only a 'Kleinfeuer,' otherwise within a quarter of an hour we shall have the President of Police himself here, followed, perhaps, by the Commandant of the Place." Then, handing us some cigars, he leads the way downstairs, we following and wondering all the while what is about to happen.

We cross the inner court to a building in front of which a single sentry is pacing mechanically up and down. Ascending a few steps, we enter a dimly-lighted room on the ground floor, in one corner of which is a small closet containing the telegraph apparatus. Thither Herr Scabell directs his steps, while we glance around. Observing an open door, we stroll into an adjacent apartment, where a score or so of firemen are sleeping on sloping wooden platforms with their clothes on. The clicking and jingling of the telegraph apparatus suddenly culminate in the sharp ringing of a bell, on hearing which the sentinel outside rushes in shouting "Fire! fire!" The men in the adjoining room instantly rise from their beds, and, taking up the cry, rush about like so many demons. The sentinel then tolls a huge bell swung just before the doorway, and while this

is ringing furiously, more men, shouting "Fire! fire!" come darting down the stairs from the rooms above, so that the deafening yell to which the clapper of the bell keeps something like tune, assails one on every side. Bewildered by the noise, and in danger in the dim light of being knocked down and trampled on by the heavy-booted firemen, we withdraw outside only to find ourselves in more imminent danger of being run over by the powerful horses which by this time are being galloped out of their stables harnessed in readiness to be put to the engines, firemen's vans, and water-carts, a feat which is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye.

Within the space of a single minute since the cry of "fire" was first raised, engine No. 1,—with its hose and scaling ladders and firemen mounted beside the driver holding blazing torches and ringing a bell swung in front of the engine to warn vehicles out of the way—dashed through the gateway into the street, followed by its attendant water barrel and a van holding some dozen firemen, whose burning torches throw a lurid light around. Labourers next march out, some dragging trucks with water casks after them, others with fire extinguishers swung over their shoulders, and all fully equipped for action. In a few moments additional engines provided with their respective requisites, and followed by their habitual trains, make their appearance. The clatter they produce, combined with the incessant ringing of their bells, with the shouts of the firemen, and the barking of sundry dissipated dogs out upon the midnight prowl, causes the windows of the neighbouring houses to be thrown open, and people in their night clothes to thrust out their heads, in the full expectation of finding, at least, their neighbour's house on fire. Soon a bewildered crowd throngs the whilom deserted street, and policemen and night-watchmen rush up in a state of agitation. The lieutenant of police at the neighbouring post having been apprised by telegraph of a supposititious fire—which was treated in all respects as though it were an actual one—makes his appearance in full uniform, even to his white buckskin gloves, scarcely in the best of humours though, on discovering that he has been summoned away from his beer and his billiards simply for the gratification of a foreign lounger.

Other engines, accompanied by their respective trains, now arrive from all directions, horses plunging, bells ringing, and torches blazing, the firemen sorely perplexed at finding the street already lined with engines, while the house to which they had been summoned is in all respects intact, and the only flame and smoke anywhere to be seen being simply such as proceeded from some scores of torches. Each engine on its arrival is directed to take up its position in the rear of its predecessors, and within ten or fifteen minutes the line of

engines, water-carts, firemen's vans, hose trucks, water-casks, and companies of labourers, extends to nearly a quarter of a mile in length, lighted up from one end to the other by hundreds of flaring torches, the burning flakes from which cover the ground, while myriads of sparks and great volumes of smoke scud before the wind. Altogether the sight is a weird-like and exciting one.

At the moment we are passing the brigade in review at this pretended conflagration, underground telegraph wires are signalling the existence of an actual fire, and in this very district. Again the great bell at 50, Linden-strasse, commences to toll. Fire-Director Scabell sounds his whistle, summoning the fire-masters present; to whom he gives orders; the lieutenant of police, pleased at the prospects of real work, marches off his men at the double quick. The engines selected to render assistance start off at full gallop; whips smacking, bells ringing, torches blazing, sparks flying, smoke curling, and horses' hoofs clattering and striking fire against the stones. The director and myself are seated beside the driver of the foremost engine, and onwards we dash, guided by a distant glare in the sky, scaring sleepy droschke drivers out of our way, while a mob converging from the side streets runs shouting at our heels.

At last we reach the scene of the conflagration; the scaling-ladders are unhooked from the engines, which take up their positions while the hose is being unrolled and attached; the water-carts and trucks yield an immediate supply of water, and in a few minutes jets are playing on the blazing building, against the uninjured end of which the first scaling-ladder is promptly raised. This is forthwith mounted by a fireman who has a second ladder hanging on to his belt, which he proceeds to detach, and, raising it above his head, he thrusts it through the glass of the second-floor window, and hooks it securely to the window-sill. A third ladder is now handed up to him, which he suspends to his belt, and, mounting the second ladder, secures it in like manner to the window-sill of the third floor. Other ladders are passed up and hooked on after the same fashion, until, in little more time than it has taken me to describe the process, the roof of the tall house is gained. Men now follow with long hose, and as by this time the fire-plugs are yielding an unlimited supply of water—for the Berlin water companies, in addition to being required to have their plugs within a distance of eighty yards from each other, are compelled to have their mains always turned on—a full command of the fire is speedily gained. On our return to head-quarters, the firemen attached to the chief office are put through their drill for our entertainment in a large open space where there is a temporary building, six storeys high, erected with the object of

keeping the men thoroughly practised in the various duties they have to perform.

While taking full credit for the admirable discipline of the men under his command, Fire-Director Scabell attributed the mastery which the Berlin brigade almost invariably gained at this epoch over even the most threatening fires to three causes:—1. The completeness of its telegraphic system, which ensures instant intimation of a fire having broken out. 2. The large number of fire-plugs, and the mains being always turned on. 3. The breadth of the Berlin streets and the absence of courts and other narrow thoroughfares such as abound in London. I asked him his opinion respecting the chemical fire extinguishers with which a certain number of his corps was provided.[1] His answer was brief and to the point: "Humbug," he replied.

The Berlin Feuerwehr at the epoch of the statistical returns for 1875 comprised a fire director, a fire inspector, four fire masters or superintendents, one feld-webel or sergeant-major managing the depot, one sergeant-major doing duty as capitaine d'armes, four sergeant-majors at the heads of companies, 45 foremen firemen, 196 firemen, 513 pumpers, and 46 drivers, making a total of 812 men with 92 horses.[2]

The supreme command of the entire brigade is vested at the present time in the Fire-Director, Captain Witt, who succeeded Herr Scabell in this position on the retirement of the latter in 1875, after twenty-five years' active service against the "devouring element." The fire masters, each of whom takes charge of one of the sections or districts into which Berlin is divided, are architects, and belong to the army reserve. The foremen firemen and the firemen are all bricklayers or carpenters by trade, and strong, healthy, and active men who have served their time in the army, the former class holding the rank of non-commissioned officers. Two-thirds of the firemen are always on duty, the remaining third being free to follow their ordinary avocations; the general rule being that one day off duty follows two days on. Thus they are better off than their London brethren, who are sometimes on duty ten nights in succession, and at work for forty hours at a stretch, and whose slumbers have averaged at times seven hours out of seventy-eight. The officers of the Berlin Feuerwehr, however, are supposed to be

[1] Prior to the demolition of the church of St. Dionis Backchurch, in the city of London, there were preserved in the vestry four large syringes, such as were used in the olden times for the extinction of fires. These instruments were two feet and a quarter in length, and were attached to straps which crossed round the body of the person using them.

[2] The London Fire Brigade in the same year consisted of 1 chief, 4 superintendents, 60 engineers, and 332 firemen, giving a total of 397 officers and men, who had to watch over an area of 120 square miles, containing 450,000 houses, and 3,500,000 inhabitants.

always on duty, and so are the pumpers or labourers, who also act as the scavengers of the city. As regards salaries, the inspector receives about 200*l.* per annum, the fire masters about 140*l.*, the foremen firemen 67*l.*, the firemen 57*l.*, and the labourers 52*l.* 10*s*, and they all have their uniforms in addition. The total cost of the brigade and the telegraph department in connection with it amounted in 1875 to 3,453,717 marks, or 172,685*l.*, towards which the city contributed 2,754,037 marks, and the State 699,680 marks.[1]

At the time of our visit to the head-quarters of the Berlin Fire Brigade the latter possessed 42 horse fire engines, seven floating engines, nine manual engines, three feeding pumps, eleven water carts, 50 water tubs on wheels, nine vans for the firemen, three waggons for tackle, ten horse-trucks, four fire-escapes, and about 50 scaling ladders.[2] After the disastrous conflagration at the Kaiserhof hotel, in the year 1875, when the inadequacy of the ordinary manual fire-engines and the immense advantage of the solitary steam fire-engine which had been brought into operation on that occasion were made manifest, it was determined that a number of steam fire-engines should be constructed for the brigade.

In 1875 the telegraphic service of the Berlin Feuerwehr comprised 84 principal stations with 87 indicating and 17 Morse apparatus; there were also 16 alarums, 89 fire signal stations, with 103 apparatus and 10 electric clocks. These served to summon the firemen to 1,047 conflagrations, of which 40 were classed as large, 59 as medium, and 948 as small, the percentage being one fire for every 153 houses insured.[3]

At least one fire-engine from head-quarters attends every fire, large or small, and in case of an important conflagration the entire brigade turns out. That their labours are not always viewed with complacency by the mob which assembles on these occasions is proved by the following proclamation, which was posted up all over Berlin at the beginning of December, 1875:—

"During the great nocturnal fires which have lately broken out in the capital and royal residence, each time it has deplorably happened that large masses of spectators have crowded round the fires, disturbed the tranquillity of the night by their cries and whistling, and have absolutely disregarded

[1] The superintendents of the London Fire Brigade receive 200*l.* per annum, and the engineers 42*s.* to 45*s.*, and the firemen 24*s.* 6*d.* to 35*s.* per week. The cost of the Brigade in 1875 was 71,607*l.*, of which 10,000*l.* was derived from the Government grant, 18,093*l.* from the insurance companies, contribution of 35*l.* on every 1,000,000*l.* insured in the fire offices, and 43,574*l.* from the halfpenny rate.

[2] The London Fire Brigade in 1875 had 49 stations, with 26 steam fire engines, 85 manual engines, and 129 fire escapes, together with five river stations, with four floating engines.

[3] In London in 1875 there were 1,529 fires, 163 of which were classed as serious, and 1,366 as slight.

the warnings of the authorities, and even opposed an active resistance to them, accompanied by ironical remarks. This conduct, which is an insult to good manners, and paralyzes the efforts of the firemen to protect the property of the inhabitants, threatens to become a kind of popular and traditional amusement, and cannot be tolerated any longer. Consequently I have ordered the executive police on each occasion of this kind to act with rigorous energy, and if necessary to use their swords to make their orders obeyed. As on such occasions it is impossible to distinguish between the guilty, the less guilty, and the innocent, I address this petition to the inhabitants of Berlin to second me in my efforts, so as to hinder all useless crowding towards the scene of the fire, and ensure that the non-independent part of the population, children, apprentices, servants, &c., may not be authorised to go into the street on such occasions. An example of energetic repression will suffice, I hope, to put an end to these sinister disorders which dishonour our capital.

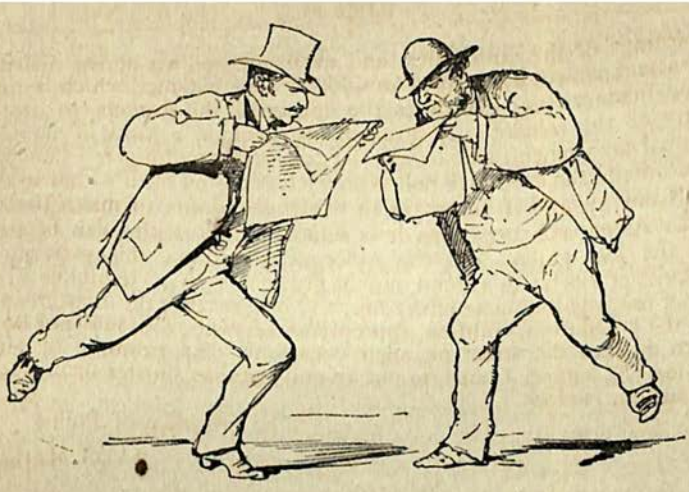
"The President of Police,

"VON MADAI."

The day after this proclamation was posted up a fire broke out at Borsig's machine factory, being the sixth large fire within a couple of months, and occurring, as usual, on a Saturday night. Many were disposed to attribute these fires to design, and to recognise something like truth in M. Tissot's grim statement to the effect that "the populace of Berlin find the winter too cold, and burn down houses in order to warm themselves; when the firemen arrive they are driven back by them with stones." [1]

[1] *Voyage au Pays des Milliards.*

ONE OF THE BERLIN FIRE BRIGADE.



XXII.

BERLIN NEWSPAPERS.

THE Prussian newspaper press cannot be compared in point of integrity, ability, or influence, with our own. It is certainly not looked up to by the general public in the light of a guide, philosopher, and friend, and whilst those in power do not disdain to avail themselves of it as a political lever, they do so with undisguised contempt. Writers of any pretensions object as a rule to express their views through the medium of newspapers, and those who do condescend to fill an editorial chair usually waste their energies in attempting to instil into the public mind particular pet crotchets of their own, or in aspersing rival journals and personal opponents with a vigour recalling that of the Far West. Tolerance of spirit does not exist, and the most virulent epithets are bandied about with a freedom unknown for many years in this country, until Dr. Kenealy revived in the *Englishman* the tone and style of the *Eatanswill Gazette*. Moreover as the leading organs are in a great measure either under the influence of the Press Bureau, or the thumb of the police authorities, the expression of independent views on political matters is reduced to a minimum.

The press laws of 1874 materially modified the condition of the Prussian press. According to these every person above the age of sixteen can follow the calling of printer or bookseller. Anything printed must bear the name and address of the printer, and if destined for sale or public distribution that of the publishers. Each number of a periodical must also bear the name and address of the responsible editor, who is required

to be in full enjoyment of his political and social rights, and have his habitual residence within the limits of the German Empire. He may divide his responsibility with his colleagues, but in this case he must set forth the fact that such and such a person is responsible for the political, literary, or scientific portion of the paper, as the case may be. As soon as the printing off of a newspaper begins, a copy has to be handed gratis to the local police. A copy of any publication intended to be posted up in a public place or distributed in the street must also be handed to the authorities. The editor of a periodical publication is bound to accept and publish, without alterations or omissions, any statement or correction sent to him either by the authorities or by a private person, in reply to allegations contained in any former number of his paper. The rectification, which has to be signed by the sender, must only bear upon facts, and is obliged to be published gratis, unless it is longer than the article to which it is a reply; in this case the surplus lines are to be paid for according to the ordinary tariff for advertisements. An editor who declines to publish such a rectification sent to him, must give his reasons to the judicial authorities within twenty-four hours, and abide by their decision. The publication of an act of accusation or of a document relating to a criminal trial is forbidden till the close of the trial, unless published by order of justice. The responsibility of an offending article falls firstly upon the responsible editor, then upon the publisher, and then upon the printer, except in special cases where it can be proved that the article was published without their knowledge—which would be all but an impossibility.[1]

A publisher is liable to a penalty for putting forward a man of straw as his responsible editor. The maximum penalty for press offences is a fine equivalent to about £50, or six months' imprisonment. No publication can be summarily confiscated, provided it has complied with the regulations set forth as to the statement of editorial responsibility, &c., unless it contains an article contravening the penal code, and then only by order of justice. A seizure by the police must be maintained, or else taken off within twenty-four hours at the furthest. These laws were chiefly aimed against the Catholic organs, but the Socialist Bill passed by the Reichstag in 1878 contained other yet more

[1] If the late Emperor of the French could have foreseen the perfection to which his mode of managing the press would be carried in Germany, he might fairly have died of envy. He was considered to have accomplished much in this direction, but Prince Bismarck has gone far beyond him. A press law which makes writers, editors, printers, publishers, and newsagents all and equally responsible for an article which is "amenable to prosecution," is far too fine a sieve to allow of the passage of opinions which the authorities wish to suppress. A writer may burn to become a martyr, but unless the sacred flame is shared by at least four other persons it must die out for want of an atmosphere.

stringent regulations directed against the followers of Hasselmann, Liebknecht, Bebel, & Co.

Until the law against putting forward men of straw as responsible editors came into action, such an advertisement as "Wanted a wood-sawyer or porter as responsible editor" was not unknown. These men fulfilled the *rôle* of the French *gérants*, who in the days of Charles X. and Louis Philippe were paid so much a month to suffer imprisonment for the misdeeds of the journals with which they were nominally connected. As late as 1873, a dienstmann named Fraas, bearing the number 107, appeared before a Berlin magistrate to answer for an offence against the press laws. He defended himself rather cleverly, and wound up with the remark, "As soon as the paper does not please me, you may be sure that I shall at once withdraw my confidence and my signature."

Press prosecutions, both under the old and new *régime*, have been frequent enough. The Ultramontane papers were for a long while the chief sufferers. In 1875 the *Germania* was alone prosecuted for publishing the Papal Allocution, though the offending article appeared in all the other Berlin journals. Herr Leonhardt, the Minister of Justice, defended this line of action on the ground that the *Germania* was fundamentally inimical to the Government, and therefore its object in publishing the document was very different to that of its contemporaries. The editor of this paper, the Abbé Majunke, passes no small portion of his existence in prison. During one of his enforced absences, his sub-editor, Herr Cremer, was prosecuted for reproducing attacks upon the Emperor from two Italian papers, though merely with a view, as was plainly shown by the context, of urging on the German ambassador at Rome the necessity of putting a stop to them. This the prosecution admitted, but alleged that he had nevertheless broken the law prohibiting the publication of quotations insulting to his majesty, and had thereby rendered himself liable to four months' imprisonment. This, considering the fact that other papers had been encouraged to quote similar attacks made by French papers in order to keep up a feeling of enmity between the two nations, was absurd, and Herr Cremer said, that to punish him for what he had done would be to resemble the Persians, who after munificently recompensing a courtier for rescuing the king from drowning, cut off his head the next day, because in doing so he had laid hands upon the royal person. The Court, strange to say, took this view, and acquitted the accused.

It must be admitted that German newspapers are not to be surpassed for indifference to truth, alacrity in slander, and willingness to proclaim non-verified charges and insinuations. Many of Prince Bismarck's press prosecutions are for mere personal attacks concerning the man and not the office, and are only an

extension into public life of that utter want of command of temper and inability to pass over the slightest thing that touches self-esteem, even if uttered merely in jest, which distinguishes all Germans, and especially Berliners. It is not so long ago that an old washerwoman at Königsberg was personally prosecuted by Prince Bismarck for speaking disrespectfully of him in a beer house. But he has often been made the subject of cruelly baseless attacks. Lately Dr. Joachim Gehlsen, editor of the *Deutsche Reichsglocke*, Baron von Loe, Secretary of Legation, and Count Hermann Arnim, late Chargé d'Affaires at Lisbon, were sentenced to imprisonment for having in that paper, the threefold organ of Federalists, Pietists, and Ultramontanes, accused the Chancellor of promoting public companies through financial agents and enriching himself with speculations on the Börse. Gehlsen was condemned to a long term of imprisonment, but powerful friends at Court managed that he should escape out of the country. Dr. Rudolf Meyer, charged with a similar libel in the *Social Politische Correspondenz*, was condemned on Feb. 14, 1877, to nine months' imprisonment.

The Prince Chancellor has been made so often the real or fancied subject of attack that he has devised a very simple method of righting himself. All he does is to fill in a lithographed form, setting forth that in such and such a paper on such and such a day an attack was made upon him, and demanding the prosecution of all persons responsible for its insertion, with the name and date of the offending journal, and to send it to the local authorities.[1] They at once put the machinery of the law into action, and the persons responsible for the offence are proceeded against without delay.

After his attempted assassination at Kissingen, these notices were scattered broadcast, the clerical and socialist organs throughout the Empire being equally favoured in their distribution. The *Thorn Zeitung* received six, the Leipzig *Volkstaat*, a socialistic organ, ten. The press prosecutions in March, 1875, were at least fifty in number, and resulted in fines or imprisonment being inflicted upon the editors of thirty-five papers. In such a deluge of condemnations, the *Germania* could not hope to escape. One of its staff, Herr Kosiolek, was summoned to answer thirty-six counts, five being for libels on Prince Bismarck, and was sentenced by default to two years' imprisonment, and his colleague Herr Thieme was arrested and incar-

[1] This form runs as follows:—"The Chancellor of the Empire calls the attention of the State Attorney of the district of . . . . . to No. . . . of the . . . . . newspaper. This number contains on page . . . column . . . an article constituting the offence of . . . . . and commencing as follows . . . . . The State Attorney of the district is requested to commence proceedings agreeably to paragraphs . . . and, . . . of the Penal Code of the Empire. BISMARCK."

"cerated on a charge of insulting the Emperor. Amongst other sufferers was Dr. Hager, editor of the Silesian *Volks Zeitung*, who was sentenced at one fell swoop to one month's imprisonment for publishing the Encyclical, to fourteen days for writing disrespectfully of a measure before the Reichstag, to a further term of fourteen days' for an article on the Church laws, and to a second one month for insulting the Chancellor. His co-editor, Dr. Helle, was also sentenced to a month's imprisonment for the last-mentioned offence, and the editor of a Westphalian journal underwent six months' seclusion in the fortress of Wessel.

The *Frankfürter Zeitung* and its editor, Dr. Sonnemann, the socialist deputy to the Reichstag, have been special objects of persecution. This paper stated, on the authority of a correspondent at Gera, that at a school examination held there two classes were amalgamated into one to make a better show. True or false, no one was likely to care a rap about the matter, nevertheless the official examiner lodged a complaint of libel. Advantage was at once taken of this by the authorities. Thirty-seven warrants were consecutively launched against Herr Sonnemann within six weeks, and in the autumn he was imprisoned for refusing to give up the name of the writer of the offending article, though, as another Frankfurt journal remarked, Lord North, notwithstanding the power at his disposal and the support of a corrupt majority, never dared arrest the editor of the *Public Advertiser* with the view of extorting the name of the author of the "Junius" letters.

The German Government has even a more effective method of dealing with newspapers than prosecuting them, namely, taking them into its pay. Certain journals receive both news and monetary support from it, the Chancellor having devoted the bulk of the sequestered property of the late ex-King of Hanover, amounting to some two and a half millions sterling, to bribing the press at home and abroad, and being himself responsible for the term Reptilien-Fonds applied to it. "The venality of the Prussian press is now so well known," remarks a writer in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, "that when the few independent organs sincerely wish to praise the Government, they hardly know how to do it so as not to be at once suspected by the public of having been subsidised." As to the foreign papers, they receive their due quota of the "Press Reptile Fund" through a special department. This corruption is fostered by the idea of the authorities, that a journal not their echo and their devotee is their enemy, and, as such, is either to be ruined by police persecution or seduced by gifts that can only awaken a feeling of contempt on the part of the giver and shame on that of the receiver. The Prussian press, thus kept down and enfeebled by the oppressive hand of paternal legislation, has never displayed an

intellectual strength or a social influence at all proportioned to the national intelligence and culture.

The Press Bureau, the head-quarters of which are in the Foreign Office under Prince Bismarck's own eye, was founded in 1849, under the direction of Dr. Ryno Quehl, who took command of an army of poverty-stricken and hireling scribblers. Two years later he began to send out confidential communications to all the newspaper managers in Germany, offering to supply them with news at first hand, being, as he said, in constant relation with people belonging to the Ministries. The majority, no doubt, guessed the real source of the news. A succursal was established at Frankfurt, then the great political centre, an agent was despatched to the United States to secure the German journals published there, and the project of a Press Bureau at the Prussian Embassy in London was only relinquished on the futility of such a measure being demonstrated.

Up to 1866 the secret service money at the disposal of the authorities charged with the management of the press did not exceed 70,000 thaler annually. In that year 16,000,000 thalers belonging to the King of Hanover, and a large sum the property of the Elector of Hesse, were sequestered, and the Chambers were asked to place this money at the disposal of the Government, "to combat the enemies of Prussia," Prince Bismarck declaring in the Landtag, in January, 1867, that it should be applied in "following these evil reptiles into their holes, and observing what they are doing." The observation was caught up, and the amount thus placed at the disposal of the State was called the "Reptile Fund," the offensive adjective being transferred to the recipients of the bribes, and being no longer applied to those whom the Chancellor said were to be followed and observed. The operations of the Press Bureau were widely extended, and golden days dawned for the literary agents of Prince Bismarck. Dr. Quehl retired, and was succeeded by Herren Aegidi and Hahn, the former, an intimate confidant of Bismarck, taking charge of the section of the Bureau depending upon the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the latter of that attached to the Ministry of the Interior. These gentlemen might be described as political dyers imparting the requisite tinge of Prussian blue to all kinds of news. Herr Aegidi used to read the papers for the Chancellor, summarise them, draw up notes, and despatch these to the official papers. He also held a levee for Berlin journalists and the correspondents of provincial papers, amongst whom he distributed scraps of news for them to ruminate over and to develop into "inspired articles." These were not always pleasing to the Prince, from their blundering sycophancy of tone, and he was notably annoyed at Aegidi for forgetting Fouché's advice, and

showing far too much zeal in some of his "inspirations" respecting France. Consequently this gentleman was succeeded in 1875 by Herr Carord, and advantage was taken of his retirement to spread an utterly false report that the Press Bureau had been done away with. The truth is that it continues to act upon public opinion in Germany precisely as Rothschild does upon the money market. Its directors cause opinions to rise and fall as they please. Some time back Swiss political scrip went up and Belgian sank to a very low level, and whenever French show a sign of looking up they are ruthlessly "beared" down.

The Press Bureau wields a pen the handle of which is in Berlin and the point everywhere. Many important journals at Vienna and Pesth, the bulk of those published in German in Russia, others as far off as the United States and even German papers in Australia, gain direct inspiration from it. It supplies provincial journals too poor to have a Berlin correspondent with correspondence and telegrams gratuitously. In 1866, it urged on the war with Austria by reports that Austria coveted the Prussian Silesian provinces, and by making public a forged proclamation of General Benedek's, full of threats and invectives. A similar line of conduct was pursued prior to the Franco-German war.

To such perfection has the system been brought of late, that all traces of a suspicious unanimity have been carefully and systematically eliminated. An alarmist article might appear in one journal one day and a soothing one on the same subject in another shortly afterwards, but this was all part of the plan, since if every article on foreign or ecclesiastical politics had been a transcript from a common form, all "leaders" would have degenerated into mere official circulars. Thus, though special articles supposed to be inspired might not represent the views held by the Government, the sense of the majority of those published on any subject adroitly inculcated the opinion the authorities wished to prevail. The organisation of the Press Bureau, like most things in Prussia, has been brought to a remarkable pitch of administrative perfection. That which Napoleon III. essayed in a blundering manner and for very small returns, Prince Bismarck has accomplished by following the traditions of a Government which thinks everything worth doing well that is worth doing at all.

Of the journalists attached to the Bureau many are men of most equivocal reputation, of whom the Chancellor is accustomed to speak as "swineherds." They are divided into three classes —the semi-officials, the officials, and the super-officials. The latter, however, often live in good style, and the danger lies in their worming their way into papers hitherto free from them. "It is time," recently observed the Baron von Schorlemer-Alst in the Reichstag, "that we should cure ourselves of this moral

leprosy, which dishonours us in the eyes of foreigners. We have made a law against the phylloxera; it is a matter of public utility to make one against the reptiles of the press; for the evils these work upon the public mind, by poisoning the heart and soul of the nation, are much more considerable. Backbiting, blackmail, lying, have been raised to the height of State institutions. The staff of the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* represents the most complete menagerie of reptiles in the Empire. And, admirable solicitude on the part of the Government, the journals in which the reptiles work enjoy perfect immunity; they can say and do anything, they are never prosecuted, never brought before a tribunal, whilst the opposition papers are ruined by condemnations and fines."

Prince Bismarck's views on the subject were put forward in a speech in the Reichstag on the 9th of February, 1776: "It is natural," he observed, "that the Government should reserve for things which they do not wish to say in their official organ as much blank space in a friendly journal as suffices to express, when needful, their opinion." He then proceeded to pay a compliment to the proprietor of the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, who, inspired only by his convictions, placed his paper at the service of the Government without receiving any money subsidy, and to explain how such offers were made use of when it was desired that an opinion should be advocated or a piece of news published. The Minister asks one of his councillors to write an article or to have one written, and if the matter is very important and the Minister has time he looks through it himself. This creates a connection between the paper and the Ministry, and leads to the former receiving items of news "which are not exactly communicated by the Minister's orders, but which are, however, meant for publication." However, when once a journal gets the reputation of being thus favoured, all its articles are looked upon as inspired from official sources, and writers, to the Prince's disgust, assume to be "official" also, and impute to him all manner of opinions. "There are no stupidities," he continued, "that have not thus been imputed to me with the simple word official, and I therefore profit by the occasion to declare in the most formal manner that there is no official journal of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs," adding that whoever stated that any article was an official communication from that Ministry told an untruth. "It is, I admit, very inconvenient," he went on to say, "to be only able to express my opinions to the public through the *Reichs Zeitung* and the *Provincial Correspondenz*, but at least I am sure that in these papers false news will not be placed beside mine." Most of the news supposed to be official was derived from foreign ambassadors, and he reproached the German papers with paying too little attention to home and too much to foreign affairs. Finally, he complained bitterly of

the coarse and abusive tone shown in journalistic quarrels and in attacks on public men. Herr Windthorst, in reply, ironically complimented the Chancellor on the disappearance of "reptiles," regretted that he no longer thought fit to express his views through the medium of the press, whereby every one might have been enlightened, and suggested that the enormous sums formerly employed as newspaper subventions should now be applied to some other purpose.

A Berlin daily paper, the nominal price of which is threepence, is very different from an English one. It consists of an original sheet of four small pages, less than one half the size of those of a London morning paper, and each containing three or four short columns of printed matter—and of an unlimited number of supplements of the same dimensions as the parent sheet. These supplements vary in number from three to nine or ten, according to the press of matter and notably of advertisements. The paper usually opens with a solitary leader. This is followed by three or four paragraphs regarding things Prussian, and then under the heading "Germany" come the same number of paragraphs concerning affairs in the principal cities of the Empire. Foreign and local intelligence, both stale to a degree that never fails to startle the English reader, follow, and then Wolf's telegrams and the money market, the latter being usually of some length and more carefully edited than the news portion of the paper. The *feuilleton* in the better class papers is devoted to music, art, literature, science and adventure, subjects which are occasionally well, if somewhat ponderously, handled. Indeed, with the exception of the leaders, which are usually excellent, this is the most carefully written portion of the paper, though frequently subjects which we should consider to be out of the scope of a "daily" are treated in it. For instance, one journal devoted six months to publishing a series of articles on French Literature in the Eighteenth Century. The local news is usually very poor. There are no regular law or police reports: a great fire, a terrible accident, or a horrible murder is recorded in four or five lines, the baldness of which would drive a New York reporter frantic, whilst an important trial may command a column of small type, but never more. Moreover such items are often delayed in the most astonishing manner, three or four days, or even a week, often elapsing between the date of an occurrence and that of its publication. As to foreign and even German news it is still worse. None of the papers use the telegraphic wire on their own account for special intelligence, arguing, and rightly, that such a measure would not gain them a score more subscribers nor an additional advertisement, since news to the Berlin public, like oysters to George the Third, is quite as palatable stale as fresh. They publish Wolf's Agency telegrams, which are sent to all alike,

and extract such other foreign news as they may require from foreign papers received through the post.

Berlin is not a reading capital so far as newspapers are concerned, and owing to this fact and to the stamp-duty, they would, despite their high price, be unable to get along but for their advertisements. Some time back the leading organs raised the rate of advertising, announcing that their only choice lay between doing this and augmenting their price. Newspaper reading is looked upon as a sign of poverty of intellect by many Berlinese, who consider that books should be preferred, whilst conversation and card-playing are more esteemed as relaxations. Though some cafés and conditoreien abound with newspapers, in others they are conspicuous by their absence. Nor does the journalist appear to hold the highest place in public estimation, whilst with a few exceptions his salary is lamentably small. As to any member of the outside public making use of a newspaper to obtain redress for a grievance, point out an abuse or a nuisance, or suggest a remedy, such a thing is unheard of. The letters Paterfamilias addresses to the *Times* giving vent to his indignation on account of some postal or railway irregularity, complaining of some local nuisance, appealing to public feeling on account of some act of official insolence or tyranny, or advocating the claims of some distressed individual or impecunious benevolent institution, find no equivalents in the Berlin papers. The citizens themselves are restrained from thus appealing to publicity for redress by a philosophical reliance upon and a veneration for the conscientiousness of acting officials of every grade. As to the editorial staff, the members of it are too wrapped up in higher and more elevating questions to give heed to such trifles. From their point of view it would be derogatory to their dignity as journalists to abandon the exalted arena of political contest for the discussion of mere practical topics. The leading German newspapers, it should be remarked, do not emanate from Berlin but from Augsburg and Cologne.

A feature to be noted in connection with the Berlin newspapers is that they are not to be found at the booksellers' shops. Like most Continental journals, they depend mainly upon the "subscriber," to whom they are despatched direct from the printing-office, either by post, or by boys and women employed to distribute them. Comic publications like the *Ulk* or the *Kladderadatsch* may sometimes be seen in a shop window. There is a large street sale in newspapers carried on by ambulating merchants, who display their stock in trade in baskets or in boxes suspended before them. In their case the price of a paper varies according to the demand, as that of the *Echo* and *Evening Standard* was accustomed to do during the Franco-German war.

The number of newspapers and periodicals published in Berlin

at the close of 1874 was three hundred and fifty-three. Of these 37 were classed as Government organs, 55 treated of political and social topics, 221 of literature, art, science, commerce, trade, &c., 21 of clerical and religious matters, and the remaining 19 were devoted to light reading. These periodicals had altogether no more than 100,000 regular subscribers resident in Berlin at the epoch noted, but they were supplemented by 6,650,900 copies of papers published in other parts of Germany or abroad and sent through the post into the capital.

The first Berlin newspaper appeared in 1628 under the title of *Avisen*, or Notices, and was intended to inform the people at irregular intervals of special events. It was suppressed by Friedrich Wilhelm I., who, however, in 1722 granted to a bookseller the privilege of continuing it. But as the licensee repeatedly published news unpleasant to the authorities, the privilege was speedily transferred to another of the same trade. Friedrich the Great granted restricted liberty of the press, observing that, "newspapers to be interesting must not be hampered." He even started a *Journal de Berlin* in French, to which he contributed, partly with a view to enlighten and partly to mislead the public. In the latter spirit he caused a fictitious account of a terrible hailstorm at Potsdam to be inserted in the *Vossische Zeitung* for March 28, 1767. "In the streets," according to this royal lucubration, "hailstones were found of the size of pumpkins, which had not quite melted two hours after the storm had ceased," the writer adding that, "it is certain that occurrences of that kind are rare and almost without example." The learned Dr. Titius, professor of Natural Physiology at the University of Wittemberg, wrote a profound treatise on this phenomenon, but it eventually turned out that the King had only been hoaxing the public in order to divert their attention from the rumours of war then current. Till within the last thirty-five years, Berlin had only four newspapers that were read to any extent. In those days of the censorship of the press, people were educated in the belief that journals were a delusion of the devil, and that a good citizen ought to keep them at a distance from himself and his family. Of the four newspapers two only were political, the "Onkel" or *Spenersche Zeitung*, and the "Tante" or *Vossische Zeitung*, and the readers of these were the comparatively limited number of people interested in the "political and literary matters" of which they professed to treat. The third journal, the *Intelligenz Blatt*, was composed entirely of advertisements. But the real paper of the Berlin burgher of those days was the now defunct *Observer on the Spree*, established at the commencement of the present century. It appeared weekly, and its main feature consisted of descriptions of aristocratic life in Berlin, which afforded all the burghers in the capital, down to

the droschken drivers, a subject of conversation for the rest of the week.

The oldest existing Berlin journal is the *Königlich privilegirte Berlinische Zeitung*, better known as the *Vossische Zeitung*, or to the genuine Berliner by the endearing term of *Tante Voss* or Aunt Voss. Founded on the 23rd February, 1722, when the Prussian monarchy was only entering upon its third decade, and when the capital could only reckon a population of 65,000 inhabitants, one-fifth of them soldiers, it has chronicled the progress of the city and state without intermission, and may still be regarded as the leading Berlin daily newspaper, having upwards of 18,000 regular subscribers. Lessing wrote for this paper, and the printing-office is named after him. The present chief editor, Dr. H. Kletke, has an equal reputation as a political and as a lyrical writer, two-fold qualities favourable to his position, for the *Vossische Zeitung* devotes much of its attention to light literature. Its political views are not very strongly marked, though it is inspired by the deputy Loewe, and it has never attacked Prince Bismarck except on the subject of the Press laws. It is, however, a hearty hater of men and things English. The journal *par excellence* of the real old-fashioned Berliner, it derives a vast revenue from advertisements, which generally fill from six to nine of the supplementary sheets it issues.

Almost as old was the *Spenersche Zeitung*, nicknamed the *Onkel Spener*, and deriving its name from the bookseller Spener by whom it was founded in 1740. It gained many admirers, especially in learned circles, owing to its literary excellence, whilst the moderation of the Liberalism it professed won for it favour in official eyes and caused it to receive many politico-literary communications from high-placed officials. However, its very excellence turned against it: it aimed over the heads of the general public whereby its subscribers, and what was more, its advertisements decreased, until its proprietors found themselves compelled to part with it in 1872, and it has since been incorporated with the *National Zeitung*.

The *National Zeitung*, which has been in existence close on thirty years is the recognised organ of the National Liberals. It counts about 11,000 regular subscribers and has a very important foreign and provincial circulation. Its strength lies in its editorial columns, and in its book reviews and dramatic and musical criticisms, for its foreign correspondence is mediocre, and its home, and above all its local news, very poor. The position it has gained is due to the late editor, Dr. Zabel. His successor Dr. Dernburg, is a deputy of the advanced National Liberal type, and is supported by a staff which includes the names of Karl Frenzel, Adolf Stahr, Julius Lessing, Friedrich Spielhagen, Julian Schmidt, &c. The *National Zeitung*, which is not so readable as in Zabel's days, and which is extremely short-

sighted in its editorial utterances as regards foreign politics, is most bitterly Anglophobian. This speciality has become proverbial in Berlin, where it is said that "the *National Zeitung* devours Great Britain raw once a week."

From the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war, the Berlin press generally unintermittently taunted the English nation with cowardice, impotence, perfidy, and imbecility; but on the publication of Lord Salisbury's circular, its tone, though no friendlier than before, was no longer instinct with insult and resonant of scorn. A leaven of respect, unacknowledged but self-evident, crept into the utterances of Berlin journalists, and they ceased to revel in sardonic expositions of England's political irresolution, military incapacity, stupid selfishness, and faithlessness to all her engagements, or to stigmatise her leading politicians as treacherous temporisers or pusillanimous pedlers—all of which had been promulgated and accepted as gospel truths throughout Prussia. But whilst forced to respect us the more, they did not hate us any the less. The Prussian press persistently refuses to admit that we can be actuated by national honour, still less by an abstract love of justice, truth, and fair dealing. This settled antipathy, which seems to animate all classes when they write or speak of England, has been ascribed —and probably not unjustly—to the infinite number of bad jokes perpetrated by English comic writers and artists between the years 1840 and 1866 upon German manners, customs, politics, and characteristics in general. There is no offence that a North German is more prone to resent, and less inclined to forgive, than a joke, and the fact of being, up to 1866, the favourite butt of English social and journalistic sarcasm, generated a feeling of animosity against England and Englishmen, which the freely-uttered expressions of sympathy with Austria and France throughout Prussia's latest wars caused to rankle into absolute hatred.

Amongst the working classes no paper was more extensively circulated than the *Volks Zeitung*, which some time back had no fewer than 35,000 subscribers. It was founded by Bernstein to represent democratic interests, and gained its reputation chiefly through his popular and clever essays on natural history, things considered by no means out of place in a Prussian newspaper. The *Volks Zeitung*, however, lost many subscribers, though it still reckons a circulation of 23,000, by small print and bad paper, and by the appearance of more advanced democratic organs such as the *Social Demokrat*. It is edited by Herr Sachse, who has succeeded Herr Schulze-Delitsch the eminent deputy, and belongs to and is published by the celebrated democratic politician Franz Duncker.

The chief of the other social democratic papers was for some time the *Social Demokrat*, "the central organ of German work-

men," which attained a circulation of over 20,000 under the editorship of deputies Hasselmann and Hasenclever. It was subsequently, however, incorporated with the Leipzig *Volkstaat* under the title of the *Vorwärts*, when its publication was transferred to the Saxon city, it being succeeded in its position at Berlin by the *Berliner Freie Presse*, which, with many of a kindred type, has been ruthlessly blotted out of existence since the passing of the Socialist bill of 1878.

What the *Freie Presse* was to the Social Democrats, the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, better known as the *Kreuz Zeitung* from the facsimile of the Iron Cross with the motto "With God for King and Fatherland" upon the heading, is for the Junkers. Founded during the stormy period prior to 1848, by a number of Prussian Conservatives who sought to combat their Liberal opponents by means of their own favourite weapons,—clubs, patriotic societies, and newspapers,—it had for its editor Herr Wagener, subsequently notorious as a ministerial official and a financial schemer; and numbered Bismarck amongst its earlier contributors. After meeting his friends at Schwarz's beer saloon, so Conservative an establishment that even the landlord's dog would bark at any intruding democrat, he would call at the office of the paper, and placing himself at a high desk with his hat and gloves in his left hand, dash off an article in support of his party. The *Kreuz Zeitung* has, however, since seriously offended the Chancellor, by attacks on the State financial department, and he declared in the Reichstag that any one subscribing to it was assisting in the propagation of the vilest calumny. This paper, which at one time was a favourite with the Emperor, numbers close on 10,000 subscribers, and is ably edited by Herr Nathusius.

One of the former editors of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, Dr. Bentner, has gone over to the second *Staatsbürger Zeitung*, or State-Citizens' Gazette. There are, strange to say, two papers laying claim to this title in Berlin. The oldest of these, called the *Heldsche* from its founder, is a contentious democratic organ, which has done good service by attacking the municipality and exposing many evils in the temporary hospitals for the small-pox. It counted at one time 19,000 subscribers, chiefly amongst the lower class of citizens, and was celebrated for its pungent leading articles. However, a quarrel between the editor Held, since deceased, and the publisher Daubitz, led to each of them carrying on a newspaper under the same title, and at the present time the *Heldsche* reckons 17,500 subscribers. The rival *Daubitzche Staatsbürger Zeitung*, which has a circulation of 11,000, is more moderate in its political views, and is now edited by Bentner, who was assisted for some time by Alexis Schmidt of the old *Spenersche Zeitung*.

The *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is the personal organ

of Prince Bismarck and owes its prosperity to confidential information from ministerial circles, which has transformed it into a semi-official gazette, and causes its political articles to be read with great interest as foreshadowing the Chancellor's policy. Many of its articles bear the true Bismarckian stamp, and plainly indicate their writer, despite his denegation in the Reichstag already noticed. The paper has about 6,000 subscribers, and was founded by an ex-democrat, Herr Brass, who when he had made it a success sold it, with printing-office and dependencies, for, it is said, 300,000 thalers to a limited company, for whom it is edited by Herr Pinter. Brass is now the manager of the *Post*, an important evening paper started by Dr. Strousberg, the celebrated railway contractor, and counting about 6,000 subscribers. It is at present the property of a company, numbering amongst its largest shareholders Herr Friedenthal, the Minister of Agriculture, and Count Bethusy Huc. The paper is the organ of the Free Conservatives, and is believed to be inspired by the Minister of the Interior.

The daily paper called *Germania* is the organ of the Ultramontanes, and its editor, the Abbé Majunke, is a standing butt for the comic journals, the same as his paper is for Government prosecutions. The violence of its invectives is carried to such a point, that it is obliged to indicate many of its most offensive epithets and abusive adjectives by blanks and dashes, taking care however to lead up to them by the context, so that they may be easily supplied by the reader. It has about 7,000 subscribers, and enjoys the privilege of being summoned before the law courts oftener than any other paper to answer for its intemperate language.

Herr Majunke is a deputy as well as a priest, but his place in the Reichstag, like that of Babel, too often knows him not. In 1874 he occupied for a considerable period a cell in the Molkenmarkt prison, and the following year enjoyed a prolonged view of the rural scenery of the Ploetzensee from behind a grated window, solacing his captivity by writing a pamphlet on Louise Lateau, the *stigmatisée* of Bois de Haine. During these enforced absences his place at the helm of the paper is taken by his assistant, Herr Cremer, also a deputy.

The *Tribune*, which appears three times a week, is a favourite local paper, and has also a considerable provincial circulation, giving it a total of 20,000 readers. It owes much of its popularity to the gratuitous weekly supplementary sheet of comicalities known as the *Wespen*, written by Stettenheim, and illustrated by Heyl. In a similar manner the 6,000 subscribers to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, chiefly devoted to local news, receive the *Ulk* gratis. It was the *Tageblatt* which so gallantly denounced French governesses throughout Germany as agents of the expelled Jesuits. The *Berliner Fremden und Anzeige-Blatt*,

the property of Herr von Decker the king's printer, and with a similar circulation to the *Tageblatt*, also gives attention to local news and publishes a Court and State calendar, an official postal guide, and a list of the arrivals and departures of visitors to Berlin, whilst it captivates the citizens and their wives by answering questions on all topics like our *London Journal*. The chief comic paper is the *Kladderadatsch*, started in 1848 and counting over 40,000 subscribers. Kalisch, its principal founder, died not long since, and to day the pens of Loewenstein and the editor Dohm, with the pencil of Scholz, support its popularity. The *Ulk*, which was founded by Friedrich Bücker, relies more upon its illustrations, designed by Scherenberg, than on its literary contents, in the same way that the *Berliner Figaro*, which appears three times a week and is sold chiefly in the streets, depends chiefly upon its comic engravings for its circulation of 3,000 copies.

Financial papers hold a high position at Berlin, and prior to the "crash" had a tremendous sale. The *Berliner Börsen Zeitung*, a well-informed influential paper, distinguished, in addition to its financial articles, by short, smart "occasional notes," is the chief. At the present time it numbers about 12,000 subscribers, and is edited by Herr Brockhoff. The *Börsen Courier*, a smaller paper with about a third of the above circulation, has a good reputation for ability. A *Neue Börsen Zeitung* started some time back has a circulation of 8,000 copies, and a paper called *Saling's Börsenblatt* sells about half this number.

So much of the proceedings in the Berlin law courts as are allowed to be published appear in the *Gerichts Zeitung*, and secure for it a circulation of 13,000 copies. The only paper which appears, or rather which is dated, on Monday—for the Berlin papers, following the stupid plan now being gradually abandoned in Paris, are dated a day in advance—is the *Montags Zeitung*, an equivalent to our *Observer*. Many trades, such as the butchers and hair-dressers, have their special organs, and the London *Matrimonial News* has also its representative. This has an illustrated heading divided into three compartments. In the first paterfamilias in the eternal dressing-gown is reading the paper to his daughters; in the second the typical young officer, the bulwark of the Fatherland and the hope of rich heiresses, is bringing his advertisement in person to the editor; and in the third is a wedding festival, in which the incipient hero reappears beside his blushing bride.

Finally, there are the two important organs employed by the Government openly to publish and justify its measures in the eyes of the public, the one the *Reichsanzciger*, remarkable for the statistical compilations published in its supplements, and the other the *Provincial Correspondenz*. The latter, with which comparatively few people are acquainted except by name, is edited and printed

within the precincts of the Foreign Office. Published weekly, it is small in size and has no subscribers, being sent out by post to the members of the diplomatic body and the principal newspapers, which never fail to reprint and comment upon its articles. These articles reproduce the views of the Government, or, at any rate, what the Government desires should be publicly understood as its ideas, and those familiar with the style of the leading statesmen readily recognise in them the traces of "eminent hands." It is the organ of Count Eulenberg, as well as of Prince Bismarck, and simultaneous editions are published in French, English, and Italian.

There is one Berlin paper, appearing six days of the week, which requires more than a mere passing notice, since from it a better insight into the daily wants and customs of Berlin may be gathered than from any of its contemporaries. This is the *Berliner Intelligenz Blatt*, the organ of that social competition of which, in the present struggle for existence in the German capital, the whole of its inhabitants are bound to take notice. The title is somewhat misleading, for it excludes all intelligence, in the ordinary sense of the word, and the labours of its editorial staff are confined to the classification of the advertisements, with which, and some few police announcements, the twenty pages or so composing it are entirely filled. If it has not the highest numerical circulation, it is the paper most extensively read in Berlin, for no restaurant, conditorei, or beer-cellar, however humble, can afford to be without it, since it is the only journal ever asked for by their customers in poor neighbourhoods. Founded half a century ago, no competitor has succeeded in lessening its authority, or decreasing its profits, which amount to a considerable sum per annum.

The scope of the paper will be best understood by taking a specimen number and examining it. It consists not of one *blatt* or sheet, as the title implies, but of five, there being four supplements of four pages each, the same size as the primary sheet. It is printed on very inferior paper, but then the quarterly subscription is only 1 thaler 10 silbergroschen (4*s.*), the prices of individual numbers varying from that nominally impressed upon them according to the demand. The advertisements are carefully classified; but each advertiser seeks to give a stamp of individuality to his own annoucement. As space is too valuable and too costly for any one to aspire to more than a small section of surface, this "display" usually takes the form of some particular kind of type. Gothic and Roman, black and open, thick and stumpy, thin and tall, are scattered over the pages, so that a person unacquainted with the language might take them for the specimen sheets of a type foundry. The effect is heightened by index fingers pointing to the advertisements, or even surrounding them on all sides; heavy

mourning borders, and such vignettes as a group of Tyrolese singers, a man in evening dress—supposed to represent a conjuror, with the devil playing the violin at his bidding—horses, sewing machines, women at the washtub, and finally a figure having a cask for his body who is chasing away Death, armed with doctor's paraphernalia, with a couple of bottles of Nordhäuser brandy.

Having thus far noted the appearance of the journal, we will pass to its substance. Official advertisements occupy the first place. The police announce that a young unmarried woman has been found in an insensible state beside the ice-well belonging to a railway terminus with "a cup of cold poison" beside her; that a man has had his arm crushed by a waggon wheel, and that a coachman who went drunk to bed in a room with a charcoal stove has been suffocated. The owner of a four-wheeled truck is invited to apply to the police, who have taken charge of the vehicle in question, as well as of the suspicious-looking individual in whose possession they found it. Then come the new regulations as to the semi-military uniform which droschken drivers are to wear in future, and a long list of the winning numbers in a lottery. Advertisements of betrothals, weddings, and births follow. Mr. Hopf and his better-half think it necessary to inform the world that their daughter is betrothed to Mr. Braun, master-butcher, and Mr. Schmidt cannot conceal his joy at his wife's having presented him with a "stout boy." Teachers of every art and science—"English in six months," the use of the sewing machine; "dancing, with lessons on Sundays from half-past two to five P.M.," next claim attention; and then come sales by auction and private sales innumerable, ranging from houses full of furniture down to pawn-tickets. These are followed by invitations to theatres; to concerts and dancing-rooms; to restaurants, "with elegant female attendants;" and to great "sausage picnics," at which black puddings, liver sausages, and sauerkraut, appear to be the chief attractions.

Persons wanting loans next advertise their needs, and one seems to recognise old English acquaintances in the gentleman who wants thirty-five thaler for six days, for which he will deposit security worth seventy-two thaler and pay back fifty thaler; the "well-established man of business" who asks the loan of twenty-five thaler for five days, and is ready to hand over goods worth 100 thaler, and pay twenty-one thaler interest; the "Christian,'

as he piously qualifies himself, who requires, "very urgently," to borrow twenty thaler on valuable security for the same period and offers a bonus of eighteen thaler; and the "solid tradesman," who asks for fifty thaler on property worth thrice that amount which he will deposit in the lender's hands and will pay twelve thaler for this accommodation for three weeks. Such advertisements appear by hundreds, and it would seem as if a man possessed of the requisite blunted sensibilities and a capital of 500 thaler could live very comfortably on the 100 thaler per month to be made therewith out of these solid tradesmen. One naturally wonders, though, why these distressed individuals need to make their woes so public when they appear in print side by side with the announcements of money-changers and usurers occupying several columns, and setting forth their readiness to advance sums on good security at from two to three hundred per cent. per annum. One offers to purchase bills, mortgages, savings bank accounts, pawn tickets, and papers of value, whilst another is prepared to advance money to officers and officials because business is "most straightforward" with those who have a position to risk. Pawnbrokers advertise largely, and so do the bill-brokers, known in Berlin parlance as "cut-throats," who undertake to procure money on notes of hand, provided always that some security can be furnished, and who have their regular Exchange where they meet the capitalists willing to advance it. These latter deduct ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. according to the security offered, and the broker also requires a heavy commission. A thousand bad cigars replace in these transactions the high class sherry or warranted old masters, which form part of the stock in trade of English usurers. Some objectionable advertisements emanating from fortune-tellers, clairvoyantes, &c., mostly women who offer the services of their mystic art to the public, have figured largely in the *Intelligenz Blatt* since the abolition of the old Criminal Code.

Amongst offers to purchase is one from a merchant who wants to buy of "a young widow" a house, and eventually to enter into partnership with her for the acquisition of a piece of land. This can only be a matrimonial advertisement in disguise, making sure beforehand that the "young widow" has some property of her own. Several young couples "about to marry" desire, with true German forethought, to hire rooms. So does a widow with two daughters and "no sewing machines," for the sewing machine in a house let out in flats becomes almost as great a nuisance as a piano on the same floor. Next come advertisements from tradespeople, offers of houses and land to be sold or let, &c. The number of advertisements relating to sales of real property and houses to let, gives some insight into the extraordinary growth of Berlin, whilst the immense quantity of apartments advertised as ready for letting, especially as quarter-day approaches,

leads one to suppose that the want of dwelling accommodation is nothing like so great as it used to be. Formerly the continually increasing rents left no family in possession of a dwelling unless they were prepared to retain it by continual sacrifices. Sleeping accommodation would seem to be exceedingly plentiful in Berlin, beds and "parts" of beds are to be had by the score, and several "young gentlemen of unexceptionable character" wish to share their beds with others.

Advertisements for stewards, tutors, clerks, book-keepers, servants, porters, footmen, valets, waiters, journeymen, apprentices, nurses, governesses, shop-girls, sempstresses, housemaids, cooks, &c., are yet more numerous, and the advertisers do not hide their wants behind initials, but state them plainly and briefly. Thus, "A maid-of-all-work is wanted by Schnell, 48, Koch-strasse." As to advertisements of those requiring situations, their number is legion, and they teach us that refinement is penetrating into every rank of life. In addition to numerous "genteel" housemaids, there are kitchen "mamsells," who imply by this derivative from the French mademoiselle that they are superior to mere kitchen maids, and therefore desirous of superior places. The desire to make an advertisement as brief as possible sometimes leads to queer ambiguities, such as a tailor advertising for "mamsells experienced in trousers and such only." Again, "A respectable girl of a certain age wishes to *do* for a fine gentleman," does not imply that the young woman desires to put an end to some exquisite's existence, but simply to enter his service. Six wet nurses, "who can take twins," advertise themselves *en bloc*. The advertisements close with a list of deaths, adding, when occasion requires, to the name and address of the defunct, the fact of his or her being an illegitimate son or daughter, as the case may be.

Considering the importance of these advertisements to a large number of people, the impatience with which the issue of the *Intelligenz Blatt* is awaited each afternoon can be readily understood. The man who awaits its evening delivery at home, determined to apply the first thing the following morning for any vacant situation likely to suit him, would fare like the Genoese ambassador who, posting down at early dawn to Versailles to secure the first audience with the king, found that his rival from Brandenburg had been beforehand with him, having passed the night on a bench in the antechamber. It is necessary to go to the fountain head and seize upon the damp sheets as they come from the press, and then dart off at once to the advertiser's address. In front of Hayn's printing office in the Zimmer-strasse, all who bear in mind the proverb "first come first served" assemble. The earliest to appear are the newspaper women, who take up their post at the door long before the hour of publication in order to secure a good place, since the

WAITING FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE "INTELLIGENZ-BL.TT"

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sooner they bring the paper to their customers the more certain they are of a "trinkgeld." As they pass their life from early in the morning till late in the evening in constant motion, going up and down stairs, the hour when they are waiting for this paper is, perhaps, the only one they have for recreation, and they profit by it to chat amongst themselves whilst engaged in knitting. Behind them housemaids, cooks, footmen, every one, in fact, seeking a situation, throng along the street in a dense crowd as the hour of publication approaches, and mixed up with them used to be, and perhaps still are, numbers of citizens in search of a residence. This last section was formerly especially prominent as quarter-day drew near.

"We see amongst these Berlin intelligence seekers," says a German writer, "an elderly lady who is on the point of changing her abode for the fourth time within six months. She had to leave one dwelling because she had introduced vermin, a second because her son had made a noise on the stairs, and a third because her servant threw dirty water into the court-yard. That young student in the thread-bare coat is seeking some situation which will enable him to order a new upper garment from his patron's tailor and to lay up a few hundred thaler for his future years at college. Another and still paler youth, painfully fumbling in his waistcoat pocket for a two-groschen piece, is one of the shamefaced poor who, for their board, hire themselves out as tutors to 'coach' some youth feeble in his Greek. That rosy-cheeked lad is trying for a situation as page. He has already been in a general's service as 'tiger,' and in the House of Correction for theft. The young gentleman has indeed a natural predilection for his master's rings, wines and cigars. These four maid-servants are preparing to seize at once upon the self-same copy of the paper. Caroline must leave because her mistress has been scolding her for giving away a bottle of rum to her 'cousin.' Emma has had a dress copied from one worn by her mistress, who will not stand it. Charlotte will not stay in her place because the family intend passing the summer months outside the city gates, and she has a decided objection to living in the country. Augusta is displeased because the councillor was angry at finding her sweetheart asleep on the sofa one night when he came home sooner than usual. The little man, spelling through the columns with difficulty, belongs to one of the numerous and miserable families who occupy cellars; he stands with his head bowed down as if even here he was afraid he should knock it against the low ceiling. This worthy man, who, up till now, has only received frequent visits from the overflowing gutters, wishes to attract other customers, and comes to see whether a mangle is offered for sale. Up waddles a fat man-servant who has already succeeded in burying two old masters, and who, if he can manage to find another old bachelor to plunder and dispose of in the same way, will not need to take a fourth situation. An old lady is passing over the column of menial situations in search after the scholastic and educational advertisements. She is going out for the tenth time as governess, having lost her last situation on account of the unfortunate redness of her nose, which she ascribes to taking medicine. Street boys squeeze in everywhere, jostling, larking, and squabbling, and foiling the police by a dexterous retreat and triumphant yell."

As soon as the sheets are folded they are delivered to women and boys to take out, and hardly have these crossed the threshold than the real business begins. Many of the purchasers unfold the damp sheets as they hurry away, or else retire with them into

the vestibules of the adjoining houses and jot down addresses at once. The greater part, however, with true Prussian thrift, are content, by tipping one of the boys or a newspaper woman, to obtain leave to glance for a few moments through the columns containing what they think will best suit them, and then hasten away. Gradually the crowd disperses, the last readers having their papers snatched from them by the newspaper boys, who are warned by the voice of an overseer that they ought by this time to have been well on their rounds.

Advertisements are a strong point of the Berlin journals, their proportion as compared to that of the mere literary part of the paper being often as from three to six to one. Out of an ordinary number of the *Vossische Zeitung* containing thirty-two pages, seventeen will be filled with advertisements at three and a half groschen per line. The firms of Rudolf Mosse and Haasenstein and Vogler, who are the principal advertising agents, do an enormous business, the former having fifteen branch establishments in Germany, besides others in the principal European capitals. Even in a city where so many are forced from the increase in prices of all things to live almost from hand to mouth, swindling advertisements abound. The Berliner, who claims to be so enlightened that he cavils at and criticises everything, is continually nibbling at such baits.

The Prussian capital has its Morisons and its Holloways. Herr Goldberger, the proprietor of a rheumatic pill, and Herr Strahl, the abdominal doctor, were the first who carried out advertising on a large scale, and were naturally successful. The former adopted a novel method, which cost him nothing, but which proved far more effective than his pills ever did. Wherever he went he was always dropping the covers of registered letters addressed to him in order to show how many persons at a distance, suffering from the ills the flesh is heir to, had appealed to him for relief. On the steps of his house similar envelopes, without of course their enclosures, were always scattered. Goldberger began life as a village surgeon, and is still living, though he only advertises in a few important papers, whilst his compeer Strahl has perished in spite of his "Infallible Pills."

Their great successor, who far surpasses both of them, is Herr Hoff, of that "life-giving tonic," the "Extract of Malt," whose house in the new Wilhelm-strasse is covered with the coats of arms of his royal patrons, and gigantic gold, silver, and bronze reproductions of medals awarded at various exhibitions. His numerous vans, too, passing hourly through the streets of Berlin, are all decorated in the same style. For years, the advertisements of the "brewer Hoff," as the Leipsic Professor Bock profanely styled this benefactor of suffering humanity, have appeared in every Berlin paper. At one time they consisted of most energetic protests against a rival living at No. 1, Wilhelm-strasse, who

was also called Johann Hoff, and who was only to be distinguished from the great original by not putting "new" before Wilhelm-strasse. Furiously did Herr Hoff inveigh against the delusion of the public, whom he appeared to consider his own peculiar property, till gradually the excitement died away and the unkind world began to say that the whole affair had been nothing but a puff, and that the rival was simply a colleague. Of late, Herr Hoff has chiefly occupied himself with crowned heads, announcing to the world that such and such a potentate has ordered so many dozen bottles of his medicinal extract of malt. Next to Hoff in importance flourishes Daubitz, whose specialty is the cure of hæmorrhoids. Both are cunning enough to assail the world on a weak side, the one taking beer, and the other spirits, as the medium for administering their panaceas. Quack medicines and similar compounds abound at Berlin, and Dr. H. Beta in the *Deutsche Zeit und Streit Fragen* recently enumerated almost five hundred of these remedies, in the composition of which figured sixty violent poisons and thirty-seven dangerous laxatives.

In the German capital other methods of preying upon public credulity are prevalent. Fortune-telling advertisements abound, and prophetesses, instead of being hidden in remote quarters, are established on first floors in many of the best streets of Berlin. Advertisements, too, of a far more objectionable character, to which a more detailed reference is impossible, figure largely in many of the Berlin papers, the *Vossische Zeitung* being a great offender in this respect. Speaking of the evil wrought by these advertisements, especially in poisoning the minds of children and young people, a contemporary writer justly observes:—"The injury done by such advertisements to public morality is doubtless greater than that done by all the dissolute women in Berlin put together, and there is something quizzical in finding these things every day in a paper which is ready to die of moral indignation if anything in the State goes contrary to its prescribed method of progress."

Private advertisements flourish to an extent undreamt of in England, and numbers of them are most objectionable in character, recalling indeed the worse class of "personals" in a New York paper. On the other hand many are perfectly harmless. It is "good form" amongst the middle classes not only to announce births and betrothals, but to wish many happy returns of the day to absent friends through the medium of a newspaper, instead of writing direct. Such is the habit of advertising, that there is a story current of an Englishman passionately fond of music, who, arriving at Berlin where he did not know a soul, and wishing to organize a quartette, advertized for amateur musicians to join him, and within three days was able to give musical soirées. Report further says

that he went on to organize a ball, and inviting by advertisement "the honourable persons of his neighbourhood," found his salon filled by ten o'clock by a company that left nothing to be desired.

Advertising reached its highest pitch at Berlin during the financial excitement of 1871-2. Such journals as the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *National Zeitung* had five or six supplemental sheets daily filled with advertisements announcing the floating of fresh enterprises or issues of shares. Every number contained several prospectuses, and every prospectus occupied one or more pages, and revelled in blank spaces and letters an inch high. The papers made the most of such a harvest, narrowing the width of their advertisement columns which are let by the inch in depth, and increasing their rates for insertion to double or even treble the normal price. A page in either of the two journals mentioned cost 125 thaler, and as the number of advertisement sheets of four pages each ranged from four to ten a day, the amount netted was from two to five thousand thaler per diem. Other papers charged still higher rates, but since the "Crash" the golden tide of advertisements to the newspapers of the German capital has ebbed.

The most rotten concerns were those that issued the most flaming prospectuses and went in most extensively for advertising. Immunity from attack was sought as well as publicity, and hence all manner of papers had to be taken into consideration. The advertisements were first sent to all the financial journals, which sprang up like mushrooms at that period, and then to the chief political organs and to widely-circulated local papers. Minor journals were in the habit of printing them unasked and sending in a copy and the bill, which was usually paid, for money was scattered broadcast. As the craze drew to its close, promoters became less prodigal, and advertisements were accompanied by a note, unintelligible to most readers, to the effect that "copies would not be paid." Papers which had not received their share in the distribution would raise an outcry and attack the new enterprise in their money-market article until the promoters had atoned for their neglect, when they would veer round and recommend it as a thoroughly reliable and remunerative investment.

The General Post Office at Berlin has a branch known as the Newspaper Post Office, situate in the Spandauer-strasse, which undertakes the packing, addressing, and despatching of papers into the country and abroad, a task left in other countries to the publishing staff of the different journals. It has also special organisations for receiving orders and subscriptions for newspapers. Upwards of one hundred clerks are employed there, and the annual number of papers despatched during the last few years has averaged a million and a quarter. Its busiest time is

on Saturday night, when, in addition to the usual work, there are the illustrated and professional journals, the weekly reviews and humorous publications to be forwarded. The scene then presented has been thus described :—

"Waggon after waggon quickly succeeded one another, bringing huge bales of the Berlin evening papers. On entering the reception hall we find that the first brunt of the arriving bales has to be borne by the Central Sorting Office. 'Five thousand *Nord-deutsche*, five thousand *National*, four thousand *Staats-anzeiger*,' is the preliminary announcement from the official in charge of the waggon as the first load is brought in. These figures are checked off from a long list by the superintendent of the room, whose duty it is to control the delivery of the right number of papers of every possible hue, bias, and description, with rigid severity. If he detects a deficient supply, the offending paper is laid on one side and its subscribers find themselves deprived of intellectual sustenance next day. From the Central Sorting Office communications lead to ten sections, which receive all the newspapers they require from it. 'Thirty *National* to Section I., two hundred to Section II., three hundred to Section IV.,' is commanded by the superintendent after a glance at his infallible index, and busy hands execute the order so quickly that the piles of papers disappear from the sorting table in a few minutes and are distributed in the baskets belonging to the different sections of the Despatch Hall. But fresh waggon loads are continually arriving, 10,000 *Kladderadatsch*, 2,000 *Wespen*, 1,000 *Ulk*, 3,000 *Bazar*, are shot in. These too vanish for the sections, and their baskets seem insatiable. It is not till seven p.m., after many hours of hard work, that there is a cessation of labour in the Central Sorting Room. Business begins again at eleven p.m. with the despatch of the morning papers (which it must be remembered are really published the evening before the date they bear).

"Over the sections in the spacious columnar Despatch Hall silence reigns in contrast to the noisy life of the Central Sorting Room. Every official is doing his work apart. With lists before him on which are inscribed, in cabalistic cuneiform signs known only to the initiated, the papers required by each postal town in his department, he is intently occupied in distributing the mountain of papers brought in from the Central Sorting Room. He picks out the wants of Stettin from the different bales, and hands over the immense packet to his assistant, who at once packs the parcel or bag and all its successors, labels them with large addresses and sends them on to the Expedition Room, whence they go north, south, east, and west, to the railway stations. Most of the packets for a large town or district, or part of a province, are put all together in a huge sack in which they are conveyed to their respective destinations. Every one of the 2,700 post towns, for which the Berlin Newspaper Post Office packs, has at least three despatches a day, one for the morning papers, another for the non-political papers, and the third for the evening papers, making 8,100 despatches daily. Every one of the Railway Post Offices in Germany, amounting to nearly forty, sort the newspaper packets for the different places in the district on their way. Most of the non-political papers are, however, sent in separate parcels to their destination, being fewer in number than the political, but extending over a larger district, there being compartments for nearly 4,000 towns, to which they are despatched in the four rooms in which the task of sorting them is specially carried on all day long. By ten at night the work comes to an end and the Expedition Room sends the last of its waggons to the station."

DURING THE WAR FEVER.—COIFFURE À LA GABION.

XXIII.

SATIRE AT BERLIN.

It might be inferred from the fact of Berlin possessing seven illustrated comic periodicals, whilst not a single illustrated newspaper and scarcely a magazine or critical journal of note is published in the city, that the Berlinese are a very satirical people, and yet such is far from being the case. "In Berlin," remarks Heine in his sarcastic manner, "where the inhabitants are cleverer than those of most other German towns, but where more stupid things are said than elsewhere, the inconvenience of being set down as an ass for giving utterance to any mere ordinary stupidity used to be deeply felt. So the Government took the matter in hand, and it was ordained that none but the greater stupidities should be printed, the lesser were only to be allowed in conversation. Thus professors and high officials alone obtained a public license, while smaller folk had to utter their stupidities *en secret*. All these precautions, however, were of no avail, the suppressed stupidities came forth by some extraordinary means in all the greater force; while they were secretly protected from above, they openly advanced from below and great was the emergency. At last a sort of back-handed device was hit upon to counteract every piece of stupidity, and even to turn it

into wisdom. It is a very simple device, and consists in a man's declaring his stupidity to be nothing but irony. Stupidity passes as irony, toadyism which misses its mark as satire, natural coarseness as artistic raillery, sheer madness as humour, and ignorance as brilliant wit."

Previous to the Franco-German war there were but two comic periodicals published in Berlin, one of which led a very precarious existence; now five others have sprung up, and as they all seem to flourish, one naturally asks what can have caused this sudden demand for wit, or at any rate the semblance of it, on the part of the population of the Prussian capital. The only answer suggesting itself is that the wonderful development of the city within the past few years has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in mental activity which has led to a taste for this class of stimulant. Nevertheless the Berlinese are but poor caricaturists, and their comic periodicals display neither the wit nor the humour found in those of France and England. Veteran Joe Millers continually make their appearance in their pages, and when an original joke is ventured upon, it is frequently feeble and childlike in the extreme. The drawings, poorly executed from an artistic point of view, are, as a rule, deficient in humour and the true spirit of caricature, and but for the legends beneath them, it would be in many cases impossible to divine that they were intended to be comic. In this respect they are far behind the *Bilderbogen*, those truly humorous sheets of which specimens have of late been common in London.

The leading comic journal of Berlin is the *Kladderadatsch*, which appears, as it itself states, "every day except on week-days," and holds in the capital of the German Empire a position somewhat analogous to that held by *Punch* in London, the *Charivari* in Paris, the *Floh* in Vienna, and the *Fliegende Blätter*, an admirable little paper, in Munich. It was founded on the abolition of the censure in 1848 by a group of Berlinese, Silesian, and Jewish journalists. At the outset these gentlemen were at a loss what title to give to their new enterprise, and one evening, when they were met together, it was agreed that a prize should be bestowed upon the discoverer of the most suitable appellation. "Kladderadatsch," suddenly exclaimed one of them, phonetically expressing the clatter of smashing crockery; and this word, which was also the nickname of a prominent member of the demi-monde, celebrated for her dashing style and destructive habits, was at once adopted as the title of the new paper. It has a circulation of 43,000, and some idea of its popularity may be gathered by glancing at the advertising supplements added on to the four pages—slightly larger than those of *Punch* and printed in largish type spread out so as to cover as much space as possible—which constitute the number itself. These supple-

ments, each consisting of four pages of similar dimensions and frequently amounting to three or four in number, are filled, with the exception of about half a page devoted to humorous matter, with closely set advertisements of every description. The satirical verses which invariably figure on the first page formerly proceeded from the pen of the late David Kalisch, who for many years occupied the post of editor. Kalisch also used to write the dialogues in which Müller and Schultze, two typical Berlin citizens, the one patriotically bellicose and the other prudently "prudhommesque," give their opinion every week on the men and things of the day. He was, in addition, a most successful playwright. The present editor, Dohm, is an ex-professor of theology, and to his principal colleague Löwenstein are due the two types of Strudelwitz and Prudelwitz, the one an officer of the guard at Berlin and the other a goose breeder in Pomerania, whose letters to each other on German politics appear every week. The chief draughtsman is Scholz, whose loosely drawn caricatures in no degree resemble the finished cartoons of Tenniel, and in point of wit are far inferior to any of Cham's numerous contributions to the Paris *Charivari*. Napoleon III. was for more than twenty years his stock butt, and subsequently "Lulu," as the late Prince Imperial was styled, suffered the assault of his pencil.

Of the *Kladderadatsch's* competitors, the most important in point of standing, and probably the most popular, is the *Berliner Wespen*, a supplement to the *Tribune*. It is of the same size as the *Kladderadatsch*, though far less liberally provided in the matter of supplements, and is supplied to subscribers at 15 sgr. a quarter, whilst a single number costs 2½ sgr. Established in 1867, it has a circulation of upwards of 20,000 copies. It makes political satire its strong point, Heyl being the chief draughtsman and Stettenheim the principal writer. Next comes the *Ulk*, a gratis weekly illustrated comic supplement to the *Tageblatt* and dating from 1871. It is slightly larger than the preceding papers, has a circulation of about 7,000 copies, and its political cartoons by Scherenberg are not devoid of force and humour. The *Flitzbogen*, the latest of all these publications, formed on the pattern of the Munich *Fliegende Blätter*, and occupying itself more with social than with political satire, is one of the best got up of the comic periodicals as regards paper, printing, and engraving, and resembles the *Wespen* in size and price. The rear is brought up by the *Berliner Figaro*, a tri-weekly newspaper, with a circulation of 3,000, which merely devotes a cartoon to satire; the *Börsen-Humor*, a small organ established at the close of 1874, and chiefly attacking and ridiculing the speculators of the Berlin money market, and *Radau*, which is neither more nor less than the last page of the *Berliner Vergnügungs-Anzeiger*, an advertising

sheet professing to be a guide to the sights and pleasures of the capital.

Immediately prior to the meeting of the three Emperors, the Berlin comic publications appear to have had four favourite stock subjects, namely the Jesuits, the King of Bavaria, the President of the Berlin Police, and M. Thiers. Of these the last named was favoured with the largest amount of attention, and we find one satirical journal devoting a whole page of illustrations to depicting the daily life at Trouville of "the little great man," as the Berlinese delighted in styling the then President of the French Republic.

The drawings are not clever, and the text can hardly be said to be witty, but it doubtless amused those for whom it was intended, and gives a fair idea of Berlin wit. M. Thiers rises early, we are told, because "he has an idea that he is the most important personage in France, and this makes him wake up at 4.30 a.m." At 5 a.m. he takes his coffee, after which "he occupies himself in studying history, geography, and morality." He does not go for a walk at 8 a.m. because he is afraid of being hustled by the crowd; but it appears from the drawing that many other people resort to his usual place of promenade with opera glasses and telescopes, and diligently search for his foot-prints on the sand. After 8 a.m. he addresses his servants for two hours, and then opens his letters. After breakfast he dreams that the approaching Imperial interview at Berlin will be conducive to family happiness throughout Europe, but he subsequently goes to the seashore, and gets into a temper because he has received no news from his Ambassador at St. Petersburg. During the afternoon he attends the artillery experiments, and before dinner talks history with the distinguished visitors at Trouville. After dinner he abandons himself to the youthful pastime of dancing, and is represented as being swung round and round in a ball-room by a remarkably energetic young lady, and finally he retires to rest very late at night, "because the idea of being the greatest man in France prevents him from sleeping."

At another time he is represented as a cook, stirring up some savoury mess. In one corner of the kitchen stands a tin of *fricassée* of young Prussians, and the ex-Emperor of the French is hanging up against the wall ready for the spit. From the text beneath, we learn that M. Thiers is so enraged at the meeting of the Emperors that he is preparing a nice little *dîner de fête* for the end of October out of revenge. He is next seen standing in contemplation before a crown which is growing upon a rosebush, while another sketch presents him with a Phrygian cap on his head, seated at the end of a plank balanced on a gendarme's hat, and weighed down at the other end by three crowns and three sceptres. In this way the feeble caricatures run on through scores of numbers of various publications

assuming to be comic, until one would think that the Berlinese were sick and tired of seeing the same face, which, by the way, with the exception of the spectacles, bears very little resemblance to M. Thiers.

The meeting of the three Emperors offered a fine field for satire, and for a time such stock subjects as M. Thiers and the Jesuits were laid up on the shelf, excepting when they could be dragged into a cartoon in connection with the Imperial visit. In a page of four subjects entitled "Our Guests," the first represented a Russian and an Austrian—the former advancing bowing and smiling, the latter haughty, and twirling his moustache—while beneath was inscribed, "Those who were invited and came." The next represented a Bavarian with a torn-up invitation at his feet, and evidently intended for King Louis, the inscription running: "He who was invited and did not come!" The third of these engravings was levelled at the newspaper correspondents. There is the traditional Englishman attired in a check suit, with Dundreary whiskers, an eyeglass in his eye, and a copy of the *Times* under his arm; then the Frenchman, the Belgian, and two or three Germans, all hurrying towards a door a notice on which intimates that the three Kaisers are sitting within, while the title apprizes us that all these gentlemen have come without any invitation whatever. In the last subject, which is devoted to the "lookers on," the artist has found his favourite subjects again. There is the ex-Emperor Napoleon, with John Bull as a fat sailor, and a skinny Jesuit looking over the shoulder of M. Thiers, who is seated on a post beside a murderous-looking ruffian in shirt sleeves, personifying the "International." A cartoon, entitled "The three enormities who are not coming to Berlin," presents us with Napoleon III. got up as chief mourner, and observing, "I should have liked to;" then M. Thiers with a big umbrella, short trousers, a huge white necktie, and spectacles, standing on tiptoe and saying, "I should like to;" and, lastly, the King of Bavaria attired in the costume of Lohengrin and exclaiming with an air of regret, "I ought to have."

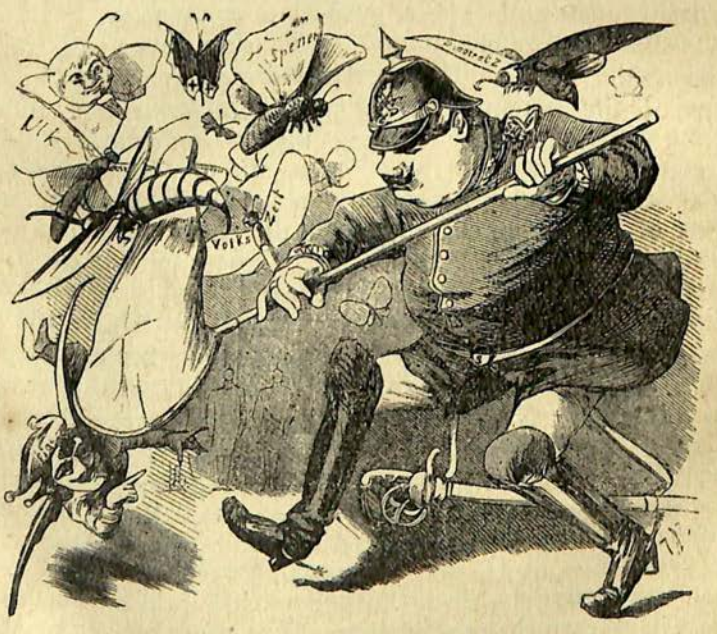
The late Emperor of the French forms the subject of another caricature of this period, which depicts him clothed as a beggar knocking at the door of an inn, having for sign "The three Emperors," and asking in a timid plaintive voice if he may be allowed to step in. Prince Bismarck is also represented drawing up the menu of the approaching festivities. "It will be a picnic!" exclaims the German Chancellor, "every one shall contribute his dish;" and on the immense *carte* he is unfolding one reads, "International," "Polish Question," "Eastern Question," "French Question," "The Jesuits," "Strikes," "Democracy," "Socialism," etc.—indeed every one of the social and political difficulties of the hour.

In another caricature the Pope is shown seated on a chair behind the three Emperors. "Ah!" he says, "if I only knew what those three are saying about me!" whilst they exclaim in chorus, "We would give anything to know what to do with that old fellow." "The European Zapfenstreich" has Bismarck acting as conductor to an orchestra, in which each of the different European nations is playing an instrument. General von Roon is first violin, Russia is performing on the hautboy, Bavaria beating the big drum, Austria trying the clarionet, France tooting on the flute, England scraping away at the bass, Italy playing the bag-pipe, the Sultan diverting himself with a Jew's harp, and the Holy Father whistling irreverently down the key of St. Peter.

In a series of designs entitled "the new Triumvirate and what the world says," we have the three Emperors—William Cæsar, Francis Pompey, and Alexander Crassus—shaking hands together, whilst the Pope turns his back upon them and sends them his malediction. Some of the minor subjects grouped round the central drawings are not amiss. Brother Jonathan, for example, reading the newspaper, observes, "Wool, $22\frac{1}{2}$; spirits, $23\frac{1}{2}$; no other news." England says, "All right! then this year we shall not be able to supply any arms." "Allow me to make the fourth in your union," shouts M. Thiers, who is running as fast as his legs will carry him, while Bismarck exclaims, in the midst of a profound calculation, "Of three make one! of France none!" Passing over all the fun that is made out of the petty German princes—how, on account of the immense crowd at the *tables d'hôte*, they are obliged to frequent the working men's *Volksküche*; how, in consequence of the scarcity of cabs, six of them have to put up with one vehicle; how they can only find room in the galleries of the theatres; and how the Imperial Chamberlain has to hire a garret for them at a night-refuge because there is no room in the palaces—we have the old blind King of Hanover standing with a petition before the palace where the three Emperors are supposed to be stopping, and "respectfully begging a well-disposed Emperor to favour him with a few superfluous millions." Near at hand Bavaria is represented in the guise of a Munich student, who exclaims, "I don't care for northern beer; and only enjoy myself at the Wagner Bierhalle." Next comes Germania's adieu to her guests. While bowing the Emperors of Austria and Russia down stairs, she exclaims, "Good night, gentlemen, a pleasant journey to Constantinople!" A final cartoon represents the three Emperors riding off on horseback—one to Vienna, another to St. Petersburg, and the last to Marienburg, while on the opposite side of the picture, a woman symbolical of Berlin, holds open the door of a room, and, addressing a rough-looking mob that is crowding in, exclaims:—"Now

that the foreigners have gone you may return!" an apparent allusion to the homeless poor of the city, who for some time past had been living in wooden huts in the environs of the capital.

The Berlin President of Police has to bear the blame of every calamity that happens in the place. If a man is run over in the street, or tumbles into one of the many open drains in the dark, or falls from a scaffolding, or loses his latch-key, or is robbed of his watch, it is the fault of the President of Police. At the performance of the Zapfenstreich, during the Imperial visit, eight people were crushed to death and twenty or thirty wounded. Of course, every one said that it was the fault of the President of Police, whereupon he was summoned to the Emperor's palace and severely reprimanded. At this he threatened to resign, but efficient Presidents of Police not being particularly plentiful, the King refused to hear of this, and dismissed him, bidding him "sin no more." The comic newspapers were not so lenient, for in one of them he was represented on horseback riding over a number of dead bodies, while his predecessor amused himself with a guitar, to convey an idea of his delight at not being in Berlin during the *fête*. Another cartoon shows the President endeavouring to catch the newspapers—which are represented as different kinds of flies—in a butterfly net. With such license

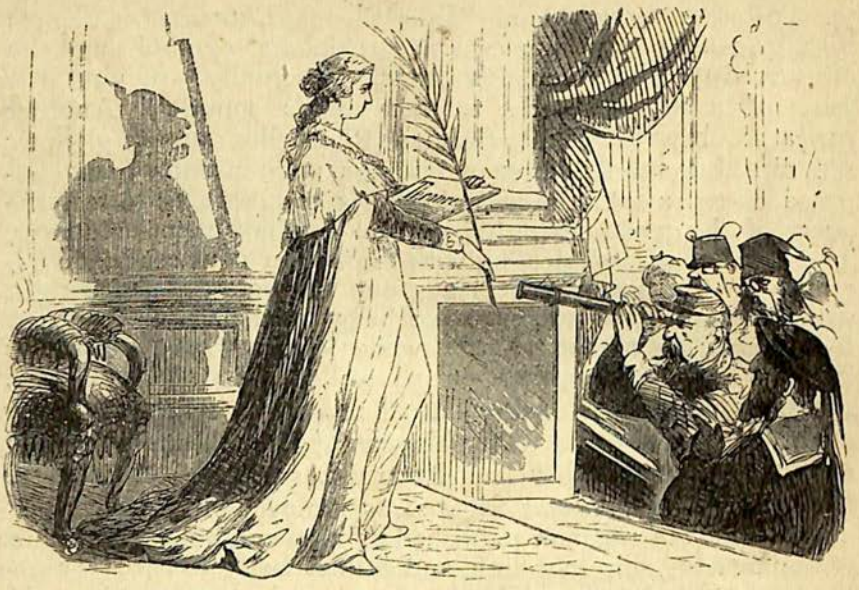


as this allowed them, the satirical journals at any rate can hardly complain of being gagged.

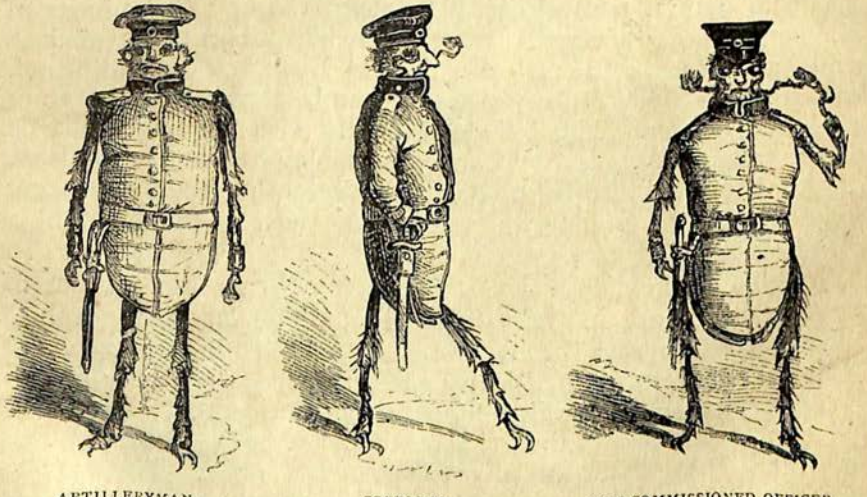
France and Alsace-Lorraine constantly furnish subjects for

the Berlinese caricaturists. Thus the *Berliner Figaro* depicts Bismarck as a wet nurse, with an infant, symbolising the conquered provinces, in his arms, maternally applying the tube of a feeding-bottle to the child's mouth. Another caricature represents the German Chancellor as a gigantic sun, directing the full force of his rays upon a snow man, supposed to represent Alsace, and who is commencing to feel the effect of the genial warmth imparted by the Chancellor's rays. The *Kladderadatsch*, dealing with the return of the French Assembly to Versailles, depicts a group of members receiving a deputation of Parisians, who are begging their legislators, on their knees, to remain a little while longer "*en vacance*," as business has been going on so well during their absence. Another design in the same journal represents a French deputy on his deathbed, bequeathing his seat at Versailles to his eldest son, and is inscribed "The Eternal Assembly." When the barnacle-coated *Orénoque* frigate was removed from Civita Vecchia, the *Kladderadatsch* published a figure symbolical of France wrapping a toy ship in a cloth, and endeavouring to carry it home unperceived. Another *Kladderadatsch* caricature, dealing with French affairs, and entitled "The Poor Septennate," had Marshal MacMahon with half-a-dozen hungry politicians hanging round his neck in the centre, the left being occupied by a group of Republicans, wearing *forçats'* caps, and with their faces hidden under their coat collars; while on the right hand were three Imperialists offering to rid the Marshal of the importunate *réactionnaires* clinging to him. In one caricature the Marshal is shown with a padlock on his lips, receiving the homage of M. Buffet and wearing a huge sabre inscribed "Revanche," while a design in the *Wespen* depicts Bismarck as a sentinel, with General Ducrot, spy-glass in hand, glaring at him from over the Vosges. The *Ulk* dealt boldly with the five milliards of war indemnity paid by France, but which had not in the least degree benefited the Germans, by representing them as magic money escaping from a well padlocked chest in the guise of a cloud of smoke.

The bellicose disposition of Germany forms the subject of another caricature in the *Ulk*, entitled "The last paragraph of the speech from the throne," wherein a bold allusion to one of Kaiser Wilhelm's hypocritically pacific declarations may be detected. Prussia is typified by a female figure clad in robes of state, with an olive branch typical of peace in her left hand, and a tablet, from which she is reading, in her right. The nations are gathered together in front of her, France, the most interested in the matter, eagerly scrutinising her by aid of a telescope, when lo! the shadow that rises behind assumes the form of a tall Prussian foot-guardsman, with bayonet fixed and in full marching order. In another design Moltke and Bismarck are seen looking out of



the windows of a building, provided with lightning conductors in the guise of spiked-helmetted Prussian soldiers—and expressing their confidence in the protection which these afford against the dangers of an approaching thunder-cloud. Nothing is sacred for a comic artist, and even that sanctified institution, the Prussian Army, is made the butt of the satirist's shafts. Its



ARTILLERYMAN. CORPORAL. NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

leading types of officers and privates have been capitally hit off in a series of designs in which, under the title of *Scarabeus explodens militaris,* a number of cockchafers are shown arrayed

SERGEANT. ONE YEAR VOLUNTEER. LIEUTENANT.

in uniform. As the cockchafer is one of the great agricultural pests of the country, the satire is a telling one independently of its artistic cleverness.

CAPTAIN. STAFF OFFICER.

The Alabama claims served to exercise the pens and pencils of the Berlin satirists. In a *Kladderadatsch* caricature, John Bull, as the usual stout sailor, is shown handing a bag labelled "15½ million dollars" with a smiling air to an equally pleased Brother

Jonathan, whilst the President of the Geneva Commission in the background assumes a "God bless you my children" attitude. Another design on the same subject depicts Brother Jonathan in the guise of an undertaker, consigning a coffin inscribed "Alabama" to its last home, the inscription beneath informing us that the Alabama question having been buried in peace, all those concerned have united in the solemnity of a joyous funeral feast.

Kladderadatsch scarcely believed in the protestations of mutual friendship made by England and Russia at the epoch of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage, and while in one drawing it depicted the British lion and the Russian bear tenderly embracing each other, with the inscription "In Europe they kiss;" in a second it portrayed the same animals engaged in mortal combat, with the inscription "In Asia they devour one another." *Apropos* of the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, it may be remarked that when he and his consort struck the Prussian Eastern Railway at the frontier, odds were laid as to whether they would survive the ordeal, for the line has the reputation of being an exceedingly dangerous one. *Kladderadatsch* at that epoch published a caricature, which, as jokes go, was not bad; though scarcely original. It was a question of a duel. A—— says: "One of us must die! Choose your weapons, time, and place." B——: "Good! Eastern Railway. You take the morning train; I will take the noon, and let fate decide between us." The Sultan's difficulties with his vassals furnished the Berlin comic publications with many subjects. A cut in the *Kladderadatsch*, entitled

"Don Juan und die drei Leporello," depicts Abdul Aziz reclining on a sofa with a couple of his wives, while in front of him three individuals are dancing and gesticulating. One of these, a black-faced African, is intended to represent Egypt, while the two others respectively symbolize Servia and Roumania. All three are chanting in chorus a verse to the effect that they do not intend to remain slaves any longer, but that they are determined henceforth to be their own masters. Egypt, moreover, is impudently applying the tip of his thumb to his flattened nose. As might be expected, the expression on the Sultan's face is a most indignant one. *Apropos* of Egyptian affairs, John Bull was lately depicted as walking away with a basket full of Suez Canal shares, and saying to a Russian and a Prussian who were looking enviously on, "I have my share, take yours."

The Arnim trial furnished the Berlin comic periodicals with ample subjects for illustration. The *Kladderadatsch* profited by the fact of the trial commencing on precisely the same day as the transit of Venus, to portray the ex-ambassador bowing politely to the goddess, and begging her to pass the first. The latter, whose toilette is of the scantiest, and who is followed by Cupid, in guise of footman, carrying her shawl, carpet bag, and walking-stick parasol, smilingly requests the "Herr Graf" to pass himself; while the crowd of astronomers assembled below follow with the utmost anxiety every incident of this amusing *assaut de politesse*. Another page of the *Kladderadatsch* was devoted to numerous small designs, headed with the quotation, "Habent sua fata epistolæ," and the idea of which was taken from a telegram which went the round of the Berlin press, announcing that "a number of the missing Arnim letters had been found in New York among the luggage of a Herr Schmidt, formerly one of the Count's secretaries." The first of these caricatures represented the discovery of additional Arnim letters in the pockets of the supposed Nana Sahib; while another depicted an Australian hunter finding a packet in the pouch of a kangaroo. Other letters, again, had been lighted upon by a member of the North Pole expedition, who had discovered a couple of polar bears desperately fighting for their possession in the midst of the ice and snow. A *grande dame* of the Parisian demi-monde, supposed to be one of the Count's ex-favourites, was also shown to have some of these precious documents in her possession; but ignoring their value, and being one day in want of curl-papers, she had nonchalantly rolled them up *en papillottes*. The series concluded by advising the Chancellor to write his celebrated despatches over again.

One of the *Berliner Figaro's* contributions to the Arnim caricatures was a cut representing the ex-ambassador on horseback, with Prince Bismarck seated *en croupe* behind, and keeping him in the saddle by clasping him firmly round the waist. Under-

neath one read: "The noble Count would never have come to grief had he always ridden in company with this experienced protector." The whole point of these subjects lay, however, in the drawing, Bismarck being almost invariably represented as a big, hulking fellow in cuirassier uniform, and Harry von Arnim as a puny malicious-featured dwarf, in a hat several sizes too large for him.

Vigorously as the comic journals espouse the cause of the Chancellor on most occasions, they nevertheless at times openly attack him, or hold him up to public derision. The three phenomenal locks of hair, which still adorn the crown of his head, are more or less comically introduced into every caricature made of him; indeed it would not be Bismarck were they omitted. When the Chancellor retires to Varzin, and the semi-official organs announce that "his physician has been summoned by telegraph," a Berlin comic paper will portray him shut up, "away from all work," with two friends, and a pack of cards. The doctor was wanted to make up the party at whist.

One of the boldest caricatures of him was issued at the time when the Government quarrelled with the Reichstag over the Bill for the reorganisation of the military system. It represented the Chancellor of the Empire decking, with elegant clothes and precious jewels, a stylish young lady labelled "Military Bill," while for groups of mendicants around him, named "School Reform," "Hospital Aid," "Science," "Art," and such fifth-rate names, he had only coppers to give. It was rather surprising that the police suffered this strikingly truthful picture to appear, for in view of the Emperor's deep personal interest in the measure, it was little short of high treason to ridicule Prince Bismarck's efforts to carry it through the Reichstag.

The *Wespen* sometime ago gave a drawing of Prince Bismarck's Christmas tree. From the topmost branch hung a gingerbread priest, representing Herr Majunke, director of the *Germania*, and the Chancellor's guest, in the Ploetzensee prison, while a little lower down was a cage full of Social Democrats. A man, armed with a pen, and hopping amongst the branches, symbolised the Reptile Fund. At the foot of the tree was the President of the Reichstag offering Prince Bismarck, in the name of that body, a burning heart, inscribed "Vote of Confidence," at the sight of which the prince tears up a sheet of paper bearing the word "Resignation!" In the background was Herr Lasker playing the organ.

As might be expected, the Berlin comic papers teemed with caricatures referring to the struggle between Germany and Rome; Jesuits, monks and nuns, being stock subjects of satire. When the Bavarian Queen Mother was converted to Catholicism, she was represented as frantically throwing herself into the arms

of a Jesuit. At the time when the Marquis of Ripon quitted the English Church to espouse the Roman Catholic faith, the *Kladderadatsch* depicted Pio Nono seated on his pontifical throne, an ecstatic smile upon his face, and Lord Ripon on his lap. The distinguished English "pervert" assumes for the occasion the form of a large bag of money, the folds of which are arranged in such a manner as to simulate at the top a remarkably foolish-looking rabbit's head. In the *Wespen*, the Pope was shown with Church and State before him, disputing for the possession of an infant answering to the name of "Justice." Church, of course, suggests that the child be cut in half, and the Holy Father has summoned his headsman to carry this request into execution. The design was entitled "Pio Nono as the New Solomon," and underneath were the surprising words, "What Archbishop Manning would like to see."

The King of Bavaria, as before noted, is a stock victim of the Berlin caricaturists, especially since he has supported the priests. He has been represented in Greek costume toiling up the slope of a steep mountain and pushing before him with immense efforts the Bavarian helmet. At the summit a soldier in a spiked helmet stops the way and observes to the royal Sisyphus, "You are exhausting yourself in puerile efforts." This caricature was inspired by his refusal to change the head-dress of his troops for the pickelhaube. The *Kladderadatsch* has depicted Bavaria as an old lion, the national emblem, eaten up by clerical vermin, and the same journal, on learning that eleven priests had been sent to the Treves prison, called the latter "a Catholic casino," and spoke of the prison of Coblenz, where there were ten ecclesiastics in confinement, as "another clerical club."

A drawing in the *Kladderadatsch*, which is fond of associating Clericals and Communists together, represents two prison windows, between the bars of which a Socialist deputy to the Reichstag and a bishop are exchanging notes. "Ora et labora" is the title given to this composition, the text beneath which states that the two will soon have finished by converting each other. The priestly and socialistic foes of Prince

Bismarck are also dealt with in one of the *Ulk's* caricatures called "The Parliamentary reception at Prince Bismarck's," and depicting the hall of the Chancellor's house. A portly footman in grand livery is warning off a Socialist and a timid-looking knock-kneed priest, while he allows a scantily-attired coloured gentleman, with enormous rings in his nose and ears, to pass through into the salon where Prince Bismarck is welcoming his guests. The "noble savage," whose features are those of Sonnemann, the independent deputy, turns round complacently to the mortified priest and Socialist, and observes, "Why, even we *Wilden* are better men than you!"—Wilden, or savage, being the parliamentary nickname for deputies who belong to no party. A pendant to the foregoing is a cut in the same journal entitled, "A ladies' *soirée* at the Reichstag," in which the notorious Louise Lateau is represented flirting with a gallant young German abbé meant for Majunke of the *Germania*, while a well-known "fast" deputy is busy ogling "La Veuve Clicquot," a fascinating young person, wearing champagne glasses round her neck and on her head. There is also a Socialist deputy indulging in an animated conversation with a Radical belle, who carries a petroleum flask secured to her waistband, and impudently puffs away at a half-groschen cigar.

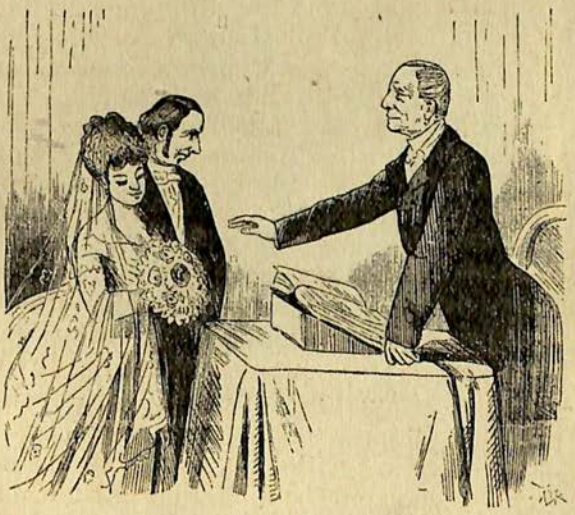
Alluding to the exploits of the Austrian North Pole Expedition, the *Kladderadatsch* suggested that with the view of getting rid of the Ultramontanists they should be exiled *en masse* to the delightful country discovered by Franz Josef's seamen, and published a sketch-map indicating the proposed limits of Pius-the-Ninth's Land, Don Carlos's Land, Isabella's Land, &c., and the whereabouts of Inquisition Cape, Excommunication Island, Marfori Promontory, Lourdes Gulf, and the like.

As a rule the local and social caricatures of the Berlin comic organs are remarkably dull and insipid; though now and then they will hit on a passably bright idea. A page of small designs in the *Wespen* devoted to the St. Hubert boar hunt was not without a certain point. We were shown for instance how the unfortunate animal's claws are clipped, how his molars are extracted, how his excessive liveliness is got rid of by a dose of opium, and how resignedly he eventually allows himself to be speared. Dealing with the question of canalising the black and noisome Spree, a caricaturist of the same journal prophesied that the result of the proposed measure would be the eventual flooding of the environs of the city, while he scorned the idea of its having any effect on the foul atmosphere which every one is condemned to breathe. In "Before and After the Canalisation," both of the figures are depicted with their thumbs and forefingers applied to their noses. The same subject was touched upon in a caricature in which the offensive odours of the Prussian capital were personified as a many-headed hydra, which Hercules,

in the form of a bottle of Johann Maria Farina's world-famed water, was about to annihilate.

There is no particular point in the design representing an English tourist, got up with umbrella, field glass and satchel complete, asking a "Sunbrother" —that is one of the Berlin lazzaroni who "loaf" away their days and nights upon the benches in the public places—if the water of the fountain on the Dönhofsplatz is drinkable, and being told in reply that he has never tasted it, much preferring "schnapps."

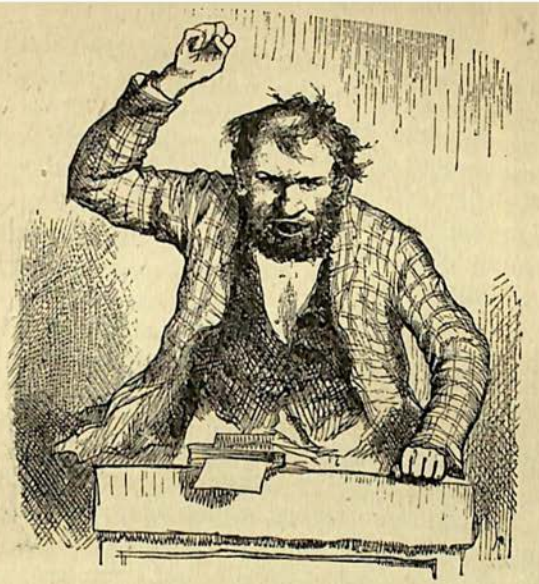
The voting of the Civil Marriage Bill furnished the *Berliner Figaro* with the subject for a rather amusing design, in which Marshal Moltke is introduced performing the office of civil registrar. A young couple, husband and wife, who have just



signed their names, stand before him. "There, 'go my good children," exclaims the Marshal, paternally, "God bless you, and mind that in due course you present his Majesty the Kaiser with half-a-dozen good fighting men."

During the Russo-Turkish war, *Kladderadatsch* published the following pretended conversation between two inhabitants of Berlin. "So England is making two million of cartridges a week instead of a quarter of a million." "Yes; that means war, of course." "Not a bit of it; they are made for sale." "To Turkey or to Russia?" "To both, most likely; there will be most money to be made by that." Apparently the Prussians have still the same idea of us that Marshal Blücher entertained when he visited London and exclaimed—"What a city to sack!" We are still, in their eyes, a nation of shopkeepers, looking only to profit, which accounts for the number of Germans who leave their Fatherland and come among us to learn of course business, not to escape compulsory service in the army!

COIFFURE À LA CIGOGNE.



XXIV.

GERMAN SOCIALISM.

SOCIALISM in Germany is not a thing of yesterday. The numerous "Peasant Wars" which desolated the country during the Middle Ages, like the Jacquerie in France and the rebellion of Wat Tyler in England, were prompted by Socialistic influences. In all instances personal suffering and oppression were supplemented by the preaching of demagogues whose text was—equal rights, and a share in the good things of this life for all, and we know that the tongue of John Ball had quite as much to do in causing the rising that awed Richard II., as the hammer of the outraged smith. In 1370 the workmen of Brunswick drove out the richer citizens and organized a form of government resembling the Parisian Commune. Nuremberg shortly afterwards witnessed a similar struggle, and in 1408 a working class insurrection broke out at Lübeck. The programme carried out by John of Leyden at Münster was essentially Socialistic. Every one was obliged to work during the day, though it is true the majority made up for this enforced labour by riot and revelry during the night, whilst food, clothing, furniture, &c., were garnered in public store-houses and distributed to the citizens according to their needs. These isolated risings all presaged the mighty Socialistic movement of the present century, a movement which, if not fanned as yet into actual insurrection in Germany as in France, has seriously

undermined the existing institutions of the Fatherland, and threatens with destruction the well-nigh autocratic Empire so laboriously established by Prince Bismarck. It was in order to check this movement that the Chancellor lately forced upon a compliant Reichstag a bill empowering the authorities to snuff out objectionable journals, prohibit contumelious gatherings, and whisk away obnoxious individuals, after a fashion utterly opposed to all notions of constitutional government.

It is only fair to admit that the Reichs-kanzler finds in the Socialistic party a foeman worthy of his steel, and one possessed of powerful means of propaganda. Previous to the adoption of the Socialistic law of 1879 by the Reichstag, the views of the party were advocated by fifty-six regular periodicals—thirteen of them daily political papers,—not to mention swarms of tracts and pamphlets appearing as occasion required, and finding a brisk sale. Of the newspapers, which were only six in number in 1869, the two principal ones, the *Volkstaat* of Leipzig, and the *Neue Social Demokrat* of Berlin had been incorporated prior to the passing of the Bill under the title of the *Vorwärts*, published at the former town under the joint editorship of Herren Liebknecht and Hasenclever. This paper became the leading organ of the party, giving the key-note to one-and-twenty local papers published daily or weekly at Berlin, Augsburg, Elberfeld, Brunswick, Bremen, Chemnitz, Crimmitzschau, Duisburg, Dresden, Frankfurt, Königsberg, Glogau, Offenbach, Nuremberg, Stuttgart, Apolda, Hanau, Dortmund, Breslau, and Munich. In addition there are, or were previous to the passing of the recent law, a dozen professional journals, the organs of various trades or corporations, according more or less support to the Socialist cause, not to mention numerous illustrated, comic, or satirical publications. The well-known almanack *Der arme Conrad* has an annual sale of about 50,000 copies, and in 1876 there were printed at Leipzig alone upwards of a quarter of a million of Socialist pamphlets, and one work, a collection of Socialist poetry, reached its second thousand edition in the course of the year. At Brunswick, of pamphlets and almanacks some couple of hundred thousand copies were printed, and at Berlin no fewer than 60,000 copies of Lassalle's works were sold during the twelvemonth.

At the Gotha Socialist Congress of 1877 the representatives of 171 local societies numbering over 30,000 members were present, and it is estimated that at the epoch when the repressive laws were adopted by the Reichstag, the Socialistic societies of Germany were between one and two hundred thousand strong, and were deriving pecuniary and other support from several hundred thousand partisans of the cause who were not directly affiliated to them. It transpired at the Congress of 1877, the chief business of which was to contrive arrangements for evading

the laws, and to inquire into the organisation and propaganda of the party, that the central committee which met at Hamburg was directed by Herr Hartmann of that town and Herr Parsch of Berlin. Under its control were eight permanent agents who devoted the whole of their time to promoting the extension of the Socialist movement in different parts of the Empire. They were assisted by fourteen sub-agents, whilst the committee maintained a regular staff of forty-six employés, clerks, writers, &c., besides having under its control seventy-seven stump orators, who were despatched to the meetings of local societies to warm the zeal of the masses.

To show the methodical line of action adopted by the party, it may be mentioned that in 1876 the Stuttgart Socialists suggested the establishment of a Socialist university, and the idea, although then abandoned, would undoubtedly have cropped up again were it not for the stringent penalties of the new Socialist law. The wonderful progress that Socialism has hitherto made in Germany shows, however, that it has no need of a faculty where the doctrines of Lassalle, Marx, and the French Communists might be gravely expounded by carefully selected professors. With regard to political action, after abortive attempts made at two preceding elections in 1871, the party succeeded in collecting 120,000 votes, and in returning two members to the German Parliament. In 1874 they had secured 349,000 votes, and nine members; and in 1877 they registered 497,000 votes, deputing twelve members to the National Legislature. The importance of these figures will be apparent from a comparison with the numbers of voters. In 1877 the total of the enfranchised electors in the German Empire amounted to 8,943,000. Of these 5,557,700, or about sixty per cent., having voted, it follows that nearly one-tenth of all the votes given were Socialistic—an extraordinary result for a movement not twenty years old, and in a House having only 398 seats. Of the 150,000 votes gained between 1874 and 1877 the increase appears to have been greatest in Saxony and in the large centres of population. According to Professor Huber, the capital of the German Empire is quite undermined by Socialism, the new doctrines

counting 115,000 male supporters in Berlin in addition to many thousand women adherents. Although the strength of the party is in the large towns, here and there the country people have furnished their share of voters. A decrease is noted only in Anhalt and Schleswig-Holstein. In the latter province this is explained by all the labourers who had voted for the Social Democrat candidate at the last election having been driven from their homes by the still semi-feudal proprietors.

To-day it may be said that the German working-classes are almost entirely converted to Socialist principles. With them, however, the Social question has become to a great extent a *Magenfrage*, or belly question. It is to be noted that the "Gewerkvereine," or trades unions, into which Hirsch and Dunker have transformed Schulze Delitsch's "Genossenschaften," or benefit societies, are opposed to the Socialists, though they approve of strikes and act upon the device—"Equal rights, association, and arbitration." These unions are, however, on the decline, for they are not sufficiently "go-ahead" to suit the requirements of the modern German working man.

Socialism in Germany, as elsewhere, owes much to the doctrines of Karl Marx, the secretary to the International. He is still one of its chief theorists, despite many efforts to dethrone him. Born at Treves in 1818, of Jewish parents, and educated at the Universities of Berlin and Bonn, he abandoned the post of professor of history and philosophy, which he held at the latter upon the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm III., in 1840, to throw himself into political life. At first a contributor to the *Rheinische Zeitung*, he afterwards became editor of that journal, which was suspended in 1843, in consequence of the violent tone it had assumed. Marx took refuge in France, where he became intimate with Heine, and, on his expulsion from that country, proceeded to Brussels, where he published several works, all more or less Socialistic in character. In 1848, he boldly returned to Cologne and commenced the publication of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, the utterances of which recalled those of the Paris journals of 1793 and 1794. In the spring of 1849, the Prussian Government, which had failed in various legal proceedings instituted against him, took advantage of a flimsy pretext to expel him definitively from Germany, whereupon he removed to London, where he has ever since resided. He published at Berlin, in 1850, a Criticism of Political Economy, and at Hamburg, in 1869, his most celebrated production, *Das Kapital: Kritik der politischen Oekonomie.* The eminent analytical qualities of this work have obtained for him a leading place amongst modern exponents of Socialism, though the false direction he followed in his theories is to be deplored. He has founded his system upon a series of suppositions and abstractions, instead of basing it upon acknowledged facts, and has everywhere taken the shadow for the substance,

unmindful of the impossibility of feeding oneself upon the shadow of a loaf, clothing oneself with the shadow of a garment, or sheltering oneself beneath the shadow of a house. He regrets the conceptions and deductions of the "doctrinaire" school, and endeavours to prove that in the society of the present day exists the germ of a new society, which is gradually forming itself through class struggles. After the inevitable but transitory dictatorship of the working classes, all divisions of society will, according to him, mingle in a species of association of free producers, based on the collective ownership of the soil and of implements of work. He also proclaims the international character of this struggle of the existing orders and the social transformation it will bring about, and he is distinguished for abusing every recognised authority in statecraft, political economy, and literature, with the ruthless energy of Cobbett and much of the savage acrimony of Marat.

His theories are only applicable to what are styled capitalistic societies. He holds that capital, owned as it now is by a very small class, is a terrible scourge, feeding on the miseries of the workman and his family, and that as it increases so do pauperism, squalor, overcrowding, and all the evils to be witnessed in large cities. The origin of all value he finds in labour alone, since neither capital nor exchange can impart it without labour. He measures everything by the result, and drawing a deep distinction between utility and value, holds talent to be a simple utility, maintaining that it is labour alone which distinguishes valuable from worthless utilities. By thus accepting labour as the sole generator of worth, a means is found for computing the value of an object, namely the duration of the labour expended upon it. Herr Marx admits that complicated and intellectual work should be paid more for than simple work, on account of the time and money expended by the worker in the acquisition of special knowledge, and, in a lesser degree, by reason of the refined food and more expensive clothing his position may necessitate.

Having, by means of the proposition of the exchange of equivalents, decided to his own satisfaction that all commercial profit is illegitimate, Herr Marx attacks the profit of the manufacturer. He brings forward a typical manufacturer who, having paid 8*l.* for cotton, 8*l.* for machinery, 4*l.* for accessories, and 4*l.* for work is excessively surprised to find that the stuff he has manufactured is only worth 24*l.* Intent upon realising a profit upon his merchandize, he resolves to make his workman labour twelve hours a day instead of six, and only to pay him the same wages as for the former space of time. "The workman with his accustomed docility bows his head, works the twelve hours, and thus nourishes with his blood the rapacious capitalist." According to Herr Marx, the workman only legitimately owes the amount of labour representing those necessaries indispensable

for his sustenance and reproduction. He makes him talk as follows to the manufacturer: "The consumption of a commodity does not accrue to the seller who parts with it, but to the buyer who obtains it. To you, then, belongs the use of my daily working strength. By means, however, of the daily price you give me must I reproduce it, and thereby am I able to sell it anew. You constantly preach to me the doctrine of saving and abstinence. Good! I will, like a sensible thrifty householder, watch over my only means, my power of working, and deny myself all foolish expenditure of it. I will daily do only so much as is consistent with its normal duration and sound development. Through an indefinite extension of the working hours you can, in one day, exhaust more of my working power than I can replace in three days. What you win in work done, I lose in capacity for work. You pay to me the product of one working day when you get the product of three. I demand a normal working day because I demand the value of my commodity like any other seller." Machinery Herr Marx fiercely denounces as leading to the extension of the working day and so shortening the part of the day during which a man works for himself, and lengthening that during which he works for another. It also leads to the employment of women and children, so that manufactories are erected on the ruins of the family and future generations rendered sickly and enfeebled. He traces the origin of capital not to economy, but to spoliation, and maintains that it should serve gratis, for he will not admit that both capital and labour co-operate in producing, and that they should divide the results. The effects of such a doctrine, accompanied by showers of abuse and invective against capitalists, upon the overheated imagination of the working classes, may be easily imagined. The workmen are represented as always in the right, and naturally the masters are always in the wrong. The end is to be, that after the larger capitalists have swallowed up the smaller ones, and things have grown intolerable, the workmen, disciplined and discontented, will seize upon all power, and form a community of free labourers owning the entire earth and the means of production, availing themselves of all that science and industrial organization can bestow, and using it, not as now, for the aggrandisement of the few, but for the common good and comfort of all who toil.

Such are the doctrines broached by Karl Marx, but the man who has given the greatest impulse to German Socialism during the present century is undoubtedly Ferdinand Lassalle, who, though rich himself, held that property and capital are historical creations which should disappear with the artificial state of things that created them, and that "the workmen are the rock upon which the church of the present is to be built." With the strictness of scientific deduction of a professor of mathematics, combined with all the fiery eloquence of a

démagogue, he framed the theory of a new world in which there would only be a place for those who work. The workmen of every trade, including those engaged in mining and agriculture, were to organize themselves into local societies, the reunion of which would form a corporation extending all over Germany, and constituting the Social Democratic State. The State was to give out raw materials and tools, regulate production, and distribute the revenue according to the services rendered, and then the reign of perfect justice would be inaugurated in the world. Such was the promised land which Lassalle showed to the German workmen. He preached, too, the uselessness of saving, ridiculed the formation of mutual benefit societies as mere crumbs offered by the detestable burgher class to the starving, and fiercely attacked the credit institutions of Schulze Delitsch, to whom he showed himself ever a most terrible and uncompromising adversary. Chimerical as these views might be, the profound learning, the trenchant style, and the ready eloquence of their exponent, so superior to his adversaries with both tongue and pen, whether braving in a public meeting the anger of the economists, or baffling in the prisoner's dock the public prosecutor, had an immense effect. Short as was his apostolate, the spirit of this wealthy Jewish exquisite, who seemed to devote himself with equal ardour to work and pleasure, reposing from the fatigues of a workman's meeting in the boudoir of a countess, and planning the foundation of a Social Democratic Republic in Germany between a trip to Switzerland and an excursion in Italy, yet lives amongst his disciples. His bust figures at many popular gatherings, and the tomb in the Jewish cemetery at Breslau, wherein he was laid in August, 1864, after a duel caused by a love affair, is annually the scene of a popular pilgrimage. Even Bismarck, who thought that the working classes might through his means be brought to support the Government in opposition to the Parliament, coquetted at one time with him with a view of bringing about that result, but the scheme was cut short by Lassalle's death.

Lassalle, though of dissolute habits and wild ideas, was unquestionably a man of great erudition, and a voluminous writer. Although his doctrines seem originally to have been partly moulded upon those of Karl Marx, he has many theories totally distinct. For instance, in his opinion society is to be regenerated by means of association, a theory in complete opposition to the ideas of the author of *Das Kapital*. The most noteworthy of his pamphlets in favour of Socialism are the *Offnes Antwortschreiben*, &c., in reply to the central committee of a proposed workmen's congress, the *Arbeiter Lesebuch* and his criticism of Schulze Delitsch, which was his last work. Schulze Delitsch urged that the working classes should improve their position by

self-help, whilst Lassalle maintained this to be impossible, and the intervention of the State absolutely necessary. When Schulze Delitsch had got together 100,000 thaler for the purpose of assisting the working classes in establishing co-operative societies, Lassalle had free play. "You own now, then," he said, "that the working classes need assistance, you who teach the contrary in your catechism—and since they do require it, is it not better that they should apply to the State for it than to the 'Manchester party' who will take away their liberty in exchange?"

This dislike to the so-called Manchester party is a marked feature of German Socialism. Yet it is mainly owing to the energetic advocacy of the men representing the principles of the Manchester school of political economy that the standard of national prosperity has been raised, that vast numbers of manufacturers, tradesmen, and even artizans, occupy an independent position, and that every one participates in the material and intellectual enjoyments of life to a far greater extent than was the case a generation ago. It is to the adoption of the doctrines of Adam Smith that Germany is indebted to several important reforms, such as the final extinction of guilds, the freedom of residence and marriage, the liberation of joint stock companies from State control, the legalization of strikes, the abolition of usury laws and passports, and the sweeping away of many other obstacles formerly impeding freedom of trade. Nevertheless the exponents of these doctrines are sneered at by the Socialist organs and hated by their readers, who recognize in them the advocates of a middle class that fattens on the labours of the workman. These latter, seeing the rapid and continuous rise in the price of everything, and the fortunes made by trade and speculation, have come to consider themselves wronged, though they are after all better off than they ever were before. In September, 1872, a well-known Socialist organ in Berlin asserted that the normal working day then agitated for, would soon put an end to strikes, but that the liberal *bourgeoisie* in the Reichstag, who worshipped the Manchester school, would not have it because they knew that the workman with his talents would soon supplant them. "The object of the General Union of German Working Men," it went on, "was not petroleum, blood and fire, or a subversion of all order, but peace. But above all, and in this the Social Democracy and the Conservative party were agreed, Government must break with the party who bore Free Trade and the Manchester school on their standard, for this would prove the ruin of the State as well as of the working man."

Lassalle, like Marx, declines to recognize the manufacturer's profit, or the interest upon his capital, amongst the expenses of production, for the simple reason that were this done, the

thesis that the manufacturer's gains are so much money stolen from the workmen, could no longer be maintained. After examining in turn individual work and the division of labour, he proceeds to consider competition, which gives birth to capital and reduces the value of an object to its cost price. Owing to competition, capital, the instrument of labour, has separated itself from work and become independent, absorbing all the productiveness of labour and reducing the latter to the fraction strictly necessary for its reproduction; or, in other words rendering it sterile. Instead of the living workman it is the lifeless instrument of work, namely, capital, which has become productive. The workman of to-day is an inert instrument, capital the productive organism. Individual producers run the risk of losing their capital from competition, but such is not the case with general production, which extends and gains more and more every year, since, if the first work on statistics one comes across is opened, it will be found that the national capital increases every year. It is on these grounds that Lassalle, who affirms that the object of Socialism is not to destroy property, but on the contrary, to create individual ownership founded upon work,—proposes to reconstitute society. He would base it upon a vast system of working co-operation, established first of all with the funds of the State, and then developing itself into Universal Association, in which happy condition everything is to be settled and foreseen—probably by some one possessing the administrative genius of the originator of the doctrine. But although, taking society altogether, industrious people generally progress to such an extent that their profits more than compensate for the losses arising from idle ones, it is questionable whether such would be the case if the State were to lend to everybody, and whether indeed it would not run a much greater risk than the individual producer of losing its capital. Lassalle's dogma that capital is only destroyed by the effects of competition, is simply preposterous. Over production, changes in popular taste, the influence of the seasons, and many other things are responsible.

Those whom Lassalle gathered together around him during his life, were after his death divided for some time by either personal, or, if the word may be coined, programmatical quarrels into two parties since reunited. From the General Association of German Workmen, founded by him to organize the demands of labour and its campaign against capital, issued the more advanced Social Democratic Party of German Workmen, of which Bebel and Liebknecht are representatives. The Association boasted of having alone preserved the traditions of their slain master, the Party repudiated such idolatry as contrary to the democratic spirit. On Lassalle's death, Baron von Schweitzer, a barrister, and the son of a wealthy Frankfurt

landowner, succeeded him as president of the Association, which he transferred to Berlin. At one time he tried to carry matters with a very high hand, sending his myrmidons to interrupt working men's meetings, and compelling the editor of the *Volks Zeitung* to retract the often circulated and generally accredited statement that Schweitzer was in reality in government pay, by threats of open violence in the public street. But he failed, despite the influence at one time wielded by his journal, the *Social Demokrat*, to retain the confidence of his friends. Not only had he to suffer from the opposition of the more advanced Socialists, like Bebel and Liebknecht, but from that of the German Trades Unions founded in 1868, by Max Hirsch, against which, however, the two leaders above mentioned made common cause, as being inspired by the *bourgeoisie*. Schweitzer, who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in 1869, for a speech at a public meeting, appears to have alienated the support of the Socialists by an outward display of luxury. The electors of Elberfeld, who had returned him in 1867, rejected him in 1871 for a more radical candidate. Hasenclever took his place at the head of the Association, and though Schweitzer created some sensation in 1872 by a drama entitled *Canossa*, treating of the struggle between Henry IV. and Gregory VII., and full of allusions to the strife between the new German Empire and the court of Rome, he had dropped almost out of sight at the time of his death in July, 1875.

Hasselmann and Hasenclever, both members of the Reichstag, and joint inspirers of the sentiments expressed in the *Neue Social Demokrat*, of which the former was editor, whilst the latter had the honour of succeeding Schweitzer at the head of the Association, reckoned themselves Lassalle's legitimate successors. They became the leading Socialists of Berlin, and their influence, and that of their paper, extended throughout Prussia. M. Tissot gives some of the impressions produced on him by a visit to a Socialist meeting held in the Sophien-strasse, in which these gentlemen took part. "The room, a very lofty one with galleries, was full to the roof. Many sinister faces, clouded by misery; but here and there, however, others with the clearer skin of shopmen and clerks. Those who had been able to reach the tables were drinking in silence, and with fewer lights and more beards the gathering might have been taken for one of conspirators. As Herr Hasselmann ascended the platform, a youth mounted on a chair and asked the assembly if it would allow two men with plates to be stationed at the door 'in order that the expenses of the committee might be recouped.' This was not opposed. Herr Hasselmann then began to speak. The editor in chief of the *Neue Social Demokrat* is short and thick set; he bears even on his beard, of a red verging on scarlet, the colour of his political opinions. He was

dressed in a black frock coat and a white waistcoat, an attire which some of the brethren seemed to consider hardly orthodox. Herr Hasselmann rattled over all the old stock Socialistic phrases, he spoke of the inevitable 'sweat of the people,' of 'the infamous capital,' of 'woman, who is no longer anything but an article of commerce.' 'In the Socialistic State,' he said, 'marriage will be abolished and woman restored to her natural destination. Religion and woman, as they are now understood, are no longer possible; woman must be freed from all her bonds.' Herr Hasenclever then ascended the platform amidst loud applause. He began by declaring that Lassalle was 'the greatest Jewish citizen, with Jesus Christ, the earth has known.' He developed the theory of the popular State, that is to say, of the commune where morality will replace vice, and where misery and class hatred will be suppressed. He grew warmer, got intoxicated with his own words, and finished by discovering spies in the hall. 'But let them know that we are not afraid of them,' cried he, alluding to some recent domiciliary visits; 'the hounds of Herr von Madai (the President of Police) have never found any petroleum except in our lamps.' A loud hilarity seized the audience, but the outbursts of laughter were soon turned into anger. A commissioner of police pulled Herr Hasenclever by the coat-skirts and forced him to descend from the platform, and then taking his place, declared the meeting dissolved. The shouts and threats burst out all the stronger. The police guarding the approaches to the platform, remained impassive, and seeing their protestations useless, the brawlers slowly evacuated the hall." [1]

It may be remarked that Herr Hasselmann's views respecting women are pretty generally shared by the Social Democrats. At a meeting of the General Society of German Workmen in February, 1872, several speakers, after declaring amidst universal applause that marriage was a culpable monopoly, demanded the community of women as a right of the working classes, who, they said, will never be contented until they have got rid of all the absurd frivolities of religion. "A woman who disposes freely of her love," said one, "is not a prostitute, she is the woman of the future."

A section of the women of Berlin went so far as to form a Union of Female Socialists. Nine of its members were tried for thus associating in 1875, some appearing in court accompanied by their husbands and others by their betrothed. It was proved that they had shown great activity during the electoral period, and that they aimed at replacing Christian by Socialistic doctrines in the education of their children. One of them, Citizeness Hahn, in answer to the president's interrogations, said that man was a sociable being and had

[1] *Voyage au Pays des Milliards.*

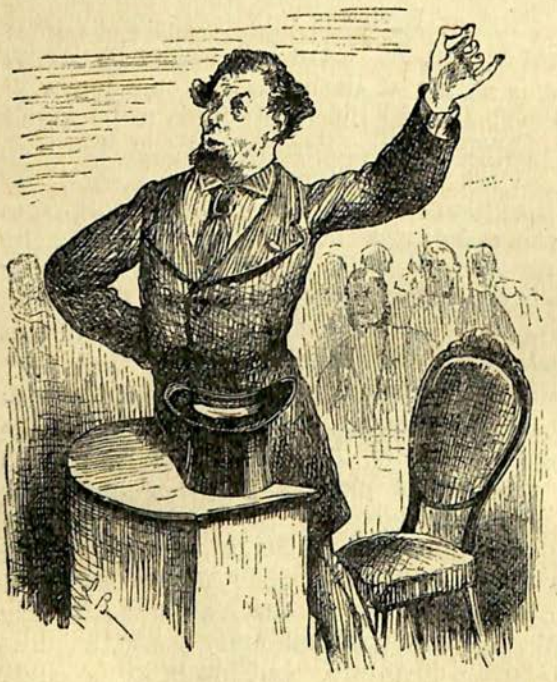
therefore a right to meet together with his fellows. The object of the society's meetings was to bring together all women of the opinion that human affairs should be arranged amicably, and that it is necessary to encourage friendship and to elevate the morality of their sex. Their idea was to sacrifice themselves, if necessary, to their mission, and in the meanwhile to do all that they could to raise their intelligence above vulgar prejudices.

Lassalle advocated manhood suffrage, so that the government of the State might be in the interest of the working classes. Such suffrage, established in 1866 in the North German Confederation, and subsequently extended to the Empire, has not accomplished all he desired, but it has helped the growing assertion of the working class by placing its direct representatives in Parliament. Liebknecht and Bebel, two of the most prominent of these, represent the advanced Social Democrats, and their influence is very widespread. The former was born in 1826, at Giessen in Hesse-Darmstadt, and studied at the Universities of Berlin and Marburg. He became imbued with Socialist ideas through perusing the works of Saint-Simon, and in 1848 took part in the Berlin insurrection, which led to his flight into Switzerland. On being expelled from that country, he sought refuge in London, but soon returned to the scene of action, and his name subsequently figured prominently in the famous trial of the Communists of Cologne. Whilst in Switzerland he formed the acquaintance of the Prussian democrat Heervegh and conceived with him the plan of a free German Republic. In 1852 he came to Berlin and joined the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, but on discovering that its editor, Dr. Brass, was in the pay of Bismarck, he left it to become, as he expressed it, "the soldier of the Social Revolution." He has spent the last five or six years in agitating throughout Germany, haranguing meetings, organizing Socialist associations, and making his appearance from time to time on the benches of the Reichstag, to the great scandal of the steady-going members, and not unfrequently at the bar of the criminal courts. At one time he had a little property, but numerous fines have long since swallowed this up. Since 1868, his residence, when out of prison, has been fixed at Leipzig, where he has edited the *Volkstaat*, and its successor the *Vorwärts*. The former journal, he informed M. Tissot, in 1875 had 15,000 subscribers, representing at least 50,000 readers. On this occasion he remarked that the events of 1870-1 had greatly served the Socialist cause, especially in Saxony, where the bulk of the cotton manufactories had been ruined by the competition of Alsace and Lorraine, which supply goods both cheaper and more elegant in design. The terrible distress caused the workmen to lend a ready ear to the Socialist propa-

ganda, and in many towns to accept it to a man, in the hope that through it their condition would be ultimately ameliorated. Seventy-five per cent. of the population have only one hundred thaler a year to live on, and there are families of five and six persons subsisting on a thaler per week.

Bebel, like Liebknecht, is a leader of the Social Democratic party and a member of the Reichstag, and has figured in company with him in the prisoner's dock, a circumstance hardly to be wondered at by any one perusing his speeches and his writings. "Socialism," he has observed, "is no longer a matter of theory, it is a question of strength, which will be solved not in a Parliament, but in the street and on the battle-field. If we have behind us the mass of the working classes of Berlin, we can say 'Berlin is ours!' And if Berlin is ours, we can say that Germany belongs to us; for at Berlin is our great enemy, and there the great blow must be struck." He is a turner by trade, and when the Reichstag is sitting at Berlin, works as a journeyman in a shop in that city. During the recess he is to be found pursuing the same occupation in the Peter-strasse at Leipzig, where he has a shop of his own. Here he was visited by M. Tissot, to whom he explained that life in the prison, from which he had just been released, was not very severe, since he and Liebknecht were allowed to walk in the courtyard three hours a day, to write to their families as often as they liked, and to receive them once a week and to return to their homes one day at the end of every month. The only thing they were forbidden to do was to write for their papers or meddle with any political matters. Like Liebknecht, Bebel assured M. Tissot that Prussia was helping their cause. If they only chose to wait patiently, the popular tide would inevitably bring about the state of things they wished, though they preferred to help it. The right of meeting and universal suffrage had given the working classes the means of expressing their wishes and they were not going to be made the tools of the National Liberals. They did not care an atom about national unity and the glory and power of the German Empire, but wanted a social reorganization. In reply to the assertion that property was sacred, they held that the contrary had been proved by the Government in upsetting the most ancient institutions of the country and annexing various territories against the wish of their inhabitants, since the existence of entire states, and the rights of ancient monarchies were surely as sacred as land, houses, and factories. As soon as the historic right on which property is based falls, property no longer exists and inheritance once being abolished, Socialism is established of itself. Bebel has been accused of favouring the excesses committed by the Paris *communards*. This accusation he repels by asserting that it is their principles and not their actions of which he

approves. The Socialists are as a rule sufficiently tinged with Marx's Internationalist sentiments to admit that good can come out of "the hereditary enemy" France, and to denounce the national self-glorification of the worshippers of Bismarck. Bebel and Liebknecht are both opposed to the *Katheder-Socialisten*, or Pulpit Socialists of the Eisenach congress kind, who believe in workmen's unions and savings banks, and hold that productive associations, aided by the State—the State being neither more nor less than a body charged with favouring work by giving or lending the sums necessary for its development—are necessary. Bebel's laborious habits and well-regulated life are proverbial, but like Liebknecht, he has had to pass no inconsiderable portion of the last few years in prison.



A fusion of the two parties of Lassalle's followers took place at the end of May, 1875, at a Congress held at Gotha. Liebknecht, Hasenclever, Hasselmann, Gerb, Motteler, and Vahltich signed the convocation to this gathering of all advanced Socialists, and no doubt Bebel would have appended his signature had he not been in prison. Followers of Lassalle and partisans of Marx agreed to bury the hatchet and to unite to carry out the following programme :—

"Section 1. Labour is the source of all wealth and culture, and useful work being only possible in the state of society, the result of all labour therefore belongs to society, that is to all its members, with equal rights, to each according to his reasonable wants, but at the same time including the duty of every member of society to work for the same. In the present organization of society the means for the completion of every kind of work are a monopoly of the capitalists ; the working classes are thereby made entirely dependent, and this is the cause of their misery and slavery in all its forms. To liberate labour from its bonds requires a change in the means of labour, and this emancipation must be the aim of the working classes, compared to which all other classes appear as reactionary bodies. Section 2. In pursuance of these principles the Socialist working men's party in Germany will endeavour by all legal means to break the 'iron laws of wages' by abolishing the system of work for wages, and by abolishing

every social and political inequality. Though the party at the present time is only working for Germany, it is fully aware of the international character of the working men's movement, and ready to do its duty for the purpose of making the 'fraternization' of all men a fact. The Socialist party demands the creation of co-operative productive societies with State help, and under the democratic control of the working classes. These co-operative societies ought to be organized in such a manner that they may form a nucleus for the Socialistic organization of the 'co-operative labour system.' The party further demands:—1. A general and equal law for all elections, which must be by ballot, and made obligatory for every citizen above twenty years of age. Every election must be held on a Sunday or holiday. 2. Direct legislation by the people. The decision about war or peace belongs to the people. 3. General duty to serve as a defender of one's country; popular militias instead of standing armies. 4. Repeal of all exceptional laws, particularly of the laws against the press and against meetings and societies. 5. Administration of justice through the people, and without fees. 6. General and equal education of the people by the State. Free tuition in all schools and colleges. The religious persuasion of the citizens to be considered a private matter. 7. A single progressive income tax instead of all present indirect taxes. 8. The unrestricted right of coalition. 9. A standard day's work according to the wants of society; prohibition of working on Sunday. 10. Prohibition of all children's work, and women's work which may be considered as unhealthy. 11. Laws for the protection of the life and health of the working man. Strict control of mines, factories, &c., by officers selected by the working men. 12. Regulation of prison work. 13, and last. Independent administration of all working men's co-operative and benevolent societies."

A group of political economists of some importance in Germany is that of the "Federalists," the chief exponents of whose doctrines are Winkelbach, better known under his pseudonym of Karl Marlo, and celebrated for his *System der Weltœkonomie*, or universal economy, which he left unfinished at his death in 1859, and Schaeffel, formerly Minister of Commerce in Austria, afterwards professor of political economy at the Vienna University, and author of several works. In his *Kapitalismus und Socialismus* published in 1870, he endeavours to reconcile these seemingly irreconcilable adversaries by means of Marlo's doctrines. According to the latter, work is an effort the aim of which is the production of useful objects, political economy teaching that work should be as fruitful as possible, giving the maximum result for the minimum of labour. With a view of attaining this result, Marlo proposes that the fecundity of population should be restrained, the natural basis of production being limited. He advocates special laws concerning loans, but is extremely hostile to the system of rent paying and of tenant farming, suggesting the expulsion of all proprietors not cultivating their own ground. He reckons that there are two classes of property, the material, produced by industry, and the immaterial, produced by culture, and admits the participation of both nature and work in production. His most striking theories were those he entertained respecting population. To the abuse of the reproductive power, which he maintained

should be restricted by law, he ascribes "the gravest of those social evils from which society suffers in the present day, such as the oppression of women and children, the disappearance of the middle class, the poverty and even pauperism of the lower orders, with their long string of national consequences, moral and intellectual brutality, dissolution of family ties, debauchery, forced prostitution, theft, brigandage, envy, hatred, revolt, &c." Marlo developes this theory to a considerable extent, and prescribes, as a remedy to the evils enumerated, the encouragement of celibacy, the extension of family duties, the limitation of conjugal fecundity, and preventive measures against illegitimate births. Herr Schaeffel fully endorses these views, and taunts with hypocrisy those who instead of saying "where a loaf exists a man is born to eat it," venture to maintain that "where a man is born a loaf comes to feed him."

Germany counts yet another class of economists numbering many adherents, namely the Katheder-Socialisten, or Pulpit Socialists, as they were baptised by Herr Oppenheim in 1871, mostly haughty pedants who deem that a university chair gives them a claim to supreme knowledge on all social questions. The Manchester school, to which in a great measure they had originally belonged, becoming more and more confined to politicians, journalists, and merchants, a sort of class antagonism sprang up to it, and the public mind growing especially uneasy at the epoch of the insurrection of the Commune in Paris, the professorial school suddenly assumed the offensive against their former colleagues. They declared that in presence of such imminent perils the doctrines of Adam Smith could no longer be relied on, and that the State intervention rejected by the Manchesterians had become desirable. Pursuing this theory, they eventually formulated the proposition that on the State devolves the duty not only of protecting the safety but also of promoting the national, the moral, and the intellectual interests of the citizen, and whilst admitting that the old guild system was incompatible with nineteenth century ideas, demanded that the artizan class should be enabled to live in a way rendering it practicable for them to attain a much higher degree of intellectual culture than hitherto. One of the founders of this school, which is bitterly hated by the real Social Democrats, was Professor Gustav Schmoller, who published in 1870 a work entitled

Zur Geschichte der deutschen Kleingewerbe im neunzehnten Jahrhundert, in which attention was called to the sufferings and partial ruin of petty industries, and the question mooted, whether, if abandoned to their own forces it would be possible for them to fight victoriously for existence. Rosler, Heinrich Coutzen, Frabel, Hirschberg, Hanssen, Hildebrand, Schoenberg, Hald, Scheel, and many others of this school have expounded its views in writing, but perhaps Professor Adolf Wagner of the Berlin University has made most noise and attracted the greatest attention.

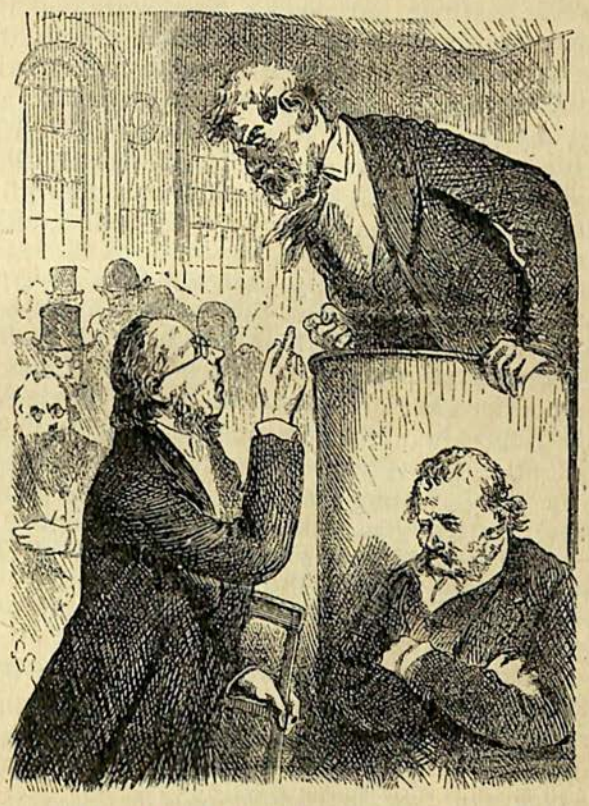
It was the gathering together of this army of professors that led Herr Oppenheim to qualify the party as "Pulpit Socialists," though he admitted that he had wavered between that epithet and the equally contemptuous one of "Freshwater Socialists." This produced from Herr Karl Braun the remark, that there was truly about as much difference between the Socialists of the pulpit and those of the barricades as between a pike and a shark. The professorial party, thus baptized against its will, was loud in expressing its indignation at the title bestowed upon it, rather preferring that of Sentimentalists with which it has also been favoured. At a religious congress held at Berlin in October, 1871, Professor Wagner stepped forward to expound the Sentimentalist doctrines. He maintained that the political economists who established their science on the basis of liberty alone, had now to retrace their steps, that the relations between employer and workmen most imperatively called for reform, that the well-to-do classes should improve their habits, and that the rights of landed property should be curtailed. Herr Oppenheim smartly criticised this speech in the *Gegenwart*, and a great sensation was produced by the learned professor replying in a letter couched in the coarsest terms of abuse.

The Sentimentalists proclaim that the Manchester school is a school of the past. According to its tenets, an object costing ten thaler to produce must not be sold for nine, even should the person desiring to purchase at that price suffer from the want of it. But the Sentimentalists declare that such conduct would be heartless, and that the State ought to interfere in the matter, that it is its fault if everybody is not happy, and that it ought to limit the prices of objects—in fact they ignore the economical law of cost price. The remedies they propose for the social disease are set forth in a pamphlet published by Herr Gustav Schoenberg, Professor of Political Economy at the Freiburg University in 1871. He takes obligatory instruction as his basis, and builds thereupon an elaborate system of social regeneration, crowned by the creation at an annual expense to the State of £160,000 of sixty "Work Offices," destined to regulate the relations between employer and employed, and to decide in all conflicts arising

between them. At the head of each office is to be a Work Bailiff, having the power of visiting factories, inspecting their accounts, investigating the moral and material condition of the working classes in his district, supervising the proceedings and finances of all associations, and acting generally so inquisitorial a *rôle* that only a bureaucratic-ridden Prussian could have conceived it. The Government, thus furnished with periodical reports concerning the situation of the working classes, would be provided with all the necessary materials for legislating, administering, and negotiating, and would be far less likely to make mistakes than at present, when the situation of the lower orders is but very imperfectly known to it. Herr Schoenberg admits the difficulty of organising the requisite staff, but maintains that the system proposed will be joyously hailed by both masters and men, an assertion which does not say much for his knowledge of human nature.

In October, 1872, the Katheder-Socialisten held a meeting at Eisenach, at which some hundred and fifty professors, functionaries, manufacturers, and *publicistes*, assembled under the presidency of Herr Gneist. In the inaugural address, Professor Schmoller strenuously advocated the intervention of the Government in the social problem, and the congress then proceeded to the examination of various questions. It pronounced the necessity of modifying the working hours of women and children, generally approved of Herr Schulze Delitsch's Bill authorizing the formation of trades unions, and called for the institution of arbitration tribunals between masters and workmen. Upon the closing of the conference, the Government announced in the *Provincial Correspondenz* that it agreed with many of the resolutions passed by the professorial party, but the general opinion was that the new school had merely shown its utter incapacity to propose anything practicable or even novel.

An opportunity therefore still remains for those desirous of mediating between the rigid and uncompromising free traders, and the large section of the public sympathetically disposed towards the working classes. The Mediators, who have striven to do this, pin their faith on arbitration and conciliation boards selected from amongst masters and men, and stringent factory regulations carried out by a government inspector. They affirm, however, that all that can be done at present, is to explain the facts of the case to the working men, and to convince these that the gratification of their wishes depends not so much upon any domestic measures which might be devised for their benefit, as upon the progress of the world in general, and Eastern Europe in particular. Improvement of elementary and technical schools, and the raising of the workman's moral tone, so as to convince him that there is something wrong in his excessive longing for creature comforts, is also arrived at by the Mediatorial party. But in the fierce warfare which is being waged between the proletariat and the middle classes, their voices are not likely to be heard. Every day the social question acquires additional gravity in Germany, and, amidst the clamours of the lower orders, the voices of the physicians prescribing their panaceas for suffering society are confusedly mingled. Followers of Marx, Lassalle, and Liebknecht, Federalists, Manchesterians, Sentimentalists, and Mediators, each bring forward their remedies, and the country, utterly bewildered by so many prescriptions, knows not whither to turn to find the truth. All these books and pamphlets, full of Socialistic or semi-Socialistic doctrines, these congresses of professors in which the duties of the State towards the working classes are



enounced, trouble the opinion, not only of the latter, but of the whole nation, and deaden that spirit of resistance to views dangerously utopian, which should ever be found side by side with the desire to make reasonable concessions.

Emigration has been mentioned by some as a remedy for, or at any rate as a palliative of, Socialism. This view is, however, chimerical, for the emigrants number in their ranks far more peasants and small farmers than they do workmen. They consist too, mainly, of married men with their families, whose presence in the country would be favourable to the maintenance of social order. Those unable to emigrate from poverty flock to the large industrial centres, where they help to increase pauperism. In a speech in the Landtag, at the beginning of 1872, the Minister of the Interior signalled the gravity of the situation, pointing out a decrease of population in 221 circles, chiefly agricultural districts, where the loss was most likely to be felt. He called attention to the fascination the towns exercise upon the poorer peasantry. Young men, who would have married in the country, flock in, ready to take any employment, grow unsettled, and wander from place to place taking part in all the strikes. Persons of this class compose the enormous floating population of Berlin, for the arrivals in 1871 comprised 123,087 unmarried people, to 3,104 who were married.

After having trifled with Socialism in its youth, and even favoured its early development, as a weapon against ultra-conservative and ultramontane tendencies, Prince Bismarck seems only to have become really conscious of the dangers with which the Socialist propaganda is fraught, in 1875, when he proposed to the Reichstag various repressive measures which were not adopted. He subsequently endeavoured to introduce into the new penal code a clause punishing with imprisonment "any person publicly exciting the various classes of society against each other, or guilty of attacking such institutions as marriage, family, and property." The German Parliament, however, again declined to follow the Chancellor's bidding, and for a while the Socialists were enabled to pursue their propaganda subject to the provisions of the existing laws. On the 12th of April, 1876, the anniversary of Lassalle's birth, the *Social Demokrat* cited "the corrupt and vicious society of our century to appear at the bar of public opinion," and proudly called attention to the fact that the Socialist movement inaugurated with difficulty some fifteen years ago, was now following its course with all sails spread. "There are not merely," it added, "a few thousands, but hundreds of thousands of German workmen ranged under the banner which Lassalle disengaged and planted anew in the eyes of all, and, spite of the furious hatred of the enemies of Socialism, the masses will continue to group themselves around this standard."

The aspirations of the Socialists are plainly indicated by their literature. "In all Germany," said a Socialist journal a short time after the elections of 1874, "there will soon only remain two parties, those who possess and those who do not possess, the deceivers and the deceived, the satiated and the hungry. The struggle has already commenced between them, it will end by the destruction of the old society! Come, Socialist Working men! To work! Long live the Commune!" During the elections of 1877 a wild kind of song, written by a working man, was sung with great enthusiasm at all the Socialist gatherings. Here is a passage from it, giving additional indication of the advanced revolutionary tendencies which really animate the party, but which were not set forth in the Gotha programmes, wherein the faction tried to screen itself from official prosecution by assuming a false air of moderation: "We will not elect a *black* (*i.e.* a clerical), nor even a *white and black* (colours of the Prussian flag), for the Devil is black and Death is white. Black and white, what frightful colours! Let us vote *red!* Red is the colour of love which springs from the heart! Let us vote *red!* The red flag will bring us liberty."

In the spring of 1878, various efforts were made in Berlin to check the Socialist propaganda by persuasive and moral means. The ecclesiastical party started a Christian Social Society, designed to counteract Socialist influence; whilst the members of the royal family encouraged ministers of the established Church to be present at Socialist meetings in order to set forth the advantages of the worship of God. At one of these meetings, held in a dancing saloon and attended by some 1,200 people, mostly the wives and daughters of artisans, Dr. Wangemann, director of the African missions, made an eloquent attempt to convert his resolutely disbelieving audience, but all in vain. Frau Hahn, already spoken of, who presided over this gathering of Socialists, Atheists, and Materialists, pronounced a remarkable speech, which was repeatedly interrupted, as well as followed by loud shouts of approval.

"I will just relate," said she, "how I left the Church and became a Socialist. I simply discovered that my belief never gave me anything to eat. With five hungry children about me this argument was conclusive. I am an honest woman, and can look everybody in the face, and find it easy to do without Bible and parson. But, ladies, besides being a mother, I happen to be an aunt, and thereby hangs a tale. One of my sisters, who is ill, and whom I assisted in a small way, has two little children—unchristened of course. One day when I visited her I was dismayed to find two clerical gentlemen in the room, with long hair faultlessly parted in the middle. I immediately insulted them, telling them they had better be off, or I should bring an action against them for invading the privacy of family life. As to my sister, I told her that if the two girls were baptized, they had seen the last of my coin. Ladies, if you are in need of something stupid to believe in, and some hypocritical teacher to impart it, why not invent some fable of your own, and appoint your own men to inculcate the same."

Another speech was made by Herr Most, journeyman bookbinder, editor, member of the Reichstag, and a rising star of the Socialistic world. He also denounced the clergy as immoral and a scourge to the people, and a resolution in favour of secession from the established Church having been adopted, the meeting came to a close, the women singing "The Workmen's Marseillaise" as they trooped out of the hall.

The eloquence of Dr. Wangemann and his colleagues, and the efforts of the Christian Social Society, proved of little or no avail. The German Socialist party gradually gathered strength throughout the spring, whilst the language of its organs became more explicit every day. The following is from a Berlin Socialistic paper of this epoch :—

"Why should we love our country? In what way are we benefited by our country? Are we to be grateful for the military service enjoined upon us—that military service in which an officer when he beats a private gets only a few days' arrest in his room, while the private for laying sacrilegious hands on his officer is sentenced to life-long imprisonment in a fortress? Or are we to thank our country for permitting us to eat our bread when we have any, and sending us to the workhouse when we have not? Or are we to fall down on our knees in adoration because there are courts to vindicate the law, provided we can pay the judge? Or is it those neatly printed tax-gatherers' receipts that are to make us love and cherish Fatherland? No, infatuation alone can speak of country and patriotism now-a-days. Have proletarians a Fatherland who have no Fatherhouse? Do any of us know where we spent the first years of childhood, where our father was born or our grandfather died? Do we possess even a hand's breadth of land to plant a tree or grow a flower in? . . . This modern patriotism is nothing but a means cunningly resorted to by the ruling classes, to hound race against race, and bleed the dangerous mob from time to time. Real patriotism can only find a soil where all are equal, and admitted to share and share alike in life's enjoyments."

The Government did not remain idle in presence of the growing violence of the Socialist press. Journalists were arrested right and left, and at one moment the Berlin *Freie Presse* had four of its staff, including its editor, under detention, no explanation moreover being vouchsafed by the authorities regarding the reasons that led to these arrests. Prince Bismarck already had in contemplation a fresh appeal to the Reichstag to invest the Government with additional powers for crushing the Socialist agitation when events were precipitated by an attempt upon the life of the Emperor Wilhelm by Hödel on May 11th.[1]

Newspapers of every shade of opinion combined in denouncing this attempt upon the life of the popular Kaiser, and the Berlin Socialistic press repudiated, disowned, and utterly condemned the crime, remarking that the would-be assassin was evidently mad. As Hödel owned, however, to professing Socialist opinions, and as it was shown that he had frequently attended meetings of the party at Leipzig and Berlin, a favour-

[1] See vol. i., page 413.

able opportunity now presented itself for the Prince Chancellor to propose the adoption of stringent measures against the Socialist party, and a bill was forthwith drawn up and submitted to the Federal Council, prior to its being introduced into the Reichstag. The Council endorsed that portion of the contemplated law which aimed at the summary suppression of Socialist societies, meetings, journals, books, and pamphlets, and the prompt punishment of offenders, but it struck out a clause authorising, in the vaguest language, similar measures against all dangerous writings and speeches and their authors. This little check alone, displeased the Chancellor; still he was scarcely prepared for the reception awaiting his bill in the Reichstag, for although on bad terms with the National Liberals who formed the most important party in that assembly, he apparently expected their full co-operation after the startling attempt upon the Kaiser's life. But the Socialist bill, as approved by the Federal Council, was indignantly rejected by the Reichstag as tyrannical and unconstitutional—there being 257 votes against it and only 52 in its favour. The wording of the proposed law was so beautifully vague, and such large powers were conferred upon the authorities, that the National Liberals, fearing lest at a given moment it should be turned against themselves, decided upon rejecting it, in spite of the sensation caused by Hödel's attempt.

The session was over and the deputies had just returned to their homes, when on the afternoon of the 2nd June, the inhabitants of Berlin were startled by another and a more dangerous attempt to assassinate their sovereign, the details of which are elsewhere recorded.[1] The perpetrator of this attempt was also inspired by Socialistic ideas. He was a certain Dr. Nobiling, a native of Posen, a gentleman by birth, station, and associations, his father having been a country squire, whilst his mother was a lady of title, and his brothers officers in the army. He was himself a man of more than ordinary culture, as is shown by the high degree of doctor of philosophy which he held, and by his writings in numerous scientific periodicals. There was no doubt, however, of his Socialistic sentiments, for even as a student at Halle and Leipzig he was known as the *pétroleur*. From his arrival in Berlin in October, 1877, much of his time had been devoted to making extracts in cipher from German Socialist and Ultramontane journals and sending them to Paris and London. Still he had taken no part in Socialist meetings or agitations, but, on the contrary, remained more than usually quiet and reserved, as if anxious to avoid observation, though not the slightest doubt can exist that he had thoroughly and entirely premeditated his attempted regicide for months beforehand.

[1] See vol. i., page 414.

"For months," observes the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "this man, at once learned and well-bred, whose whole family is, as it were, a concrete social expression of loyalty and patriotism, casts about in his mind when, how, and where he may most certainly and effectually murder his Sovereign, 'because,' to quote his own words, 'he deems the suppression of Monarchs to be for the advantage of the commonwealth.' He provides himself with an arsenal of lethal weapons; changes his lodging two or three times until he hits upon the exact spot deemed by him most admirably suited to the execution of his purpose; lives, all the time, quite irreproachably, paying his way and earning a sufficient income by literary pursuits wherewith to maintain himself respectably. He relentlessly takes note of the national rejoicings at the failure of Hödel's attempt, at which failure he expresses some cynical satisfaction, not considering that Hödel was a sufficiently worthy instrument to carry out the great project upon which he himself had resolved; and at length, on a lovely Sunday afternoon, esteeming the hour to be come in which he is to fulfil his mission, being perfectly in his right mind, having solemnly vowed to himself to make the sacrifice of his own life, and taken every conceivable precaution to insure success, he sits down behind the half opened lattice to watch for the good, old, kind, gallant gentleman whose inoffensive life he has sworn to take. There was no sudden impulse, no irate inspiration, no fantastic *rabies* after notoriety here. The man was a typical specimen of the *fine fleur* of Social Democracy—of an organization, counting millions of adherents and thousands of acolytes as intelligent, instructed, and fatally resolved as Dr. Nobiling himself, which has sworn to achieve the overthrow of existing institutions, which regards regicide and the despoiling of the rich as the highest of human duties, and which succeeds in imposing upon its disciples an obedience as absolute and a self-devotion as utter as does the Papacy itself. When such a German as Dr. Nobiling shoots his Emperor, and then himself, on pure Social-Democratic principles, we catch an awful glimpse of the abyss of crime, misery, and horror into which society may find itself hurled at any moment at the bidding of the occult and mysterious hierarchy that disposes of the forces exemplified by this calmly murderous and conscientiously merciless Doctor of Philosophy."

The Government at once resolved to profit by the stupor that reigned throughout Germany to dissolve the Reichstag, and to obtain from a new and more conservatively inclined legislature, the adoption of a stringent anti-Socialistic law. Previous to the elections which were fixed for the 30th of July, Hödel was arraigned before the High Court of State on the charge of attempting to assassinate the Kaiser. From the information collected by the authorities, it appeared that the prisoner was born at Leipzig on the 27th May, 1859, of poor parents to whom, by his inveterate wickedness, he had caused much sorrow. As a boy he was flogged by the police of his native city for theft, and from his twelfth to his fourteenth year he was an inmate of the Juvenile Reformatory at Zeitz, having distinguished himself by numerous petty offences. Being pronounced physically unfit for military service, and consequently dispensed from the five years' probation in the army by which the German Government seeks to transform every citizen into an automatic machine, Hödel became in 1876 a member of the Leipzig Socialist Society, which he subsequently left to join the Anarchist Society of the same city. There was a note-

worthy technical difference between these two bodies, for whilst the first was professedly content with striving to realise the objects it had in view by agitation and reform, the latter, preferring the principles of French communism, sought to effect the triumph of Socialism by main force. Towards the close of 1876 Hödel became subscription agent for the *Vorwärts* and *Fackel*, the two Leipzig Socialist organs, and in this capacity he travelled in Austria and Hungary, whence he was forcibly expelled by the police in September, 1877. Early in 1878 he collected subscriptions in Leipzig for the Berlin "Staats-Socialismus," and eventually in the month of May he made his appearance in the capital, where, under the name of Lehmann, he became affiliated to three Socialist societies, selling and distributing Socialistic sheets and journals with his usual industry. It was shown by the prosecution that he had frequently spoken in the most revolutionary strains at Socialist meetings held in Leipzig and elsewhere, and had more than once hinted at the necessity of doing away with kings and emperors altogether.

That Hödel's crime was premeditated appeared from his conversation with numerous chance acquaintances whom he met at Berlin, and notably from his observation to the photographer who took his portrait a few days before the attempt that "he would soon be a famous man, and that thousands of his 'cartes' would be sold when a certain piece of intelligence flashed through the world." Hödel's attitude at the trial was scarcely calculated to win for him the indulgence of the court. There was an insolent smile on his lips when, with a defiant look at the audience fighting for seats, he sat down in the dock and composed himself to listen to the indictment drawn up by the public prosecutor. His defence was a distinct denial of having fired at the Kaiser, contending that having been out of work for a considerable time past, the state of destitution in which he found himself, determined him to commit suicide. He selected, he said, the Linden as the scene of this act of self-destruction, with the view of acquainting fashionable people with the misery of the working classes. His counsel represented him as a victim of Socialistic delusions and as a man who might well be credited with the ambition to commit suicide, but the court declined to believe in this theory, the more so as in a letter addressed to his parents since the attempt, Hödel formally declared "that he had sacrificed his life to the public weal, that he regretted missing his aim and that the good cause was not lost for his mishap." After withdrawing for about twenty minutes, the court re-entered the hall and pronouncing the prisoner guilty, sentenced him to death; Hödel retaining to the very last an attitude of apparent indifference.

As soon as the Emperor had sufficiently recovered from the

shock, and the wounds occasioned by Nobiling's murderous attack, he left Berlin for Babelsberg, where the guard was reinforced and every precaution taken to secure his person from any further designs of the Socialists. Here, although no actual attempts were made upon his life, considerable apprehension was caused by the receipt of scores of threatening letters, which followed him to Toeplitz and Gastein, where he subsequently proceeded, warning him against returning to Berlin, and hinting at dark designs which would be put into execution should he do so. The Kaiser was not, however, the only recipient of threatening communications; others of a savage and truculent description followed the Chancellor in shoals to Varzin, Kissingen, Gastein, and the Wilhelm-strasse, with unabating regularity.

In addition to the Kaiser and the Chancellor, the Crown Prince, also, was the recipient of numerous anonymous threats, and various precautionary measures had to be adopted in the vicinity of his residence at Potsdam, chiefly by limiting public access to the grounds and palace. With threatening missives pouring in upon them the feelings of the Prussian royal family must naturally have been of a most unenviable description during the electoral period and pending the meeting of the new Reichstag; and to the fears that were entertained of further murderous attacks may be attributed the stringent line of action adopted by the authorities towards the Socialists and other disaffected citizens directly after Nobiling's attempt.

From the beginning of June till the middle of August no fewer than 563 persons were arrested, either for insulting the Emperor or for regretting in the hearing of others, and mostly in places of public resort, that the aged sovereign was not killed either by Hödel or Nobiling. Of these only forty-two were acquitted, whilst the remainder, comprising thirty-one women, were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment forming a total of over eight hundred years. Five culprits defeated the intentions of the law by committing suicide prior to trial—an evident indication that they were more or less insane. Most of these prosecutions were instituted in the capital, but Breslau, Bonn, Bochum, Halle, and Mannheim also furnished a large number of condemnations. With regard to the Socialist deputy Hasselmann, whom the Government caused to be arrested early in June on various treasonable charges, the judges obstinately declined to convict him, and though he was dragged from court to court till the bar of the supreme tribunal was reached, the authorities found that all efforts to get him punished were unavailing, and at length reluctantly set him at liberty soon after the assembling of the new Reichstag. The law was allowed to take its course in reference to Hödel, whose death upon the scaffold, would, it was hoped, strike terror in the Socialist ranks, but Nobiling, the more dangerous of the two

would-be regicides, never faced a tribunal. He lingered through June, July, and August, literally between life and death, and physically incapable of tendering any explanation of his crime, even if he had desired to do so. He expired on the 9th of September—the same day that the new legislature met for the first time—and the point as to whether his attempt on the Kaiser's life was his own individual design or the result of a secretly concerted conspiracy with others, as the Berlin police originally believed, will probably remain a mystery.

At the elections on July 30th, the Government appeared before the country with the complaint that the majority in the dissolved Reichstag had deserted them in their needful endeavours to repress a criminal league. This appeal did not have, however, any outwardly radical effect, for so far as the composition of parties was concerned the result of the elections was as most people anticipated. Though the Liberals lost a considerable number of seats in the north-eastern provinces, they remained sufficiently strong to retain their supremacy, unless indeed the Government succeeded in making peace with the Ultramontanes—then a seemingly remote contingency.

The votes polled by the Socialist candidates were considerably in excess of those they had realised the previous year. At Berlin nearly 50,000 Socialist votes were recorded ; at Hamburg, 30,000 ; at Leipzig, 14,000 ; at Dresden, 13,000 ; and at Breslau and Altona, 12,000. At Elberfeld, 11,000 Socialist voters took part in the contest ; at Nuremberg, the party secured 10,000 votes ; at Kiel, 7,000 ; at Hanover and at Brunswick, 6,500 ; at Offenbach, 5,200 ; at Frankfurt and at Stuttgart, 4,000 ; at Greiz, 2,500 ; at Cologne, 2,000 ; and at Königsberg, 1,100.

Though at first sight it appeared that Prince Bismarck had failed to effect the purpose he had in view when dissolving the former Reichstag,—the composition of parties being so little altered—yet it soon became evident that a change had taken place in many members' opinions. Public feeling had been most powerfully excited by the two successive attempts on the life of the Emperor, and although the Liberal leaders declared that the slightly modified edition of the rejected Socialist Bill presented to the new legislature was quite as objectionable as the first measure had been, they found that the majority of their party was no longer with them. Not that the bulk of the Liberals were desirous of enforcing arbitrary repression, for they were anxious to maintain the existing procedure with a mere aggravation of penalties, but in presence of the popular excitement and the desire of the Government to stamp out Socialism as soon as possible, they resolved not to quarrel about the particular method to be employed to eradicate an evil they themselves objected to, but to comply in a measure with Prince Bismarck's demands.

On the new Socialist bill, couched in almost precisely the same terms as the measure rejected a few months previously, coming before the Reichstag, Prince Bismarck made a prefatory speech with the view of disproving the accusation launched against him by Bebel and Richter, to the effect that in earlier times he had made a pact with the Social-Democrats, even employing them as an instrument of the Government. He declared that he had never had any dealings with the party, for he did not regard in this light his communications with Lassalle, whom he had only seen some three or four times in all, and invariably at the latter's request. He remarked in a jocular manner that he had found the great Socialist leader strongly imbued with monarchical principles, although it was the same to him whether a Hohenzollern or a Lassalle dynasty ruled the state, and observed that Lassalle was a man of considerable gifts both of mind and culture. "I should be fortunate," he added, "if I could number one such man, so gifted and amusing, amongst my country neighbours!" In continuation the Chancellor admitted that he had authorised Privy-Councillor Wagner to attend the Socialistic conference at Eisenach, but this was with the view of obtaining a trustworthy account of the proceedings, and he concluded with an earnest appeal to the Reichstag to vote the Government bill and provide the Government with arms to resist the tyranny of the Nihilistic dagger and the Nobiling gun. An animated debate followed the Chancellor's oration, and the house then referred the bill by a large majority to a commission of twenty-one members.

This commission carefully revised the whole measure, and when again submitted to the legislature it embodied the following stipulations. The Government was authorised to dissolve all Socialist societies and gatherings and to exercise supervision over any other societies and meetings of apparently innocent exterior, but suspected of Socialistic tendencies, with the view to their immediate dissolution in the event of these suspicions proving correct. The Government was further empowered to prohibit all Socialistic prints, and also to close any inns, printing offices, and bookseller's shops where the dissemination of Socialist doctrines was carried on. In order that the action of the executive power might not, however, assume a purely arbitrary character, subsequent clauses provided for the nomination of a Special Commission of Appeal, appointed by the Federal Council, and comprising four members of that body and five judges, selected from the highest tribunals in Germany. Finally, it was decided that the law should come into effect immediately on being passed by the Reichstag, and that it should remain in vigour until March 31st, 1881. The bill, as thus shaped, differed from the Government draft, principally on three points. First of all the commission defined the term

"Socialist" as referring to a person or a theory aiming at the subversion of existing institutions by *main force*, whereas the Government had sought to apply it to all endeavouring to effect this object by agitation and gradual undermining. Secondly, it was stipulated that five judges should serve on the Special Commission of Appeal, whereas the intention of Prince Bismarck was that this body should consist of purely State functionaries; and finally, the operation of the law was limited to two years and a half, instead of extending over an unlimited period as the Government desired. The Chancellor and his colleague, Count Eulenburg, strenuously opposed the second and third amendments, and resolved to fight them out in the Reichstag, which proceeded to discuss the amended bill on the 9th of October.

Prince Bismarck was again one of the earliest speakers, and in the course of his eloquent oration he remarked :—

"I do not know if any of you have had sufficient time to peruse the famous legend of the 'Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,' who covered his countenance from the gaze of the vulgar. No sooner was the veil rent from before him than a face whose horrid hideousness appalled, was disclosed to view. Such a veiled prophet is the phantom Socialism, which a large proportion of our generally well-disposed working classes have elected to worship. They have never seen the countenance of the god; should they do so they will start back in horror, or find only the features of a corpse. That the advocates of these doctrines of Communism, never clearly enunciated, should have succeeded in implanting their principles among the dissatisfied and discontented is scarcely to be wondered at. Among our countrymen the ability to read is more general than either in France or England. The capability to understand and assimilate what is read is probably less than in either of these countries. Accordingly, when these Democratic Socialists scoffingly and derisively describe to these unlearned classes—who can read, but are not able to judge—those things they have been accustomed to regard with reverence and sanctity as lies and delusions; when they assert that all contained in our motto, 'With God for King and Fatherland,' is deliberately untrue and false; when they inculcate that the belief in God and in the Monarchy, the attachment to the Fatherland and faith in the family bond, respect for possession, and inheritance of what we gain for our children, is a swindle, a hollow phrase, and a mockery; when such misrepresentations are wilfully made to a semi-cultivated individual of the class I alluded to, it is surely not difficult to urge such a man so far that, with fist down hammering, he cries, 'Accursed be hope! Accursed be faith! and accursed above all things be patience!' A poor, deluded, naked wretch, what remains for him, then, but a wild hunt after such sensual indulgence as shall render life tolerable."

After speaking of the causes which, since 1870, have led to the development of Socialism in Germany, the success of which he mainly attributed to peculiarities of the German character and constitution, which combined to render the German soil a fruitful recipient of the mischievous principles inculcated by the professors of Communism, the Chancellor drew a comparison between the effective method the French had employed when shooting off-hand the Communists at

Paris, and the patience and lenity which had characterised the proceedings of the German authorities in dealing with the Socialistic propagandists. He pointed out the magnitude of the danger existing, adverting upon the fact that in Berlin alone there were upwards of 60,000 Socialists, well organised and possessed of ample means,[1] and concluded by a powerful appeal to the Reichstag to vote the bill.

As showing the state of political parties in Germany, we may quote the peroration of Herr Bruel, who followed the Chancellor. The speaker was called to order it is true, but not until the words were spoken, and naturally enough they were right welcome to the Clericals and the Hanoverian and Alsatian deputies. He asked if in this instance it was not the leaders of the people who had corrupted the nation, and added, "Does a Government which began the *Kulturkampf* dare to complain of lack of religion in the people? A Government which dispossessed princes of their realms, deprives whole races of their independence, and confiscates private property? Can the feelings of the population towards the present Sovereign be affectionate in a country like Hanover? Must they not be similar to those which prevailed under the foreign domination of Napoleon I.?"

LIEBKNECHT AND HASSELMANN.
From the Berlin Figaro.

The speech of the day, however, was delivered by the fiery Hasselmann—a popular hero elected to the Reichstag by 56,000 Socialistic votes. His address throughout was of the most violent description, and its peroration was a perfect masterpiece of invective :—

"To-day's attempt upon civil liberty was planned long ago, as was betrayed two years since by Eulenburg's words about 'the swift-shooting rifle and hard-hewing sabre.' It is destined to come to this—that the pavement of Berlin shall reek with blood shed in fighting for our freedom.

[1] Professor Huber estimates the Berlin male Socialists, including those not regularly affiliated to the different societies, and no doubt others under legal age and consequently not entitled to vote at the elections, at almost double this number. See *ante*, page 427.

But the Socialist working men have kept quiet—they are not enemies of order in the sense pronounced here by the Government. To make war upon Social Democracy is a proof that these people confound cause with effect. The Social Democratic movement is only the groan uttered by a suffering people to express the anguish inflicted upon it. . . . We have long foreseen that it must come to a suppression by force of the emancipatory aspirations of the people. But it is the governing classes who proclaim the reign of violence, and are driving the people to desperation. And the people will know how to take its own part, and, fighting breast to breast, hurl its foes backwards over the barricades. ('Order!' by the President, and tumult in the House.) If you *will* have violence, I and my friends, who stand in the front rank of the working men, will gladly fight, shed our blood, sacrifice our lives, die for our idea! Bismarck called us 'bandits,' I only say what he said —we wish for peace; but if a band of brigands——"

words which elicited such an outburst of hissing, yelling, and hooting, that the revolutionary orator was unable to proceed. When the uproar had partially subsided, however, disregarding a severe rebuke addressed to him by the president, he drew himself up, and in the act of leaving the tribune exclaimed with sudden fierceness, "We are ready to die! I repeat it! But let Bismarck remember the Eighteenth of March, 1848." Then leaving his fellow members to ponder over this final startling apostrophe, he quietly stalked out of the house.

A few days' discussion showed that the Socialists were not alone in holding up the Chancellor's pet bill to popular reprobation. The much persecuted clericals also condemned it, but for very different reasons to those which prompted the opposition of Herren Hasselmann, Bebel, and their friends. The Catholic deputies believed that Socialism might be eradicated by other means than those proposed by Prince Bismarck. They called upon the Government to restore to the masses their religion which they had been deprived of, and urged the repeal of the persecutory statutes with which the Government sought to terrorise men's consciences. Dr. Windthorst, ex-minister of the late King of Hanover, one of the ablest debaters in the Reichstag, and leader of the Ultramontanes, delivered a most powerful speech against the bill, in the course of which he openly declared that his party could make no peace with a Government that persecuted fifteen millions of Germans on account of their religious belief—a declaration that awakened as loud an uproar as Hasselmann's fiery peroration. On the side of the National Liberals, Lasker spoke incidentally against certain clauses of the bill, and Eugene Richter, the leader of the Progressists, followed a similar course, his onslaughts upon reaction, bigotry, and prejudice being of the most masterly description. From time to time the debates were enlivened, or, rather, embittered, by the savage declaration of some Socialist deputy, such as when Bracke exclaimed, "I and my party don't care a curse about the whole bill!"—a breach of parliamentary etiquette which naturally occasioned an exciting scene.

A notable participator in the debates was a certain Conservative deputy Herr Ackermann—undoubtedly prompted by Government—who brought forward amendments to well-nigh every clause, with the view of rendering the bill even more stringent than it was. Wherever the Government text had been modified in a Liberal sense, he begged that the modifications might not be allowed to stand, but only in his efforts concerning clause 20 was he successful. Here he secured the suppression of certain guarantees against the declaration of the state of siege, and of the provision that suspected persons might only be expelled from towns which were not their actual places of residence. A fiery debate had arisen on various amendments he proposed to clause 6, prohibiting the publication of Socialistic writings, and this clause with six others referring to it was thrown out during the second reading. But on the bill coming up for the third time, the seven rejected clauses were reinserted as drawn up by the Committee which revised the Government draft. In the general discussion which followed the chief speaker was Herr Liebknecht, the Socialist editor, a highly cultivated agitator of earnest and ardent opinions, who opened his attack upon the Government by protesting against Hödel being declared a Socialist.

"Hödel, he contended, was a madman, and his crime was condemned by all right-minded people, whatever political creed they adhered to. Nor was Nobiling's conduct in shooting an old man less infamous. The dissolution of Parliament, consequent upon Nobiling's deed, aimed at the defeat of the Liberals—not of the Socialists. So favourable an opportunity for inducing reaction could not but be seized by the Chancellor, a man far less afraid of the Socialists than of the Liberals. Fifteen years ago he (Liebknecht), the well-known Socialist, was invited to treat of Communist and Socialist themes daily at length in the Berlin Governmental *Norddeutsche Zeitung*. On his declining the offer, an aristocratic lady called upon his poor wife, and tried to induce her to use her influence upon him and make him accept. His wife refused to interfere, though comfort and excellent pay were promised her by the tempter. Upon this, he (Liebknecht) was expelled from Berlin by the police. A little later the Chancellor offered public moneys for the establishment of working men's manufacturing societies on condition of obtaining the political support of his new *protégés*. All these advances having produced no result, it was now attempted to destroy Socialism by means of the new law. Prince Bismarck had gone the length of attributing to Socialists, on the strength of a misinterpreted passage from an article in a Socialist paper, a partiality for assassination. This was a lie—a lie told by a Liberal organ misquoting a Socialist organ. Despotism, not Socialism, was the nursery of assassins. Inciting Socialism by the vain attempt to destroy it, Prince Bismarck would become what Lassalle called him in jest—the delegate and representative of Herr Lassalle."

At length, on the 19th of October, the Reichstag divided upon the whole bill, and it was passed by 221 votes against 149, both sections of the Conservative party and the National Liberals, together with the Loewe group and various independent Liberals, recording their votes in its favour. Prince Bismarck then read

a message from the Emperor, authorizing him to close the Reichstag, after which he made a short speech stating that the Government accepted the bill as shaped by the legislature, and that it would loyally act upon it. All that he regretted was the proviso that the new law should only remain in force for two-and-a-half years, but after what the Reichstag had granted, he hoped for still further concessions. The Social Democratic members were not present during the delivery of this speech, for they hurried out of the house directly the Chancellor arrived, so as not to be present at the usual three cheers for the Emperor, proposed by the President of the Reichstag at the close of the Session. Two days later the new law was formally signed and promulgated by the Crown Prince at Potsdam, and the Government immediately proceeded to put it into force.

During the discussion of the law, the Berlin Socialists showed no great apprehensions concerning it. Whilst the leaders of the party were openly defying the Government in the Reichstag, the minor Socialistic stars boldly organized meetings in the very heart of the capital, at which beer and sausages were combined with songs and speeches. At one such meeting held at the Hall of Industry in the Mariannen-strasse shortly before the passing of the law, deputy Hasselmann, "the German Marat," was present and received a most enthusiastic greeting from the several hundred Socialists of either sex who were in attendance. Cheering and clapping of hands announced his arrival, and men and women thronged about him, catching hold not merely of his hands, but even of his coat tails, and kissing them with passionate fervour. Of course Hasselmann delivered a discourse on the great topic of the day, but his tone was far more moderate than might have been expected after his fiery utterances in the Reichstag. He maintained that though the repressive bill would rob the people of many rights and liberties, yet in the end it would lead to the triumph of Social Democracy. He predicted that at the next election there would be more than a million Socialist voting papers, when perhaps the Chancellor would repent of having saddled the country with a law for promoting the development of Social Democracy. This confident prediction delighted Herr Hasselmann's audience beyond measure, and when he had concluded his lecture they proceeded to cheer him until they were hoarse. Eventually, on the motion of a certain Herr Finn, the meeting adjourned to beer, sausages, and cigars, with successive offerings of which the hero of the evening—who is a non-smoker, by the way—was nearly overwhelmed. Matters reached their climax, however, when a certain musical saddler named Dastig, discovered in an adjoining apartment an old pianoforte. He at once sat down to it and struck up the sprightly accompaniment to the popular "Song of the Petrolian,"—the music of which has been adapted from the

Fille de Madame Angot, whilst the chorus to each of the five couplets, sung before parting by the entire audience at the very top of their voices, runs as follows :—

"Hier Petroleum, da Petroleum,
Petroleum um und um,
Lass die Humpen frisch voll pumpen,
Dreimal Hoch Petroleum!"

About the same time that this meeting took place, a proclamation was issued by the Hamburg Central Committee of German Socialists, calling upon the party to carry on the agitation in houses, work-shops, and barracks, now that meetings were about to be prohibited, and to continue to study the many books upon Socialism produced during the past fifteen years, as it would well-nigh be impossible to print new ones. The mode of agitation was to be changed, but the propaganda of Socialist doctrines was by no means to be desisted from.

The Socialists, in their own interests, did well to concert whatever measures they deemed expedient before the repressive bill became law. Directly the Reichstag had finally approved of it, Prince Bismarck is said to have chuckled and exclaimed "*Now for the pig sticking;*" and immediate action was taken by the authorities under his control to suppress all Socialist clubs, societies, and newspapers. The first associations prohibited by the President of Police, were the Association for the Protection of the Labouring Population of Berlin, the Association for the Communal Affairs of the North-Eastern District, the Association of Tobacco Workers, and the German Smiths' Union. At the same time this functionary issued a notification prohibiting the sale or circulation in Germany of thirty-three publications that had appeared since 1872, and of which sixteen were published in Berlin, nine in Zürich, three in Brussels, two in Chicago, one in Berne, one in Paris, and one in Pesth. A third police edict forbade, moreover, the further appearance of the Berlin *Freie Presse*. Soon afterwards the sale of Sonneman's *Frankfurter Zeitung* was interdicted on the State railway lines. Within a month after the passing of the law about 270 prohibitions had been issued by the authorities, and the police had made no fewer than 800 domiciliary visits. About 135 clubs and societies, of which 54 were in Prussia, 33 in Saxony, 25 in Hesse, and 11 in Baden, had been suspended. There were among them 21 trades' unions, 55 working men's electioneering societies, &c.; 10 workmen's mutual improvement societies; 36 choral societies; 4 dramatic clubs; 2 newspaper clubs; 6 workmen's mutual aid associations, and 1 supply association. Of the one-and-twenty trades' unions that were closed, fifteen had ramifications throughout the Empire, and counted on their books thousands of members following the

various professions of smith, cabinet maker, tobacco worker, metal or wood worker, carpenter, saddler, wheelwright, potter, glazier, printer, painter and decorator, shoemaker, tailor, rope maker, and gold or silver beater. During the second month's operation of the law, thirty-nine additional societies or clubs were prohibited, making a total of 174 up to the close of the year, and since that period further repression has been actively carried out.

As regards the newspapers, thirty-five were suppressed or prohibited between the 21st October and the 22nd November, and of these eleven were printed in Prussia, thirteen in Saxony, three in Brunswick, two each in Bavaria and Hamburg, and one each in Baden, Gotha, Mecklenburg, and Reuss (younger line). Many of these papers were trades' unions' organs, such as the Hamburg *Pioneer*, a kind of trades' unions' official journal. *Das Panier*, of Brunswick, the representative of the metal workers' interests, and *Der Wecker*, of Gotha, the leading shoemakers' journal. Amongst political papers the most noteworthy suppression was that of the Berlin *Freie Presse*, seven of the contributors to which were, moreover, cast into prison for offences against the newspaper laws. This paper had at the epoch of its suppression no less than 12,000 regular subscribers, and was shortly afterwards revived as the *Tages Post*, but only to undergo a similar fate. It rose a third time like a phœnix from its ashes on November 1st as the *Berliner Nachrichten*, but this stage of its Protean career was summarily nipped in the bud by prohibition ensuing on the appearance of the first number. During the second month's campaign eleven additional journals were either suppressed or prohibited in Germany, including the *Tagwacht*, the *Tocsin* and the *Avant Garde* published in Switzerland—the last named being a print of such fiery language and regicidal proclivities that a diplomatic correspondence occurred concerning it, as well as the right of asylum in Switzerland. Other interdicted organs were the Berlin *Neue Gesellschaft;* the Verviers *Mirabeau;* the Brussels *Lanterne*, which, edited by Karl Hirsch, assailed the new Empire and its institutions in the style of the original *Lanterne* of Henri Rochefort; and the Dresden *Volkszeitung*, which was suppressed for drawing a parallel between the Kaiser's return to Berlin, on the 5th of December, and its attendant ceremonies, and the expulsion of Socialists ordained by the President of Police.

Up to the 22nd of December, the sale of 157 periodical publications, most of them issued at Leipzig, had been prohibited in virtue of the repressive law, including, as a matter of course, the works of Marx and Lassalle. These were, however, mostly out of print, having been bought up right and left during the progress of the debates in the Reichstag. Lissagaray's history of the Paris Commune was also inter-

dicted, together with two Socialist accounts of the Peasant War, written by Engels and Bebel. All the writings of the latter were moreover prohibited, and he was even forbidden to give an account of the recent session in the Reichstag to his constituents at Dresden. In the same way everything emanating from the pens of Hasselmann, Fritzsche, Bracke and Most, was ordered to be suppressed. It was of little use appealing to the Special Commission of judges and functionaries instituted to revise the decisions of the Executive. Only in one instance did this commission decide against the police, and that was in reference to Dr. Schäffle's impartial pamphlet entitled "The Quintessence of Socialism," which had been prohibited without even being looked at. To show how far the Government strained the letter of the law, it may be mentioned that even the photographs of leading Socialists, German or otherwise, were seized and confiscated by the authorities, including, as a matter of course, the portraits of Hödel and Nobiling, while the life-size models of these culprits at the Panopticum, or Berlin Madame Tussaud's, were ordered to be removed from public view, on the ground of their being calculated to stir up "class hatred."

On proclaiming in November what was called "the little state of siege" in Berlin, the Government also enjoined the expulsion from the capital and its neighbourhood of about fifty persons, whose presence, according to the President of Police, was considered "dangerous to public security." Among these were the two Reichstag deputies, Hasselmann and Fritzsche, the former of whom removed to Hamburg, where he started a paper for the propagation of Socialistic theories in utter defiance to the police edict, which had prohibited not merely what he had written, but also all he might write in the future. Hasselmann's audacity led to his immediate arrest, though he was subsequently set at liberty. On the Reichstag resuming its sittings in February 1879, Hasselmann and Fritzsche returned to Berlin, and despite the pressure brought to bear by the Government for their arrest, their colleagues persisted in maintaining their inviolability during the session. A so-called "muzzle measure," introduced by Prince Bismarck at the opening of the session with a view of closing the mouths of the Socialist deputies to the Reichstag, was moreover thrown out by a large majority.

About a score of the expelled Socialists, including Most, who had also been a deputy to the Reichstag and a writer on the defunct Berlin *Freie Presse*, and some seven years of whose life have been spent in jail on account of political and press offences, lately started for the United States, whilst others removed to Leipzig to swell the sections of the party, over which Herren Liebknecht and Bebel preside, the moderates being led by the former, whilst the more violent ones range themselves under the notorious turner's banner. The Government, however,

makes no distinction between moderates or extremists, all are Socialists, and as such, come under the application of the law. Warnings were even given to the Court-preacher, Stöcker, and his orthodox colleagues of the Christian-Socialist party, to restrain from further agitation. Under pretence of pointing out the evils of an infidel Social Democracy, they were accused of upholding before the people a social ideal equally fascinating and dangerous with that the apostles of which had been prosecuted and expelled. The police further asserted that the majority of the present members of the Christian-social workmen's unions were recognised by them as having formerly been adherents of the illegal Social Democratic party.

A special feature of the manner in which the provisions of the new law have been carried into effect by the Government, has been the system pursued by the latter of inviting private information and inducing neighbours to denounce one another; thus recalling vividly to mind the old days of the French Revolution when one half of France was "*suspect*" to the other half. But although expulsions follow expulsions, and the Socialistic organs throughout Germany are being one by one stamped out or forced to relinquish all outspoken expressions of opinion, the country, despite the vigilance of the police, continues to receive an ample supply of the prohibited literature from London, Brussels, Verviers, and Geneva. Outwardly Socialism has been pretty well cleansed from the body politic of the German Empire, but in reality it has only been driven deeper into the system, and we all know the ultimate result of this mode of treatment.

APPENDIX.

THE REICHSTAG.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

THE new Reichstag elected in the summer of 1878, after the two-fold attempt upon the Emperor's life, was, according to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, composed as follows: 60 Conservatives, 50 Liberal Conservatives, 97 National Liberals, 99 Clericals, including five Alsatian Catholics; 25 Progressists, 15 Poles, 9 Hanoverian Particularists, 9 Socialists, 3 Democrats, 4 Alsatian Autonomists, 6 Alsatian Protesters, 1 Dane, and 19 Waverers—among whom were the deputies of the province of Old and New Prussia—whose opinions were uncertain, though most of them might be reckoned as Liberals, thus making a total of 397 representatives.

Some months after the passing of the measure directed against the Socialists, and towards the close of 1878, the revision of the Federal Customs Tariff became the burning question of the day, being freely agitated throughout the Empire, which was divided into two distinct parties—Protectionists and Free-Traders. Even at a meeting of Socialists held at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the two parties sat on opposite sides of the hall like the sexes in a Quakers' meeting-house. Prince Bismarck, in several letters written by him during the recess, pronounced himself openly in favour of protection, and thereby widened the breach already existing between him and the National Liberals. The Reichstag met on the 12th of February, 1879, and the Reichs-Kanzler soon began to receive visits from his once bitter foe, the "Pearl of Meppen," as the ex-Hanoverian minister, Herr Windthorst, is styled, and it became evident that he contemplated meeting the Conservatives and the Catholics and thus establishing a majority in favour of protection. The new Tariff bill came on for discussion after the Easter recess and the Chancellor supported it by a violent protectionist speech. One result of the coalition between the Conservatives and the Catholics was the resignation of Herr von Forckenbeck, the President, and Freiherr von Stauffenberg, the Vice-President of the Reichstag, who were succeeded in their functions by Herr von Seydewitz, a Conservative, and Baron von Franckenstein, a Catholic.

The President and Vice-President's example proved contagious, for at the end of June Herr Hobrecht, Minister of Finance, Dr. Falk, Minister of Public Worship, and Dr. Friedenthal, Minister of Agriculture, applied to the Emperor for permission to resign, which was shortly afterwards granted to them, and their respective posts were subsequently filled by Herr Bitter, an Under-Secretary of State, Herr von Puttkammer, and Dr. Lucius, whilst Herr Hoffmann received the portfolio of Trade and Commerce. Herr Hobrecht resigned on account of Prince Bismarck's scheme for the purchase of all the private railways by the State, and the removal of Falk, the author of the so-called May laws, is rumoured to have been a part of the price demanded by Windthorst and his followers for their aid. The Federal Tariff bill was finally passed on July 12th, by 217 votes to 117, a majority of exactly 100, and the Reichs-Kanzler, who in a speech during the debate on the tobacco monopoly had enunciated his formal separation from the National Liberals and his alliance with the Clericals and Conservatives,—declared the session closed.

One effect of the Chancellor's new Protectionist policy has been the arming of the German custom house officers with breech-loading rifles, which has been rendered necessary by the increase of smugglers on the frontier of the Empire.

BERLIN SCEPTICISM—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE STATE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(*Continued from page* 124.)

The Ultramontanes have been forced tacitly to admit that in the struggle between themselves and the State their enemy has been too powerful for them. The government has continued the even tenour of its way, "putting down" opposition with quiet persistence, whilst the Ultramontanes have discovered that by their plan of opposition they have realized the story of Frankenstein, and raised a monster capable of destroying them. In 1874 a pamphlet entitled *Gemeinden ohne Seelsorger*, or "Parishes without Pastors," demonstrated that it was better for Catholic congregations to worship without priests than to submit to the heretical teaching of Old Catholics or the unorthodox ministrations of State-Catholic pastors, the detested "bread-basket clerics" of Vatican satire. All "desolated" congregations "deprived of true pastors," were urged to organise "lay worship," and were advised to hold a service presided over by a trustworthy layman at the usual hour of the parochial mass. The whole parish was to be gathered, when the creed was to be said aloud by all and

the epistle and gospel of the day were to be read by the president, and an exposition or postil with episcopal sanction added in place of a sermon; in short, the entire service of the mass was to be celebrated, excepting those portions which are specifically sacerdotal.

These suggestions fell upon some districts, especially amongst the Westphalians, like a spark of fire upon tow. "Lay mass," as it was called, came gradually into use, and this lay mass looked so exceedingly like the real thing that the agitated priesthood have since perceived that their leaders have carried the sacerdotal function to the verge of an abyss into which the slightest movement may suffice to tumble it.

In the *Westfälische Kirchenblatt*, an influential Clerical organ, a priest lately detailed some of the scandals developed by the too great fidelity of the laity to their leaders. "Here and there," he said, "the people have gone so far that they have allowed the sacristan, a mere layman, clad in a rochet, to expose and replace the most Holy Sacrament." In some places "the former servers at mass, all laymen, have advanced to the altar in the usual garments; have swung the incense-censer, have intoned the blessing, have sung through the entire mass to the *Sanctus*, have tinkled the bell for adoration, and so forth, exactly as if a priest were engaged in the celebration. The good Catholic people," adds the Westphalian priest, "are on the way to lose by degrees all craving for a pastor, and all sense of their need of one; the thought is taking possession of them that they are managing wonderfully well without a priest; and that it is possible to be very pious and devout, to sing and pray, and serve God without priestly help." Even the processions take place as before in the parishes, but without the priest, and people are saying "a priest may be necessary at one's death-bed; but even then God will not require what is impossible; and, if we cannot obtain the last sacraments, the will must stand for the deed." This development of a congregational independency naturally terrified the German Vaticanists, who have since striven to undo their former work.

No one can wonder after this exposure of its defeat by means of its own cunningly contrived weapons, that the Vaticanist church in Prussia should be at heart anxious for a reconciliation between the State and the Pope. Hence in the spring of 1878, there were certain attempts at negotiation between the Vatican and the Court of Berlin with reference to the May laws. The new Pope Leo XIII. addressed a letter to the Emperor in February, announcing his accession, and regretting the misunderstanding between Germany and the Papal See, and the Emperor, in his reply the following month, expressed a hope that his Holiness would use the mighty influence he possessed over all the servants of the Church to induce them to observe the laws of the land.

But the wearer of the triple crown, after thus extending the hand of fellowship, yielded to the counsel of his clerical advisers to adhere to the policy inaugurated by his predecessor, and wrote in April that he hoped the good understanding formerly subsisting would be restored by a change in the laws and charter of Prussia. The result was a letter written in June by the Crown Prince on the King's behalf, stating that no Prussian sovereign could comply with such a demand.

Negotiations were thus outwardly broken off, but only to be shortly afterwards renewed. With a view of influencing the elections to the Reichstag, Prince Bismarck began to coquet with the Ultramontanes, and during his sojourn at Kissingen through the month of August, had numerous interviews with the Nuncio, Monsignor Masalla. One result of this was the return of Count Wilhelm von Bismarck for Langensalza-Mühlhausen through the Catholic vote, but in many instances the Ultramontanes made common cause with the Socialists for the second ballotings. In October the Pope again expressed his desire for a settlement with "the powerful sovereign of the glorious Teutonic nation," as he styled the man whom his predecessor designated "the modern Attila," and fresh negotiations were opened through the medium of Cardinal Hohenlohe and Baron Keudall. The German Empress favoured the project of reconciliation and sent birthday congratulations to Dr. Förster, the deposed Archbishop of Breslau, nor were the Catholics insensible to the act of courtesy on part of the King in appointing Herr Holzer, the head of the chapter of Cleves cathedral, a member of the Prussian Herrenhaus, he being the first Catholic ecclesiastic promoted to that dignity. Bismarck's overtures to the Ultramontane party on the rejection of the Socialist bill by the Reichstag Liberals in 1878, served to foster the hopes of the Prussian Catholic leaders for a reconciliation, and have since led to their making what they mildly call a *modus vivendi* with the powerful State that had smitten them hip and thigh, whatever they may pretend to the contrary.

In November, 1878, the irrepressible Cardinal Ledochowski was sentenced to a fine of 18,000 marks, or in default to two years imprisonment, for excommunicating a priest appointed by the State, but, as he has taken care to remain at Rome, he probably cares as little for such a sentence as the judge who condemned him would care for being excommunicated by him. At the close of the year, Count Harry von Arnim brought out a pamphlet on the *Kulturkampf* and the relations between the Pope and the Emperor entitled *Quid faciamus nos*, which seemed to foreshadow a cessation of the struggle from the mutual exhaustion of the combatants and the general dead-lock. In it he quoted some remarks by M. Thiers, who shortly before his own fall had observed, when speaking of Prince Bismarck :—

"I cannot comprehend from any point of view his religious policy. He will smart for it. Towards the end of the battle of Waterloo Napoleon was in despair. It was then that a great wag, M. Ouvrard, the contractor, went up to the Emperor, and said, 'Sire, the English have lost an enormous number of men.' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'but I have lost the battle.' It is thus that M. Bismarck will have one day to exclaim, 'The Church has lost enormously, but I have lost the battle.' He will smart for it; he will indeed."

The happier state of things looked forward to by the more sanguine has been to a certain extent realised by the events marking the first half of the year 1879. At the commencement of the year the Pope showed that he was not indisposed to an arrangement for a *modus vivendi*, and this hope was further fostered by Prince Bismarck's sudden intimacy with his former bitter foe, the Ultramontane champion Windthorst, by the alliance between the Conservatives and the Catholics by means of which the Chancellor forced the new Federal Tariff through the Reichstag in the teeth of the National Liberals, and by the resignation of Dr. Falk, the author of the May laws.

The Evangelical Church of Prussia has displayed of late many symptoms of a house divided against itself. Like our own Church, it has its Mackonochies, its Arthur Tooths, and its Pelham Dales, but their tendencies have been rationalistic instead of ritualistic. As far back as 1873, a profound sensation was caused in Berlin by the case of Dr. Sydow, an octogenarian disciple of Schleiermacher, who denied the divinity of Christ in a public lecture. He was sentenced to quit the pulpit by the Brandenburg Provincial Consistory, but on an appeal to the Supreme Consistory or Ober Kirchen Rath, the sentence was commuted to a reprimand, and he was left in possession of his living.

In the summer of 1877 the Berlin Synod expressed its collective opinion that the apostle's creed had better be replaced by "a formula more consonant with the enlightened views of the age." The Supreme Consistory thereupon unceremoniously snubbed this expression of opinion by the remark that it was not the duty of the Synod to discuss liturgies and creeds, but to vote supplies for the Church, in which duty a lamentable backwardness had been shown. The Emperor had on several occasions expressed his adherence to the creed and had refused to accept the resignation of a member of the Synod, who had declined to assent to the decision of the Rationalist majority. In February, 1878, the Supreme Consistory forbade the Reverend H. Hossbach to assume the cure of souls in the parish of St. James, Berlin, on the ground that he had denied the miracles of the Bible in his inaugural sermon, but permitted him to retain his old cure of St. Mark's, on the plea that the said sermon was not a sufficient evidence of general unbelief. This was sailing rather near the wind, and the Emperor naturally enough censured the judgment.

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